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THE PRIVATE DIARY OF LEO TOLSTÓY

1853–1857

LEADING RUSSIAN WRITERS OF THE DAY (1856)

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1853–1857

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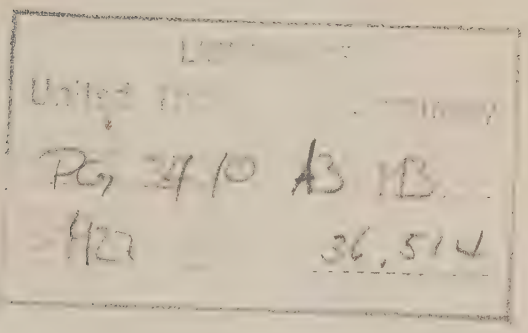

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PREFACE

THIS volume contains Tolstóy's private Diary for the years 1853–57, now published for the first time in Russian, French, and English.

On account of their "harmful bourgeois tendencies" the Soviet Government has excluded Tolstóy's works from public libraries in Russia (except from the chief ones in the two capitals) and it is improbable that their censorship will pass any fresh works of his without the elimination of the features it finds objectionable, for not only is Tolstóy's religious outlook on life diametrically opposed to the materialism of the Bolsheviks, but his strenuous denunciation of violence, and abhorrence of all that savours of class war or of any war, runs directly counter to the views of those who rule the Soviet Socialist Republics. This being so it is perhaps fortunate that the Russian edition of this book has been issued not in Russia but in France—though it is true that these Diaries were written before Tolstóy had begun to reflect much on the principles which make him so conspicuous an anti-Bolshevik influence, and the censor might therefore not have tampered much with this work.

The Diaries here given consist of day-to-day records of what Tolstóy was thinking and doing, briefly jotted down for his own use. He records with equal frankness his losses at cards, his dissolute conduct, his efforts at "self-perfecting", as well as his aspirations and reflections, and the flashes of insight which came to him concerning the main aim and purpose of life.

The jottings are often so brief as to be hardly intelligible, but from time to time we get a good deal of information, some penetrating thoughts, and an insight into his laborious method of working, as well as a record of the sequence and success of his early productions and of the disappointments he encountered in his army service.

On October 31, 1853, we find him remarking: "I am frequently held up when writing by routine expressions which are not quite correct, true, or poetic, but the fact that one meets them so frequently often makes me write them. These unconsidered customary expressions, of the inadequacy of which one is aware but which one tolerates because they are so customary, will appear to posterity a proof of bad taste. To tolerate such expressions means to go with one's age, to correct them means to be in advance of it."

This indicates the main characteristic of Tolstóy's style. His first and foremost aim was to express his thoughts precisely and definitely, and he refused to be drawn an inch aside by the most tempting of quotable phrases or by any fondness for literary allusions or verbal fireworks.

I remember the first occasion, in 1896, when to test me he let me translate a long extract, *The Demands of Love*, from a volume of his Diary. When he had seen my rendering I asked whether it was satisfactory. "Yes," he said, "it is well done, but you have not been able to avoid the temptation of literary allusion. I try to say precisely what I mean, but Englishmen have in their blood a desire to say things neatly rather than exactly, and you cannot help it. You are constantly tempted to subordinate the sense to the sound. Even Dillon, who is considered an excellent translator, has the same defect."

I was not so deeply dyed in literature as to be unable to learn that lesson, and if I subsequently earned Tolstóy's unqualified approval for my renderings, it was by making the exact conveyance of his thought my sole concern even when this involved a jolt to the reader or the sacrifice of tempting sentences that sounded pretty. Such a method

is applicable to the works of a writer who always was in deadly earnest about the subjects he dealt with. In rendering the works of writers who mean nothing in particular it may be quite permissible to take liberties with what they say, for the sake of securing neatness of phraseology and smoothness of diction.

In these Diaries there is no style to attend to except a brevity often monosyllabic and occasionally cryptic.

Tolstóy held chastity in esteem and usually aimed at it, but his nature made the struggle a hard one, and he was far from always succeeding in his efforts. He notes his failings with great frankness, but most of the passages in which he did so have been deleted by his eldest son from the Russian text before releasing it for publication. These omissions are indicated by dots, and where such dots occur they may be taken to represent passages recording sexual misconduct.

For my own part I have translated everything that was at my disposal, and some of the passages that remain are plain-spoken enough to give an idea of what has been suppressed. The only omissions for which I am responsible are records of petty cash expenditure and rules for guidance in gambling. As the games then played are no longer in use, a translation of these rules would have been both perplexing and useless.

The following outline of what happened to Tolstóy during the five years dealt with in this volume may make it easier to understand the entries in the Diary.

1853

In 1853 he was already serving as a Cadet in the artillery in the Caucasus, where his brother Nicholas was an officer. When Leo Tolstóy went there in 1851 he had no intention of entering the army and had left his indentification papers and other official documents behind, some of them in Petersburg and some at Túla. When he entered the service the lack of these documents, which he was

unable to obtain, was a continual cause of trouble, and repeatedly hampered his career. It long delayed his obtaining a commission, it prevented his receiving a St. George's Cross for which he was recommended, it hindered his promotion, and it also prevented his securing his discharge when he applied for it.

In the summer of 1851, before entering the service, he had taken part as a volunteer in an expedition against the Caucasian mountaineers, and this experience furnished him with material for his sketch, *The Raid*. In February 1852—the year before this volume of his Diary begins—when already a Cadet, he had been on campaign against the same enemy, and in that year his first story *Childhood* had been published in the leading Petersburg monthly, the *Contemporary*, and had at once attracted attention and been enthusiastically welcomed by the critics and by readers generally.

1853 began with another campaign which lasted three months and in which Tolstóy was very near being killed. A shell fired by the mountaineers burst at his feet, smashing the carriage of the gun he was aiming. His sketch *The Wood-Felling* is based on the experience of that campaign.

On June 11 he took leave of absence and while making his way to the Fort of Grózny under the protection of a convoy was very nearly captured by some Chéchen horsemen. This incident furnished the opening scene of his famous short story *A Prisoner in the Caucasus* (in *Twenty-Three Tales*) which he wrote much later and mentions in *What is Art?* as one of the two stories of his which gave him most satisfaction.

His health not being good Tolstóy took further leave of absence and spent three months, from July 10 to October 11, at the mineral waters of Pyatigórsk, where his sister, Countess Mary, and her husband, Count Valerián Tolstóy, were staying.

The success of his first venture, *Childhood*, incited him to further literary activity. He did not write easily but

revised again and again before he thought his work fit for publication. Many sketches and drafts he laid aside as unsatisfactory. Recently, when all literary property in Russia was " nationalised ", the government came into possession of many drafts of his earlier stories and of much matter Tolstóy had decided not to publish. Whether, contrary to his own decision, these drafts and fragments will be published remains to be seen. Some of them have already appeared.

In 1853 he worked hard at *Boyhood*, *The Wood-Felling*, *A Landlord's Morning*, and *A Billiard-Marker's Notes*, besides beginning *The Cossacks*, of which he only finished the first part—published in the year 1863. All these stories were drawn from his own experience but none of them serve as reliable autobiographical material, for he freely mingled his own thoughts and experiences with fictitious incidents and characters and with what he knew of other people's experiences. For instance, in *Childhood Boyhood* and *Youth*, the father bears no resemblance to Tolstóy's own father, and the mother plays a considerable part in Nikólenka's life though Tolstóy's own mother died before he was two years old. Again, the love affair with Mariána in *The Cossacks* is taken not from Tolstóy's own experience so much as from that of a fellow-officer of his.

Later on he remembered his life in the Caucasus with pleasure, but during the three years he spent there it seemed to him a hard trial. During much of that time he lived at the station of Starogládov, in poor quarters and deprived of all comforts. The primitive Cossack life he describes so splendidly and somewhat idealises, at first attracted him, but he soon grew weary of it and found the society of the ordinary run of Caucasian officers hard to endure. His intercourse with them consisted largely of card-playing and drinking parties.

Owing to difficulties already referred to he had to remain a Cadet for two whole years, and not till January 1854 did he obtain his commission, " for distinguished conduct in action against the mountaineers ".

Dissatisfied with this kind of life and with his lack of success, in 1853 he decided to retire from the service, and in May handed in an application for his discharge. But the lack of his identification papers again proved an obstacle, and he had to content himself with leave of absence. On January 13, 1854, he was at last allowed to pass his examination for a commission—a pure formality at that time—and on the 19th of the month he started for home. On February 2 he reached his estate, Yásnaya Polyána, after encountering a terrible snow-storm *en route*, which furnished him with the subject for another sketch.

He never returned to the Caucasus, for war with Turkey had broken out, and though England and France did not declare war on Russia till March 1854, matters were already evidently moving in that direction, and he next saw service in Turkey and at Sevastopol.

1854

On February 6, 1854, Tolstóy who was then in Túla, the nearest town to Yásnaya Polyána, received official notification that a commission had been granted him and that he had been assigned to the army of the Danube. This was the result of applications made to General Prince M. D. Gorchakóv, who commanded the army operations at Silistria.

The reader should bear in mind that this General had two brothers (one of whom served as a General of Infantry at the siege of Sevastopol) and also three nephews. When a "Gorchakóv" is mentioned in the Diary it is not always clear which of the five is referred to. They were all relations of Tolstóy's.

Towards the end of February Tolstóy left home, and —travelling 2000 miles by horses, through Kúrsk, Poltáva, Bálta, and Kishinëv—reached Bucharest on March 12, O.S. Prince Gorchakóv received him kindly but did not attach him to his Staff, appointing him instead to a battery stationed at Oltenitsa. This appointment

was only temporary, for a little later he was transferred to the Staff of General Serzhputóvski—commander of the artillery of the Southern Army. He joined that Staff before Silistria on May 27, and took part in the siege of the fortress.

The threatening attitude of Austria, combined with the arrival of the English and French at Varna, caused Prince Gorchakóv to abandon the siege of Silistria on the very eve of an intended assault. Towards the end of June Tolstóy retired with the rest of the Staff to Bucharest. There he suffered severely from toothache, and on June 30 had an operation under chloroform for the removal of fistulas.

On July 21 the Staff left Bucharest, retiring towards the Russian frontier, and on September 9 Tolstóy reached Kishinëv, where he endured two months of tiresome inactivity. Twice he vainly applied to be transferred to the Crimea, where war had begun in earnest. He rejoined the battery for a short time but was again recalled to the Staff, and till November 1 he reluctantly remained in Kishinëv. About the middle of September he and some of his fellow-officers planned to organise a Society for educating and instructing the soldiers. In mid-October this plan was changed into one for publishing a war-magazine to keep up a good spirit in the army: it was to be a cheap and popular periodical such as the soldiers would read. The plan of the magazine and a specimen number were shown to the Commander, and submitted, with his approval for the Tsar's sanction. Tolstóy was enthusiastic about the undertaking, and though still considerably in debt owing to losses at cards, wrote home for money with which to take part in financing the venture. The Tsar however vetoed the project and the publication was forbidden.

At the end of September and beginning of October Tolstóy obtained leave to visit Nikoláev and Odéssa, and again he insistently applied for a transfer to Sevastopol, the siege of which was beginning.

A letter he subsequently wrote to his brother Sergéy (on June 3, 1855) tells of his further movements.

" From Kishinëv on November 1, I applied to be sent to the Crimea, partly to see this war and partly to break away from Serzhputóvski's Staff which I did not like, but most of all out of patriotism, of which I confess I had a strong attack at that time. I did not ask for any special appointment but left it to the authorities to dispose of my fate. In the Crimea I was ordered to a battery in Sevastopol itself, where I passed a month very pleasantly amid simple, good comrades, who are specially good in time of real war and danger. In December our battery was moved to Simferópol, and there I spent six weeks in a squire's comfortable house, riding into Simferópol to dance and play the piano with young ladies, and hunting wild goats on the Chatyrdág [1] with officials."

1855

" In January 1855 there was a fresh shuffling of officers, and I was transferred to a battery encamped on the banks of the Belbék ten versts from Sevastopol. There I had a bad turn of it : a very horrid set of officers in the battery, a Commander who though good-natured was violent and coarse, no comforts, and it was cold in the earth huts. Not a single book, nor a single man to whom one could talk. And there I received 1500 rubles for the magazine which had already been forbidden, and there I lost 2500 rubles at cards, so proving to all the world that I am still the *emptiest of fellows*, and though the previous circumstances may be taken *comme circonstances atténuantes*, the case is still a very, very bad one ! In March it grew warmer, and a good fellow, Brenévski, an excellent man, joined the battery. I began to recover myself and on April 1, at the very time of the bombardment, the battery moved to Sevastopol and I quite recovered There till

[1] The highest point of a chain of mountains that runs across the southern part of the Crimea.

May 15 I was in serious danger, *i.e.* for four days at a time, at intervals of eight days, I was in charge of a battery in the Fourth Bastion. But it was spring and the weather was excellent, there was an abundance of impressions and people, all the comforts of life, and we formed a capital circle of decent fellows, so that those six weeks will remain one of the pleasantest of my recollections. On May 15 Gorchakóv, or the Commander of the Artillery, took it into his head to entrust me with the formation and command of a mountain platoon on the Belbék, twenty versts from Sevastopol, with which arrangement I am up to the present extremely well satisfied in many respects."

Till the end of the siege Tolstóy remained in command of this platoon. He had been removed from Sevastopol on instructions Alexander II had given after reading *Sevastopol in December*, to " take care of the life of that young man ".

By a sudden and characteristic transition, just when he was recovering from the depression which had driven him to gamble, he made the following entry in his Diary on March 5, 1855 : " To-day I took communion. Yesterday a conversation about Divinity and Faith suggested to me a great, a stupendous idea, to the realisation of which I feel I am capable of devoting my life. This idea is the founding of a new religion corresponding to the present development of mankind : the religion of Christ, but purged of dogmas and mysticism—a practical religion, not promising future bliss but giving bliss on earth. I understand that to accomplish this the conscious labour of generations is necessary. One generation will bequeath the idea to the next, and some day fanaticism or reason will accomplish it."

Anyone knowing Tolstóy's life during the following quarter of a century might suppose that this was but a passing idea, yet the last thirty years of his life show how fruitful was the seed then sown, for from 1880 onwards his whole life was devoted to the very aim suggested to him by that conversation with Brenévski on March 4, 1855.

On August 4 he took part in the fierce but unsuccessful action of Chérnaya Reká (Black River). On several occasions he rode into Sevastopol, and did so for the last time on August 27 (O.S.) when he witnessed the capture of the Malákhov by the French, an event that rendered further defence of Sevastopol impossible.

Of this last visit to Sevastopol he wrote to his aunt on September 4, 1855: "On the 27th there was a great and a glorious fight at Sevastopol. I had the fortune and misfortune to reach the town on the very day of the assault, so that I was able to witness it and even take some part in the action as a volunteer. Do not be alarmed, I was hardly in any danger. The 28th (my birthday) was for the second time in my life a sad and memorable day for me: the first time was eighteen years ago. That was the death of Auntie Alexándra Ilínishna. And now it is the fall of Sevastopol. I wept when I saw the town wrapped in flames and a French standard, and even a French general, in our Bastion. . . . During these last days the thought of definitely leaving the army has occurred to me more and more often and insistently."

In the second half of September his platoon began to retire with the rest of the Russian forces, and during the retreat it engaged in slight actions with the French at Fotsiáli and elsewhere.

The task of compiling a summary of the reports drawn up by the artillery commanders was entrusted to Tolstóy after the fall of Sevastopol, and in the middle of November he was sent as courier to Petersburg with this report which he had himself drawn up.

1856

At the end of 1855 he received promotion to the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, and at the end of March 1856, when already in Petersburg, he became a Lieutenant, which was as far as he ever rose in the service. In Petersburg he was attached to the army bomb-factory. He applied for

his discharge. On May 16 he received leave of absence for eleven months, and on November 26 was at last allowed to resign his commission and discard his uniform.

On the whole he was a good officer. Among the varieties of " fame " he sought he mentions " fame in the service, based on service rendered to the fatherland ". He was on the Staff for a while during the Turkish war, and both there and in the Crimea executed the work entrusted to him carefully and exactly. But he had no wish to evade service at the front, and far from avoiding danger repeatedly sought it. In the Caucasus time and again he volunteered to take part in expeditions, and twice during the Crimean war when he happened to be in Sevastopol he volunteered for sorties, and he felt the greatest exaltation of spirit when spending days and nights in the Fourth Bastion, the most dangerous point of the defences. While living under bad conditions in a chilly earth hut, he wrote projects about sharp-shooting battalions and the re-arrangement of the batteries. He was concerned for the well-being of his men. As already mentioned, he made efforts while on the Staff to produce a periodical suitable for the soldiers, and when with his mountain battery at the front he was active in looking after their needs. Though Tolstóy often reproached himself with arrogance, irritability, and incivility, his fellow-officers in the Crimea to the end of their lives retained pleasant recollections of their association with him. " How Tolstóy woke us all up in those hard times of war with his stories and hastily composed couplets ! He was really the soul of our battery ! When he was with us we did not notice how time flew, and there was no end to the general gaiety. . . . When the Count was away, when he trotted off to Simferópol, we all hung our heads . . ." related one of them. While in another battery he was remembered as having been " an excellent rider, a merry comrade, and an athlete who lying on the floor could let a man weighing thirteen stone be placed on his hands and could lift him by straightening his

arms. . . . He also left the memory of many witty anecdotes told in that masterly style of which he never lost the knack. . . ."

Army life had however disappointed him, and his position in the service was unenviable. He was in his twenty-seventh year before he became a Lieutenant, and by that time he was compromised in the eyes of the authorities by his share in the "Sevastopol songs", which a group of officers evolved in the course of social gatherings during the siege—one sitting at the piano and playing popular tunes while others, more or less on the spur of the moment, devised verses to these tunes ridiculing their commanders and caustically commenting on the events of the day. Owing to his literary ability these verses were all attributed to Tolstóy and, as in such cases rumours have a way of growing, it was even added that he taught them to the soldiers.

Success in the army evidently did not await him, and by this time he had realised that his vocation was literature. Despite the laziness he so often accuses himself of in the Diary, he had during his time in the army produced a succession of notable works. Following *Childhood* in 1852, the *Contemporary* had published in 1853 *The Raid*; in 1854 *Boyhood*; in 1855 *Notes of a Billiard-Marker*, *The Wood-Felling*, *Sevastopol in December*, and *Sevastopol in May*; while in 1856 came *Sevastopol in August*, *The Snow-Storm*, and *The Two Hussars*—all these in the *Contemporary*—while *A Landlord's Morning* and *Meeting a Moscow Acquaintance* had appeared in other periodicals.

These stories and sketches aroused enthusiasm, evoked eager comment, and secured for him recognition as the peer of Russia's foremost contemporary writers. This fame was destined to grow as time went on. *War and Peace* appeared later, was succeeded by *Anna Karénina* and *The Power of Darkness*, until finally a world-wide audience, such as no Russian writer had ever had, eagerly devoured his *Confession*, *What Then Must We Do?* and *Twenty-Three Tales*, in all of which he conveyed his

emotions not to Russians only but to multitudes of readers differing from him in race, religion, social position, culture, class, and language, in all the five continents of the world.

Already in September 1855 Nekrásov, editor of the *Contemporary* and himself the chief Russian poet of the time, had written to Tolstóy: "Truth, in such form as you have introduced it into our literature, is something completely new among us. I do not to-day know a writer who so compels one to love and heartily sympathise with him as he to whom I now write; and I only fear that time and the nastiness of life, and the deafness and dumbness that surround us, should do to you what it has done to most of us, and kill the energy without which there can be no writer—none at least such as Russia needs. . . . You are beginning in a way that compels the most cautious to let their expectations go far. . . ."

When he reached Petersburg in November 1855, Tolstóy found himself a recognised literary celebrity and a popular favourite. All doors were open to him, the celebrities of the time regardless of political views, station, or condition, eagerly welcomed him, and in the Diary of 1856 we meet the names of many notabilities of the day with whom he came in touch.

Having secured leave, Tolstóy spent his time during 1856 in Petersburg, in Moscow, and at Yásnaya Polyána. In Moscow he met Alexándra Dyákova by whom he had been attracted in his early days. That temporary attachment is briefly alluded to in *Youth*—where the reader may remember the account of Nikólenka Irténev's awkward behaviour with the young Princess Nekhlúdova. Now Alexándra had married an "admirable man" Prince Andrew Obolénski. The meeting between Tolstóy and Alexándra re-awoke the former feeling in them both, but the Princess, noticing that she was becoming too much interested in Tolstóy, collected her children and prudently departed to Petersburg.

Another affair threatened more serious consequences. At Sudakóvo, not many versts from Yásnaya Polyána,

lived three young ladies: Ólga, Valérya, and Zhénichka Arséneva, with a French companion, Mlle. Vergani. During that summer Tolstóy visited them often, and the young ladies used to come to Yásnaya Polyána to see his "auntie" Tatiána and his sister Mary, who was visiting with her brother. Tolstóy and Valérya interested one another and very nearly became engaged.

In August the three young ladies went to stay with an Aunt in Moscow for the coronation of Alexander II. Valérya threw herself eagerly into social amusements and had a flirtation with her music-master, M. Mortier. Tolstóy's preoccupation with her continued for some time longer, but in October he recounted to Mlle. Vergani, for Valérya's benefit, a story of the relations between Khrapovítski (representing himself) and Dembítskaya (representing Valérya). It told of his confused and indefinite feelings and his wish to test them by absence. On October 27 of that month he was however unwise enough to show Valérya a page of his Diary on which occurred the entry, "I love you". Everything seemed settled — when "instead of going to church he went to Petersburg", to test his feeling by a two-months' separation. Then followed a long correspondence during which Tolstóy became more and more sure that the young lady and he were unsuited to one another, and that he had not loved her so much as tried to make her love him. When the affair was broken off the Arsénevs, and even Tolstóy's favourite "auntie" Tatiána, reproached him with his conduct; but no hearts were broken, and the young lady subsequently married happily and had a large family.

A few notes on Tolstóy's relation towards the emancipation of his serfs will help to explain some entries in this part of the Diary.

While still at the war he records reflections and conversations concerning the emancipation of the serfs, and on reaching Petersburg in 1856 he occupied himself with that question. His wish was to free his serfs at once, without waiting for the Government to move in the matter.

He visited active liberals and members of the Government to consult them. He wanted to let his peasants have land of their own, but wished to do so without too heavy a loss to himself. The obstacle was that his estate was mortgaged to the Treasury for 20,000 rubles. Tolstóy drew up plans, made inquiries, and exerted himself. One of his proposals seemed acceptable to the Government, and at the end of May 1856 he went with it to Yásnaya Polyána and laid before the peasants the scheme whereby they were to make a contract with him to lease the land they cultivated for thirty years. They were to pay five rubles a desyatína (the desyatína being 2·7 acres) which was to go partly towards paying off the mortgage and partly for his own benefit. When the mortgage was released (in twenty-four to thirty years) the land was to become the peasants' property. All obligations to him as their proprietor (except the payment of this rent) were to terminate on the signing of the contract.

Long conferences with the peasants at Yásnaya Polyána proceeded from May 28 to June 10, but led to nothing. Rumours had reached the peasants to the effect that, at the impending coronation of Alexander II (August 26, 1856), they would all be liberated and would receive the whole of the proprietor's land free of cost.

The difficulties he encountered caused Tolstóy to take a gloomy view of the outlook in Russia. In the draft of a letter to Count Blúdov he writes: "A way out must be found. If within six months the serfs are not emancipated there will be a conflagration. Everything is ready for it; treasonable hands are not lacking to light the fire of tumults and then the fire will spread everywhere. . . ."

This prediction was not justified for another sixty years. What happened at the time was that the serfs were emancipated in 1861 and during the following years, with a modest allotment of land for the loss of which the proprietors received compensation in Government bonds. The value of which it was to recover over a long term of years out of the onerous taxes levied on the peasants. All this

was accomplished at the time without any such serious disturbances as Tolstóy had anticipated.

1857

On January 12 (O.S.) Tolstóy started for Paris from Moscow, leaving Petersburg on the 29th of that month (O.S.) and reaching his destination eleven days later, on February 21 (N.S.). (The reader will notice that Tolstóy sometimes says " started " or " arrived " without mentioning where from or where to, and that he sometimes gets confused in his dates.) He went by stage-coach to Warsaw and thence by rail.

In Paris he led an active and gay life, amusing himself and seeing a good deal of the Russian society folk and literary people there. From March 9 to 14 (N.S.) he visited Dijon with Turgénev.

Unlike his second visit to western Europe in 1860, which was undertaken to study educational methods, this first visit had no special aim. On April 5 he wrote to his friend V. P. Bótkin : " I have now been living in Paris for nearly two months and do not foresee the time when the town will have ceased to interest me or this way of life will have lost its charm. I am crassly ignorant : nowhere have I been so much aware of it as here. If only for that reason there is every cause for me to rejoice at being here, the more so since I also feel in this town that my ignorance is not irremediable. Moreover the fine arts give me such delight : the Louvre, Versailles, the Conservatoire, the concerts, the theatres, the lectures at the Collège de France and at the Sorbonne, above all this social liberty of which we have no idea in Russia—and the result of all this is that I shall hardly leave Paris, or the suburban village I expect to move to shortly, for another two months."

However next day, the 6th, he saw a man executed by guillotine, and was so horrified by the sight that on the 8th he left for Geneva, arriving there the day after. In Geneva

he at once visited his cousins the Countesses Tolstóy, of one of whom, Alexandra A. Tolstáya, he was particularly fond. His friendship for her was tinged with love—an *amitié amoureuse* as he sometimes called it. It lasted for many years and afforded him much delight. In this Diary she is frequently referred to as "Alexandrine" and as "Sásha". (Not to be confused with another Sásha, a boy friend of Tolstóy's.) He also called her "Aunt" and "Grandma" (because he considered that it was not suitable to call her "Aunt"—"you are too young for that," as he said—"a *paradoxe à la L. Tolstóy*," as she remarked). She was eleven years older than himself. "If only Alexandra were ten years younger!" he reflected when thinking of marriage.

She was in Switzerland as a maid of honour accompanying the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, sister of Alexander II, of whose children's education her sister Elizabeth had charge, as Alexandra herself subsequently had of that of the Grand Duchess Marie Alexándrovna, who became Duchess of Edinburgh.

Tolstóy, fond of inventing expressions indicating his feelings, used to call the Court set, among whom she lived and with whom she had influence, not the "Court" but the "Chimney"—an expression that occurs more than once in this Diary.

On going to see Alexandra in Switzerland he announced: "I have come straight from Paris. Paris has so disgusted me that I nearly went off my head. What have I not seen there. . . . First, at the *maison garnie* where I stayed, there were thirty-six ménages, of which nineteen were irregular. That disgusted me terribly. Then, wanting to test my feelings, I went to see a guillotine execution, after which I could not sleep and did not know what to do with myself. Luckily I happened to hear that you were at Geneva, and have rushed headlong to you, sure that you would save me."

The Countess Alexandra says of him: "He was himself simple, extremely modest, and so playful that his

presence enlivened everyone. He very seldom spoke of himself, but looked intently and with concentration at each new acquaintance, and afterwards told us his impressions, which were nearly always rather extreme. The nickname 'thin skin', given him later on by his wife, exactly suited him, so strongly, favourably or unfavourably, did the slightest shade he noticed act upon him. He guessed people's nature by his artistic instinct and his impression often proved amazingly correct."

The Countess Alexandra herself was a highly refined, cultured, religious, and intelligent, lady, who sang exquisitely, was warm-hearted, and whose kindliness was specially charming because she knew how to set people at their ease. She was favoured by the Emperor and held in high esteem at Court, where on several occasions her influence was of use to Tolstóy.

He soon moved to Clarens, a village near the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva—the scene of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*—and he made many excursions on the lake with the Countess and with other Russian acquaintances he had met there. He took a walking tour in Savoy with a friend, and on May 27 started on a week's excursion with Sásha, the son of a Russian family he knew, by way of Montreux, Les Avants, Col de Jaman, Château-d'Œx, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Scheideck, Brieuz, and Thun.

On June 13 he started for Turin to join his friends the writers Druzhínin and Bótkin. He returned to Clarens ten days later having travelled part way on foot, going by Mont Cenis and returning by St. Bernard.

On July 1 he started for Yverdon and Berne on his way to Lucerne which he reached on the 6th, and there on the 7th he witnessed the incident with the street-singer before the Schweizerhof hotel which forms the subject of his story *Lucerne*. Like the execution he had witnessed in Paris, this incident made a profound impression on his sensitive soul and had a lasting influence on his whole social outlook.

A little later (July 23) we find him at Stuttgart and the

next day at Baden where he met many Russian friends. Polónski, the poet, in a letter from there wrote: "L. N. Tolstóy is here in passing. . . . We have become like brothers. Unfortunately roulette attracts him violently. I have been unable to drag him away from it. I feared at one moment that he would lose everything, for he had changed his last bank-note, but thank God he won everything back that evening. . . ." Next day he wrote: "Count L. Tolstóy has been completely plucked at play. He dropped 3000 francs and is left without a sou. He has written to Bótkin at Lucerne asking for a loan, and I have lent him 200 francs."

A few weeks later, leaving Frankfurt on August 4 and travelling by Dresden, Berlin, and Stettin, Tolstóy returned to Petersburg, which he reached on August 11. He spent that winter in Moscow with his sister and his eldest brother, Nicholas, visiting Petersburg from time to time. He danced a good deal and was much inclined to fall in love. He paid court to Mme. Tyúcheva, to the Princess Shcherbátova, and to the Princess Lvóva.

Gymnastics were then in great favour among young men of social position, and at one time Tolstóy's ambition had been to become the strongest man in the world. His athletic dexterity was remarkable, and remained so even after he had long ceased to do athletic exercises and was well on in years.

He was also passionately addicted to music and hunting. The musical soirées he enjoyed suggested to him the idea of organising a permanent musical Society, and from this attempt the Moscow Conservatoire eventually resulted.

In Russian the termination of a woman's name usually differs from that of a man. For instance, the wife of Mr. Popóv is Mrs. Popóva. When Russians come abroad they generally conform to the custom of the countries they visit by making no distinction between the form of the husband's and the wife's name. In translating Russian books either plan may be adopted, but in these

Diaries, the style of which is brief and informal, it would be inconvenient to introduce either the English words, Mr., Mrs., and Miss, the French Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle, or the Russian Gospodín, Gospozhá, and Bárishnya, so the feminine forms have been retained that the reader may be able to see whether it is a man or a woman who is being referred to.

"An accent has been placed on all Russian names of more than one syllable to indicate where the stress falls. In a work containing many names, the reader will no doubt find this more convenient than a long list at the commencement of the book."

Permission was kindly accorded me to make use of the Prefaces and Notes contributed to the French edition of this book by Messrs. A. Khiriákov, S. Melgounóv, and T. Pólner, and I have availed myself gratefully of their courtesy, but for the translation have relied upon the Russian text.

AYLMER MAUDE.

GREAT BADDOW, CHELMSFORD,
March 4, 1927.

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1853

January 1. Went forward with the Division;[1] feel happy and well.

January 2–4. Drank at Chervlénna, and reached Grózny where my brother[2] got awfully drunk to-day. Am happy and well.

January 5. Again did nothing all day, did not even think. It was unpleasant, as it always is, in Grózny. Am impatient to go into action.

January 6. Stupid people. All—especially my brother—drink, and it is very unpleasant for me. War is such an unjust and evil thing that those who wage it try to stifle their consciences. Am I doing right? My God, teach me and forgive me if I am doing wrong.

January 7. The morning was muddled; in the evening Knóring arrived drunk, with Beskét, and brought some porter. I got tipsy. The officers from Tengínsk turned up with some wenches—I don't know where from. I drank again. Yanóvich was drunk, and began trying to break my finger and said I was playing the fool. The pain and the drink made me furious, and I called him a fool and a hobbledehoy. With tears in his voice and childish touchiness, he spoke rudely to me. I said I did not wish to have a scolding match, as the soldiers do, and that the matter could not end like that.

[1] L. N. Tolstóy was at this time serving as a cadet in the 4th Battery of the 2nd Artillery Brigade. The Division was sent against Shámil, the famous leader of the Caucasian hill-tribes.

[2] Leo Tolstóy's elder brother, Nicholas, or Nikólenka as he was called in the family. Exceptionally good-natured and intelligent Nicholas had much influence over his brother when they were children.

January 8. This morning I told him that I had been drunk, and apologised for what I had said; he was so absurd that he replied, "I pardon you; you were yourself to blame". To-morrow as soon as I have said my prayers, whoever may be there, I will again ask him to apologise, and if he won't I shall call him out. He will have the first shot and I shall not fire. I acted stupidly and badly. Yanóvich is a good fellow and by this affair I may be doing him much harm. Nikólenka has left. It was unpleasant and depressing for him to witness this affair and not know how it will end. He is an egotist, but all the same I love him and it troubles me to have grieved him. Several times during these last two days I have thought of leaving the army, but on thinking it well over I see that I must not abandon the plan I had decided on—to take part in the last expedition this year, in which, it seems to me, I shall be killed or wounded. Let God's will be done. Lord do not forsake me. Teach me, give me strength, resolution, and wisdom.

January 9. Have carried out my intention. Yanóvich readily apologised; but no one can know what an effort it cost me to speak to him again on the matter. The officers are scowling at me, but I pay very little attention to it. I would willingly start writing, but this disorderly way of life hinders my settling down to anything.

January 10. Rode out to get firewood. The weather is wretched and I have caught a cold. In the evening I wrote fairly well. My head aches. Am very anxious to be active.

January 11. Did nothing. Chatted with Yanushkévich and told him of my intention to resign my turn for promotion to him, if there is to be a promotion. Must write. Am depressed.

January 12. The officers, little by little, are ceasing to scowl. Have been stupid enough to lose six rubles at *préférence* and wanted to play at *bank*. I haven't a farthing. I have planned a sketch, *The Ball and the B.*... My throat is aching, but I am in good spirits.

January 13–16. My throat has been aching, but on

the 14th I got drunk with Arinévski. Am neither gay nor dull. Played to-day for trifling sums, but the bump of play is developing. This is a stupid life. Yanushkévich told me my fortune, and what came out clearly was a change of life ; and that in fact is an excellent expression of what I want. In reality my happiness depends on living rightly.

January 17. Took a walk in the morning. Buémski, whom I no longer like, was here. The *kunáks* [1] weary me. Am driving Bálta [2] away. Wrote a little. It is curious that having thought of a subject it is long before I can write. Or has it just happened so ? Played at *préférence*, and my passion for cards was strongly roused.

January 18–20. My life is extremely disorderly, so that I do not recognise myself and am ashamed to live like this. Played cards, lost 40 rubles, and shall play again. Am beginning to like Ogólin very much.

January 21. Wrote a little, but so negligently, superficially, and scantily, that it came to nothing. My mental capacities have become blunted by this aimless and disorderly life, and by intercourse with people who do not wish to, and cannot, understand anything at all serious or noble. Am without a farthing, and this position makes me afraid of being thought badly of, which is also proof of my being capable of acting badly. Do not want to play cards any more. I don't know to what extent God will help me. What of the much-extolled good the Caucasus was to do me, while I am leading such a life as this ? When I return to Túla I shall again involuntarily fall into the rut of the Kulikóvskis, Gans, and Lútikovs. No, never !

[1] In a letter to his aunt, Tolstóy wrote : " I should tell you that to become a *kunák*, that is to say a *friend*, it is customary to exchange presents, and afterwards to eat in the house of one's *kunák*. After that, according to the ancient custom of these peoples (which hardly exists now except as a tradition) you become friends for life and death : that is to say, if I asked of him all his money, or his wife, or his weapons, or all the most precious things he has, he must give them to me, and I also must not refuse him anything." *The Life of Tolstóy*, vol. i., ch. 3.

[2] Bálta was a hillsman who had entered the Russian service as an interpreter. A daring rider who secretly stole horses, he was not particular which side he belonged to.

January 22, 23. Spent yesterday rather better; still, I went to Zakhár with Bálta. Ogólin lost at cards, and now I feel awkward with him. Stiegelmann is leaving, and I have been appointed to command in his place. I am certainly a good-for-nothing fellow.

January 24–*February* 10. A most disorderly life. However I have nothing specially unpleasant to reproach myself with. Though I have not been in danger I feel that I shall meet it better than I did last year. Have received some money (200 rubles) from my brother, of which 94 remain, besides 80 that are owed me; but I myself have debts. I had lost more than I have in hand. Have lost my gun to Bálta. My brother is drinking, which distresses me. Will stop playing after to-morrow; and when the campaign is over will finish with the service.

February 20. We marched from Grózny to Kurínski without an action. We were there for two weeks, and afterwards camped on the Kochkólykov ridge. On the 16th there was an artillery action in the night, and on the 17th in the day. I behaved well. Have been winning at cards all this time, but am now without a farthing, though money is owing to me. To-day Ogólin told me that I shall receive the Cross. God grant it, but I only want it for Túla.[1]

March 10. I have not been given the Cross [2] and have been under arrest, thanks to Ólifer. Consequently, service in the Caucasus has brought me nothing except difficulties, idleness, and bad acquaintances. I must finish with it as quickly as possible. Have lost all the money I had and am still eighty rubles in debt to Ogólin, six to Yanóvich,

[1] That is to say he wanted it to show his people at home that he had distinguished himself.

[2] Tolstóy was very anxious to get a St. George's Cross; but every time he should have received it something prevented it. The first time he was prevented from receiving it by lack of certain official papers which he ought to have brought from home. The second time he voluntarily gave it up in favour of an old soldier, and on this, the third, occasion, when he was presented for it by the Commander of his battery, he was absent from duty engrossed in a game of chess when the Commander of the Brigade came round, and instead of receiving the Cross was placed under arrest.

fifty to Sokovnín, and seventy-eight to Konstantínov; in all two hundred and fourteen, and I have spent two hundred and thirty which I owe. It's bad. That I have not got the Cross grieves me very much. Am even sorry that I did not decline to apply for a commission. Have still three weeks to remain here. Dullness and idleness—from which my habits and the number of people I know make it impossible to escape.

April 16. It is long since I wrote anything. Reaching Starogládov at the beginning of April, I have continued living as I had been living on campaign—like a gambler who fears to count up how much he owes. I lost 100 rubles to Sulimóvski very easily. Went uselessly to Chervlénna to try to get a certificate of ill-health. I wished to leave the army, but a false sense of shame at returning home while still a Cadet definitely restrained me. I will await a commission—which I shall hardly get. I am already accustomed to ill-success of all kinds. If I didn't misbehave myself on the Tuesday of Passion Week it was only by God's grace. I want to get back into my old rut of isolation, orderliness, and good and kindly feelings and occupations.

God help me! Am now experiencing for the first time an exceedingly sad and depressed feeling — regret at having lost my youth without pleasure or advantage; and I feel that my youth has passed. It is time to bid it farewell.

April 17. Got up early and wanted to write, but was lazy; besides, the story I have begun does not attract me. There is no worthy person in it whom I can love. There was, however, more thought in it. Have re-read *Childhood*. Sulimóvski came. He was rude, and I was too condescending. While I might have worked I dined, played picquet, told fortunes, and read. Wrote letters to Serëzha [1] and Brímmer. My bad handwriting is a misfortune. I could

[1] Serëzha is Sergéy Nikoláevich Tolstóy, the second of the four Tolstóy brothers, of whom Nicholas was the eldest and Leo the youngest, an attractive man of great self-possession, whom Leo Tolstóy looked up to in childhood as a model.

not write straight: "To His Excellency Edward Vladímirovich Brímmer-, Tiflís".

April 18. I got up early, read something of Avdéev's,[1] *The Flying Snake*, and wrote fairly well. The plan of my story is only now beginning to present itself clearly. I think the story[2] may turn out well if I can avoid its coarse side artistically. All the same I have wasted much time, being unaccustomed to work. My brother and I have just had an explanation about money-matters, which is always unpleasant. After dinner I went to see Epíshka[3] and talked with Solomónida.[4] . . . The sight of any woman's naked foot makes me think her beautiful.

April 19. (Easter Day.) Did not go to Church but, breaking my fast, ate *kulích*[5] which had been blessed. Did nothing all day. Played at *Bar*[6] with some boys and the officers. . . . I did not get drunk, nor did my brother, which pleased me much. Alexéev[7] was particularly good-natured.

April 21–25. Spent all these days like the first, played at *Bar*, admired the girls, and once got drunk at Zhukévich's. I have finished the rough draft of *Christmas Eve* and will begin correcting it. To-day was a very unpleasant one. Nothing came from Kizlyá as the horses had been stolen. My present wishes are: *To obtain the*

[1] M. V. Avdéev (1821–1876), a second-rate writer.

[2] The story was *How Love Perishes* or *Christmas Eve*, an unfinished fragment left among his papers at Tolstóy's death. It discusses how a young man lost his innocence. It was one of the many unfinished stories Tolstóy decided not to publish. He himself was fond of saying, "Gold is obtained by sifting", and he considered that one of the chief qualities of a great writer was to know what to suppress in his own work.

[3] Epíshka, an old Cossack, vividly described in Tolstóy's story *The Cossacks*, where he is called "Eróshka". Epíshka greatly impressed Tolstóy by the way he harmonised with and suited the primitive nature around him. From Epíshka Tolstóy learnt many old songs, sayings, and folk-stories. He acted as a conductor, bringing Tolstóy into touch with the wild manners, customs, and scenery of the Caucasus.

[4] Solomónida. In *The Cossacks* she appears as Maryánka, the beautiful Cossack girl with whom Olénin is in love.

[5] An Easter dough-cake.

[6] A game something like Prisoners' Base.

[7] The officer in command of Tolstóy's battery.

CARICATURE, "INDISPENSABLE WRITERS" (1852)

Panáev and Nekrásov, editors of the *Contemporary*; and Grigoróvich, Turgénev, Ostróvski, and Leo Tolstóy, contributors to that periodical.

St. George's Cross as a soldier, qualify for a commission, and that both my stories should be successful.

Two days ago it happened that Nikólenka and I drank a good deal and chatted together for a couple of hours very pleasantly. I have grown quite unused to work. . . .

April 26. Have spent nearly the whole day (except playing at *Bar*) writing, but got hardly anything written, and what I did was badly done. . . . It is the last day of the holidays.

April 27. Got up early, wrote little and badly, and went to sleep after dinner. The *kunáks* prevented my writing after dinner. In the evening wrote a little. The story will be poor.

April 28. Got up early, could write nothing, and was unwell all day. The *kunáks* and my company bothered me to play with them. I have received the magazine containing my story, which has been reduced to a most wretched condition.[1] This upset me. My brother, Zhukévich, and Yanushkévich are leaving. I have been granted leave, of which I do not intend to avail myself.

April 29. Wrote very little, but was in good spirits. I lack the habit of work. Nikólenka is leaving to-morrow and was particularly amiable.

April 30. Went shooting but was unsuccessful. Wrote nothing. Sulimóvski, in my presence, told Oksána that I was in love with her. I ran out quite confused. Must pay attention to my debts. Write to K. Will write to-morrow. I am much disturbed by the idea that Buémski recognises himself in *The Raid*.

May 1. Rose early and wrote a little. Am writing merely to finish what is begun. Passed the day idly. Gróman is a fool. Slept after dinner, wrote in the evening. . . .

May 2, 3. Didn't write ; nothing particular happened. Played and bathed. Was nearly drunk. Went hunting.

[1] This refers to his story *The Raid*, which suffered much at the hands of the Censor. In a letter to his brother Sergius, Tolstóy wrote : " *Childhood* has been spoilt and *The Raid* has quite perished at the hands of the Censor. Everything that was good in it has been struck out or distorted."

May 4–7. Nothing particular. Money, 40 rubles for the story, received by post. To-day wrote a good deal; altered, shortened some of it, and gave the story its final form. I must have a woman. Sensuality gives me not a moment's peace.

May 8–15. Have done nothing these seven days. Was at birdie's and drank, though several times I wished to stop. My brother left to-day.

Have received letters from Nikólenka, Serëzha, and Másha, all about my writing, flattering to my self-love. The story, *Christmas Eve*, is now quite thought out. I want to take myself in hand and resume the rut of regular life: reading, writing, orderliness, and self-restraint. Because of the girls, whom I do not have, and the cross, which I shall not get, I live here wasting the best years of my life. It is stupid. Lord grant me happiness!

May 15–22. . . . It's bad! Have let myself deteriorate very much. Have abandoned the story and am writing *Boyhood* with the same eagerness with which I wrote *Childhood*. I hope it will be equally good. My debts are now all paid. A brilliant literary career is open to me. I ought to obtain a commission. Am young and clever. What more, one would think, should I wish for? I must work and exercise self-restraint, and may yet be happy.

May 22–27. Nothing special at all. Wrote little, but on the other hand, have finally planned out *Boyhood* and *Youth*, which I hope to finish. To-day Alexéev sent me a paper in which Brímmer promises to discharge me with a civil commission. When I reflect on my service I involuntarily lose control of myself. Have not yet decided on anything, though in accord with my present view of life, which is a continuation of the one I formed at Pyatigórsk, I ought not to hesitate. Will think it over carefully. Am still unable to accustom myself to punctuality and order, though I make efforts.

I blundered: yesterday was the 28th, and to-day is the 29th. Wrote and thought over my work, which is beginning to get clearly and well arranged in my imagination.

After reading the 56th article of the Regulations I have decided to leave the army, and have asked Alexéev to arrange this. . . .

May 30. Wrote a good deal and easily. The thought of my remaining debts occurred to me and disturbed me much. Must economise to pay them all. That is essential for my peace of mind.

May 31. Wrote nothing all day. *The Story of Karl Iványch* proves difficult.[1] Played with the boys, and they are growing impudent; I have been spoiling them. Supped at Baryátinski's, and in that false position behaved well.

June 25. For nearly a month have written nothing. During that time I went with my *kunáks* to Vozdvízhensk. Played cards, and lost Sultan (a horse). I was almost taken prisoner,[2] but on this occasion behaved well, though I was too sentimental. On getting back decided to remain here a month to finish *Childhood*, but have conducted myself all the week in such a disorderly fashion that I have become very sad and depressed, as always happens when one is dissatisfied with oneself. Yesterday Gríshka was saying that I was pale after the Chechéniens had nearly captured me, and that I was afraid to beat a

[1] The name of a chapter in *Childhood* in which, under the name of Karl Iványch Meyer, Tolstóy describes his first tutor, Fëdor Iványch Rossel.

[2] On 10th June, being in a detachment moving to the fort of Grózny, Tolstóy with three young officers and the Tatar, Sádo, detached themselves from the slowly marching column and galloped ahead to reach their destination quicker. This breach of discipline might have cost them dearly as the Chechéniens, concealed in the neighbouring forest, were always on the look-out for isolated travellers whom they tried to capture to hold to ransom. In fact some three miles from the fort the young men met a band of Chechéniens. Baron Rosen, Shcherbáchev, and Poltorátski turned back to the detachment, but Tolstóy and his friend Sádo galloped at full speed towards Grózny. Some of the assailants followed the three officers, but seven of them pursued Tolstóy and Sádo. Tolstóy had a very good horse and could have got away, but he did not wish to leave Sádo alone and therefore checked his horse, risking capture with his friend. Fortunately Sádo had a gun, and though it was not loaded he pointed it at his pursuers, threatening to shoot—which checked their progress. As the riders drew near to Grózny the sentinels in the fort saw what was happening and sounded the alarm. Cossacks rushed out from the fort, and on seeing them the Chechéniens took to flight.

Cossack who had struck a woman, because he would have hit me back. All this upset me so that I had a very vivid and depressing dream, and on waking up late I read how Obrí endured his misfortunes, and how Shakespeare says that a man is known in his calamity. It suddenly became incomprehensible to me how I could have behaved so badly all this time. If I wait for circumstances in which I can easily be virtuous and happy, I shall wait for ever. I am convinced of this. Girls have led me astray. As far as I can, I will try to be useful and industrious, and will certainly not act frivolously or do evil. I thank God for this disposition and pray: "Creator support me". I have done much evil latterly. . . . Have spent money on trifles, and wasted time I might have used to advantage. I have boasted, disputed, and been angry.

June 25. Received a letter to-day from Serëzha in which he writes me that Prince Gorchakóv [1] wished to write about me to Vorontsóv,[2] and I also received the paper relating to my resignation. I do not know how all this will end, but I mean to go one of these days to Pyatigórsk. I am not consistent or persistent in anything. As a result I have latterly begun to turn my attention on myself, and have become intolerably repulsive to myself. If I had been consistent in the ambitious mood in which I came here, I should have got on in the service and should have had ground to be satisfied with myself. Had I been persistent in the virtuous mood I was in when at Tiflís, I could have despised my ill-success and again could have felt satisfied with myself. In small things and in great this defect ruins my happiness. Had I been persistent in my desire for women I should have had success and reminiscences. Had I been consistent in continence, I should have been proudly tranquil. This damned army detachment has

[1] Tolstóy's paternal grandmother, Pelagéya Nikoláevna Tolstáya, was by birth a Princess Gorchakóv. Hence Tolstóy's relationship to the Gorchakóvs.

[2] The Viceroy of the Caucasus, Prince Michael Semënovich Vorontsóv (1782–1856), Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasian armies conjointly with Prince Baryátinski, who subdued the Caucasus.

completely knocked me out of the path of goodness on which I had entered so well, and which I wish to resume at any cost because it is the best path. Lord, teach and direct me! I can't write. I write too apathetically and badly. But what is there for me to do except write? I have just been considering my position. Such a crowd of different thoughts revolved in my head that I was long unable to make anything out, except that I am bad and unhappy. After that period of mournful reflection, the following thoughts formulated themselves in my head.

The aim of my life is known: it is goodness, the duty I owe to my serfs and fellow-countrymen. To the first of these I owe a duty because I own them; and to the second, because I possess mind and talent. The latter duty I can fulfil now, but to fulfil the first I must employ all available means.

My first thought (long ago) was to draw up rules of life for myself, and now I must return to that. But how much time has been wasted! Perhaps God ordered my life thus to give me more experience. I should hardly have understood my aim so well had I been happy in pursuing my desires. To determine my actions in advance and verify my execution of them was a good idea, and I return to it. From this evening, in whatever circumstances I may be, I pledge myself to do this every evening. False shame has often hindered me from doing it. I undertake as far as possible to overcome that. *Be straightforward, even if rude; be frank with everybody, not childishly, unnecessarily frank. Restrain thyself from wine and women.* The pleasure is so brief, so cloudy, and the remorse so great. *Give thyself completely to whatever affair thou undertakest. On receiving a strong impression, restrain thyself from action; but having considered it, even though mistakenly, act resolutely.*

To-day I did not finish my prayers, being shy of Alexéev. I wrote little and without reflection. Ate too much, and fell asleep from laziness. Stopped writing on account of Arslán Khan's arrival. I boasted of my

connection with Gorchakóv. Insulted Yanushkévich without apparent reason. Wanted to have women. Boasted a good deal to Gróman, to whom I read the story of Karl Iványch.

To-morrow must get up early and write *Childhood* till dinner time. After dinner, I must go to the Little Russians (Ukraínians) and look out for an opportunity to do a good deed; afterwards, write the *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus*,[1] or *The Fugitive*, till tea time. Write either *Childhood* or rules for my life.

June 26. Got up late though I woke early. Arslán Khan hindered me. Began to write, but everything comes out washy and incoherent, probably because I had not thought it out—so I wrote but little. Most of the morning I spent in experiments with turning objects [2] and was childish in doing so. After dinner went to the Little Russians, but did not find an opportunity to do a good deed. Disobeyed my conscience. . . . This compulsory continence, it seems to me, gives me no rest and hinders my work; and the sin is slight, for the unnatural position in which fate has placed me, excuses it. At Alexéev's I did not ask for money.

After dinner, was idle. Might at least have thought things out, if not written. The wenches prevent me. To-morrow morning will think out *Boyhood* and write till dinner time. If ideas do not come, I will write out the *Rules*. After dinner look out for a good deed, and write: *The Fugitive* till tea time; after tea *The Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus*. Ask Alexéev for money.

June 27. Got up late, but wrote *Boyhood* in the morning well enough. Did not ask Alexéev for money. After dinner till well on in the evening I read and considered *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus*. Behaved injudiciously with the boys. . . . To-morrow, get up early and write

[1] This was subsequently called *The Cossacks*, and is published in the "World's Classics" series.

[2] At this time Tolstóy was much attracted by spiritualism—chiefly by experiments with table-turning. Subsequently he quite lost the taste for such experiments, as is shown in his play, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*.

Boyhood as quietly as possible and carefully. *At dinner* ask for money. . . . In the evening write *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus* or if few ideas come, continue *Boyhood*.

June 28. Wrote well in the morning. The boys hindered me before dinner. Asked for money. Did not find ——. Epíshka was away. After dinner did nothing. In the morning I had thoughtlessly told Baráshkin that I would go to shoot, and in the evening, from false shame, could not refuse, and so lost valuable time and a good mood I was in after supper at Alexéev's. Wrote a little of *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus* and the *Wood-felling*.[1] When so many indistinct thoughts occur to me while writing that I want to get up—do not allow myself to do so. To-morrow will write *Boyhood* till dinner time; after dinner write my Diary till the evening.

June 29. Behaved well in the morning, but after dinner did nothing. The plan I had thought out so well for the *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus* seems unsatisfactory, and I spent all the time after dinner with the boys and Epíshka. I threw Grísha and Váska into the water. That was bad. *Whether it goes well or ill, I must always write.* When one writes one gets accustomed to work, and forms one's style even if one achieves no direct result. If one does not write one gets carried away and does stupid things. One writes better on an empty stomach. . . . To-morrow write from morning till evening. . . .

June 30. Got up early, wrote little. Again doubts and laziness. My head ached. Slept and played at *Bar*. Felt abashed before F. and F. Drank with B. and F. M., and was rather tipsy. . . . Write as usual; set myself to write *Boyhood* till dinner and the *Officer in the Caucasus* after dinner.

July 1. Was beginning to write—I. V. interrupted and persuaded me to go haymaking. Was active all day, and worked. That would be very good if I hadn't drunk

[1] Included with *The Two Hussars*, etc., in Constable's edition of *Sevastopol*.

much, hadn't told lies in the evening, and had written during the rest of the day. To-day write *Boyhood* till dinner time and after dinner.

July 2. Got up late. Wrote well in the morning. After dinner could do nothing. Wanted to take part in a raid; visited Averiánov. Slept, and in a dream read a wonderful book. Woke up in very good spirits and made use of this in conversation with I. V. and Gróman. . . . I wrote a letter to Nikólenka. . . . Write *Boyhood* morning and evening.

July 3. Got up late. Wrote well, but was interrupted by Baráshkin. After dinner continued writing. Went shooting and killed six pheasants. Received letters from Nikólenka and from my steward. Am being recalled to Pyatigórsk. I think I will go. . . . To-morrow write, write, and write *Boyhood*, which begins to shape well.

July 4. Was feverish yesterday. Alexéev came and talked about my service; this agitated me so that I spent all day writing a letter to Brímmer and think I wrote it well. To-morrow must write *Boyhood*. Arslán Khan arrived and I think we shall set out in a few days.

July 5. Got up late. Wrote well, but little. Spent all the afternoon with the boys. Am too frank; have just been chatting about religion with Grísha. Must write *Boyhood* to-morrow.

July 6. In the morning we hunted at Kurdyúki, but from false shame I did not behave as I wished to. Drank and lied. Stiegelmann came and unconsciously flattered me agreeably. To-morrow must write *Boyhood*. . . .

July 7. In the morning wrote, but badly and inattentively; many thoughts but futile ones. All the same got on a little. After dinner went shooting. Drank very much but conducted myself well, although I ran about till 4 o'clock in the morning with the boys. Gróman vexes me. Must write to-morrow. . . . Am not going to Pyatigórsk with Arslán Khan.

July 8. Got up late, started writing, but did not get on: am much dissatisfied with my aimless and disorderly life.

Read *Profession de foi d'un vicaire savoyard*[1] and—as usual when I read it—a mass of useful and noble thoughts awoke in me. Yes, my chief misfortune is a large mind. Slept after dinner, played a little with the boys, and acted very badly by not checking them—even gave them occasion to ridicule Epíshka.

Am unable to prove to myself the existence of God, or to find any satisfactory evidence of it, and do not think the conception absolutely necessary. It is easier and simpler to imagine the eternal existence of the universe with its inconceivably admirable order than to imagine the existence of a creator of it. The craving of man's body and spirit for happiness is the only way to an understanding of life's mysteries. When the craving of the spirit conflicts with the craving of the flesh, the former should take control, for the spirit is immortal like the happiness it procures. The attainment of happiness is the course of its development. The vices of the spirit are noble instincts spoilt. Vanity is a desire to be satisfied with oneself; cupidity, a desire to do more good. I do not understand the necessity for God's existence, but I believe in Him and pray for help to understand Him.

July 9–15. Left Starogládov without the least regret. On the road Arkhan sickened me to death. On reaching Pyatigórsk I found Másha launched into this society. This was painful for me to see, not out of envy, I think, but because it was unpleasant to part with my conviction that she is exclusively the mother of a family. However she is so naïvely sweet that she remains fine even in the wretched society here. Sent off a good letter to Baryátinski, to Brímmer a decent one, and to Moreau a horrid one. Valeryán is reasonable and honest, but he has not that fine sense of honour which I require to enable me to get in touch with a man. The Baron is a good fellow. How is it that Valeryán and Nikólenka have not the tact to refrain from ridiculing people's manners and appear-

[1] *Profession de foi d'un vicaire savoyard* forms part of J. J. Rousseau's *Émile*.

ance, while they themselves are so defective in these respects? In general I felt sad and depressed. Am sure I shall not experience that feeling when I meet Serëzha, and still less when I meet Tatiána Alexándrovna. Yesterday I was attracted by a handsome gipsy girl, but God saved me. Moved into my old lodgings and decided to stay here and wait until I am released from the army or obtain leave, and I will go from here only if I am turned out or my relatives go away.

Wrote *Boyhood* till dinner. Dined with Másha, and till the Boulevard [1] continued *Boyhood*. Must be on guard against vanity. Why did I bow coldly to Baryátinski? Have 28 rubles left: six for boots and four to repair overcoat, will leave 18. Must economise.

July 16. Yesterday wrote in the morning, dined at Másha's, after dinner went home and slept till the morning. Wrote for five hours. The end of *Boyhood* is within sight —that is pleasant. I might even finish it to-day, so I will write all day.

Wrote till dinner and after dinner from five till six. The end is near. Went to the Boulevard, to Másha, and from there to a tavern. There I drank, and spent 62 kopéks. Besides that, Aléshka [2] spent 75 kopéks for boots, 12 for sulphur matches, for candles, 50 for a brush: which leaves 25·60. Owe V. 90 kopéks, and 5 rubles for champagne. Must try to finish the rough copy of *Boyhood* to-morrow. Defended Teodorína well, nobly. I am drunk.

July 17. Got up late, had excellent thoughts and wrote well, but little. Nikólenka came. Read him what I had written, and it seems good. Dined at Másha's, slept there, went for a stroll, and went to sup at the Naytáki's. I have spent the time uselessly and was dull. The indifference of my relatives torments me. I ate for a ruble and 30 kopéks, and owe them to Nikólenka. Have done with luxuriating. To-morrow will get up early and write, and write till evening to finish *Boyhood*.

[1] At a certain time of the day it was customary to assemble on the Boulevard to listen to the band. [2] The serf who attended him.

July 18. Got up late. Nikólenka interrupted me. Had scarcely begun to write when we went to Másha's and I stopped there all day. I went to Christiani's concert. Poor stuff. Why does nobody love me? I am not a fool, not deformed, not a bad man, not an ignoramus. It is incomprehensible. Or am I not suited for this circle? Másha is so sweet that one involuntarily regrets that there is no one to understand her charm. Trash, such as this Campioni, pleases her. A pity! To-morrow dine at Bashtán, and write, write!

July 19. Wrote nothing this morning, and spent the evening uselessly at Másha's. But had a pleasant chat in the evening with B. about husbandry, which interests me. It is now 11 o'clock. I will write, and will only go to Másha's in the evening.

July 20. Have spent the day well: slept, read a stupid novel, *Precaution*, and an excellent novel by Pigault Lebrun *Les Barons de Pelsheim*, but I wrote nothing. In the evening I bathed and then went to Másha's. To-morrow will dine at home, will get up early and write.

July 21. Got up at eleven; dined at home and wrote a good deal, so that I have finished *Boyhood*, but it is still too carelessly done. Slept at Másha's. It is now 4 o'clock, I have got up and come home. I am going to Essentúki, though it is quite unnecessary.

July 22. Valeryán is at Essentúki. Másha is decidedly coquetting. Did nothing. Have a headache and am going to bed.

July 23. Have rewritten the first chapter decently. Was not long at Másha's. Work, work. How happy I feel when I exert myself.

July 24. Rose at eight, corrected the first chapter, but wrote nothing all day. Read Claude Genoux. Went to Másha, where it was very dull. Búlka [1] is lost. Have received a letter from Moor. Brímmer has held up my discharge. Get up early and write, not stopping to alter what seems weak, so long as it makes sense and runs

[1] His black bulldog.

smoothly. One can correct it, but cannot recover time that has been needlessly wasted.

July 25. Except some three hours spent on the boulevard, I worked all day ; but only re-wrote a chapter and a half. *The New View* is forced, but *The Storm* is excellent. I chatted with Teodorína. My smile sometimes is not firm, which often disconcerts me. To-morrow morning write, take the notebook with me, dine at Másha's, and again write.

July 26. In the morning re-wrote little, went to Másha, who was not at home. Dined at the Naytákis, where they allow me credit. Returned home and finished the chapter, *The Storm* ; might have written better.

July 27. Did nothing. The pretty women on the boulevard have too great an effect on me. The Naytákis' attract and cause idleness. Yesterday Teodorína with wonderful charm told us of her life in the Institute.

No one buys my telescope, and I am beginning to get into debt. Heaven knows when they will send me money, and it is no use reckoning on Valeryán. I must take measures. Read Turgénev's *Sportsman's Sketches*, and it seems difficult to write after reading him. I wrote all day.

July 28. Twenty-five years old all but one month. Wrote nothing. In the morning read a stupid novel. After dinner chatted without any pleasure. To-morrow visit the gallery. Make Madame Glováyski's acquaintance, return home and write till it is time for the boulevard.

July 29. I do nothing but read a stupid novel. Went this morning to the gallery. Bathed twice at Mermét's.

July 30. This morning Valeryán brought me 200 rubles. I sent 50 to Alexéev, lent 50 to Valeryán, paid 8 for my lodging, for food 1·50, 2·50 to the Naytákis, 3 to Nikólenka, 40 kopéks for the sending. 85 rubles remain. Másha has left. Did nothing all day. To-morrow morning—write, buy a *cheap* horse, and ride to Zheleznovódsk.

July 31. Did nothing. Went to the fair, bought a

galled horse for 24 rubles, slept, went back to the fair by the boulevard. . . . I feel as if I shall be ill. To-morrow change the horse and ride to Zheleznovódsk. 25 rubles for the horse. . . . 1 for a cab, 70 kopéks for trifles. . . . 58 rubles remain.

August 1–4. Reached Zheleznovódsk and exchanged the horse. The first day I drank with Félkner and Valeryán. Teodorína is in love with me. I do not feel dull. I take the baths. Valeryán repaid the 50 rubles. But I have only 82 rubles left, and owe three. Spent one on gloves, 1.50 on shooting, which leaves 78·50.[1] Caught cold yesterday riding to the colony. Did not bathe to-day. Want to write. Read and chatted. How much social intercourse and books mean! I am quite a different man with good people or with bad ones. To-morrow I will write.

August 6. Did nothing all day, but to-morrow will write. Teodorína is very much in love with me. Must take some decision. I confess it comforts me. To-morrow morning write *Youth*, and after dinner the *Notes of an Officer in the Caucasus*.

August 7. In the morning wrote a little of *Youth*, the treatment positively leaves me no time. Besides, I am idle. It is getting worse and worse with Teodorína. To-morrow I want to clear matters up with her.

August 8. Did nothing. Did not have an explanation with Teodorína. This evening all the bad memories of my life recurred to my mind; Helke, Baryátinski, Lévin, my debts and all the nastiness. Sloth and apathy—these are my misfortunes. To-morrow I go to Kislovódsk and there I will write.

August 9. Rode to Kislovódsk, bathed at Narzán,[2] dined, slept, and walked about till evening. Next day (the 10th) bathed twice and played *préférence* till evening. Winning eight rubles afforded me too much satisfaction. That is bad.

[1] The arithmetic is inexact, here and elsewhere.

[2] Famous mineral springs.

To-day is the 11th August. Started at 8 and arrived at 11. Took a bath, dined, and slept till 7. I let my hand touch Teodorína several times during the evening; she excites me much. My throat aches, but to-morrow I will write. . . .

August 12. On the score of illness have done nothing all day. My throat is really worse and I have been feverish all day, so that my head refuses to work.

August 13. Ill all day, read *Madeleine*, and was bled.

To-day is the 14th. Am better. I go out. Have 70 rubles left. My illness has cost me 8 rubles.

August 15. Still feel ill in the evenings. Am doing nothing. Rode to the *aoul* [1] to-day. Indecision, idleness.

August 16. Health rather better. Nothing special, always the same. To-morrow get up early, drink the waters, and then write *Boyhood* till dinner. After dinner, before the Boulevard, write the *Caucasian Stories*, and in the evening the novel.

August 17–26. Did nothing. Decided to throw up *Youth* but to continue the novel and write the *Caucasian Stories*. The cause of my idleness is that I cannot write with any enthusiasm. Am expecting some sort of happiness this month, and in general on commencing my twenty-sixth year. I wish to force myself to be such as I consider a man ought to be. Youth is over, now is the time for work. The money remaining, apart from about 20 rubles owing to me, amounts to 21·50 (I gave Zakhár a ruble). Till dinner the story, after dinner the novel. I am sorry to give up *Youth*, but what's to be done? It is better not to finish a thing than to go on doing it badly.

August 26. Did nothing, but all the same I want to go on with *Youth*. Looked straight at the moon.[2] Gave Zakhár a ruble and 10 kopéks for a roll, 5 kopéks for a water-melon, and have 20·35 left. I owe 50 kopéks for the shooting.

[1] An *aoul* is a native village or settlement.

[2] There are various superstitions indicating the consequences of seeing the moon in different aspects.

August 27. Gave Zakhár 1·50, 20 kopéks for oats, 50 for wine, total 2·20 rubles, leaving 18·15 rubles. Did nothing but play patience. . . . Abominable. I hope from to-morrow to begin a new life.

August 28. Three rubles to cabman, 50 kopéks for wine, 20 kopéks for vódka, 15 kopéks for hay, 1·50 rubles to Nikíta, total 5·45, leaving 12·70.

Began a Cossack story in the morning; afterwards because of Nikólenka's arrival and Teodorína's departure, and because it is my birthday, went to the shooting, rode to the colony, and accompanied Másha to the Boulevard. It was not amusing. Only work can afford me pleasure and profit. I am going to bed and will read.

August 29. 50 kopéks for wine, 20 to Nikíta, 5 for hay, total 85 kopéks. Gave 3·50 and 1·35. Wrote *The Fugitive* in the morning, slept after dinner, and will write in the evening. Have 10 rubles left.

August 30. From Valeryán have received 24 rubles 80, making 33 rubles 21 now in hand. Worked all day, but still found no time for the novel. On Saturdays will correct what I have written during the week. Nikólenka leaves to-morrow, and I still do not know my fate.

August 31. I rode to Pyatigórsk and wrote hardly anything. I don't seem to get on with *The Meeting*, and there was no time left for *Youth*.

September 1. Accompanied Nikólenka and D . . . ov, and again did nothing and wanted . . . and to play cards.

September 2. Did absolutely nothing and am unwell. To-morrow I shall go to Kislovódsk.

To Ogólin 5 rubles, for a telescope 3, to the laundress 3, to Zakhár 2, to the hotel 1½, for sundries 4, leaves 14·60. To-day I wrote home that they should send me money.

September 3, 4. Have been to Kislovódsk. Teodorína is too simple. I am sorry for her. I did nothing these two days, but read all morning. Yesterday I had news that the harvest is bad. Fedúrkin wants another 300 rubles, and I can neither obtain leave of absence nor retire. I have decided to wait here till the money comes, and to go

and live in Starogládovsk like a hermit until it is all settled one way or the other.

September 5–9. Struggled with idleness. To-day wrote a little. Chatted in the evenings with Valeryán. Have 5 rubles left. Am satisfied with myself about everything except idleness.

September 10. Did nothing. Chatted with Másha, made plans for our living together in Moscow. Idleness, and the consciousness of idleness, torment me terribly. To-morrow will work even if it turns out rubbish, just to satisfy myself, for life with continual remorse is torment.

September 11. Valeryán and Másha have left. Wrote in the morning and evening, but only a little. Cannot master my idleness. Have planned writing a chapter at a sitting and not getting up till I have finished it. Slept for a long time after dinner. It is now 4 o'clock.

September 12. Got up late. Finished the *History of Karl Iványch* before dinner. After dinner strolled about. Went into the church, where I felt much depressed, then on the Boulevard I walked with Klúnnikov and brought him away with me. Slept the whole evening. To-morrow morning will go to the park and will think out a chapter of *The Fugitive*, which I will write before dinner. After dinner will lie down and must absolutely think out a chapter of *Boyhood*.

September 13. Felt terribly dull in the morning. After dinner walked, went to Bukóvski's and to Klúnnikov's. Then had an idea: *Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker*— wonderfully good. Wrote, went to look at the Assembly and again wrote *Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker*. It seems to me that I am only now beginning to write with ardour. On that account it is good.

September 14. Finished the rough draft, and in the evening made a fair copy of a sheet. I write with such enthusiasm that it is even distressing. My heart fails, and I tremble on taking up the notebook. To-morrow Valeryán and Másha will arrive. Teodorína is sulky with me, and I will not go to see her any more.

September 15. Wrote in the morning and went without dinner. Went for a walk. Másha and Valeryán arrived. Smyshlyáev was there till 8 o'clock, and I did nothing. Wrote from 8 till 11. It went well, but the style was too irregular. I have written more than half of it.

September 16. Am a brick and work excellently. Have finished. Went for a ride with Drozdóv. Smyshlyáev promises me money.

September 17. Did nothing all day. Wrote a letter to Nekrásov.[1] Read my article to Másha in the morning and in the evening went to Smyshlyáev's.

September 18, 19. To-day began to write, but laziness overpowered me. In the evening went to Smyshlyáev's and wrote verses.

Humour is possible only when a man is convinced that his unspoken, or strangely expressed, thought will be understood. It depends on one's mood, or still more on the audience, or on the opinion one instinctively forms of one's audience.

September 20–23. These last two days I have written only a little of *Boyhood*. If I took to it, it could be finished in a week. . . .

September 24–26. Did nothing, and to-day only wrote a small chapter. I gadded about. . . . Stupid!!! Yesterday I wrote a reply to Liberich and one to Férzen.

September 27, 28. Did nothing. Cannot write. Read my story to Valeryán. It will positively all have to be altered, but the idea itself is remarkable. Planned to write verses this evening but do not write them. Either Valeryán was only pretending to have toothache or he endures pain badly. I am beginning to think about the Turkish campaign [2]—wrongly. One should be consistent, especially in the noble and admirable resolution I adopted, namely—to be satisfied with the present.

[1] The well-known poet N. A. Nekrásov (1821–1877) who was then publishing the *Contemporary*, the best magazine of the period. Tolstóy's first works appeared in it.

[2] Turkey and Russia had just declared war on one another.

September 29. In the morning wrote a chapter of *Boyhood* well. After dinner rode on horseback from 6 till 8. . . . In *Grandmother's Death*, I have devised a characteristic trait: she is religious but yet unforgiving.

September 30, *October* 1. Both yesterday and to-day wrote a chapter, but not carefully.

October 2. Wrote a chapter of *Boyhood*. Got up at 5 o'clock. The whole of *Boyhood* presents itself to me in a new light and I want to re-arrange it. Valeryán and Másha are leaving. I want to write a letter to Prince Michael Ivánovich and to Sergéy Dmítrievich.

To-day is the 3rd. Have done nothing. Arslán Khan has arrived.

October 4–6. Have thought of getting myself transferred. Wrote letters and a report. Saw Valeryán and Másha off. . . . Am terribly depressed. To-morrow will try to get rid of this depression by activity.

October 7. Morning, went to see the Prince, who again said unpleasant things to me, and for some hours I felt upset. After dinner read *Profession de foi*, and remembered the only means of being happy. After dinner began to write *The Maid's Room* but did it so carelessly that I dropped it. It must be reconsidered from the commencement. Was at Drozdóv's and rode out with him and passed the evening with him.

October 8. Have received money and have applied for leave of absence. I have given my horse to a Cossack lad. I did not take 3·90 from Teodorína because she seemed very pathetic to me. I left at 2 and reached Geórgevsk at 6, and here wrote three or four sheets of *The Maid's Room*.

October 9. On the road.

October 10. On the road.

October 11. Arrived. Alexéev received me well. Zúev seems to be a simple and good lad. Have put up at Epíshka's.

October 12. Got up before dawn and began to write, but chucked it. Played cards for ½ kopék points. Went

to hunt, wrote letters to Máslov and Baráshkin. Killed two pheasants. Read a work on the literary characterisation of genius to-day, and this awoke in me the conviction that I am a remarkable man both as regards capacity and eagerness to work. From to-day I will take to it. In the morning write *Boyhood*, and after dinner and in the evening *The Fugitive*. Thoughts of happiness.

Did nothing of what I had intended, but was lazy and read. Wrote a quarter of a sheet of *The Maid's Room*. I want to make it a fixed rule, having once begun a thing not to let myself do anything else; and so that thoughts that occur to me may not be forgotten, note them down systematically in a book under the following headings: (1) Rules, (2) Information, (3) Observations. To-day, for instance, *Observation* on Epíshka's way of singing. *Information* about the missions in Northern Osetínia and Georgia, and *Rules*: not to allow myself anything else before the completion of a work I have once begun

October 15. In the morning wrote a little, read Golovnín [1] with pleasure. Dined, played cards, thereby losing three hours, finished *The Maid's Room*. Supped. Began a long letter to Nikólenka and wrote some minor rules and scraps of information.

October 16. Rose early, read Golovnín. Wrote. Dined at Alexéev's, read Golovnín. Wrote. Walked about the Stanítsa.[2] Saw Pakúnka and in my confusion twice said to her, "Don't you keep tobacco?" Both what I said was stupid, and the fact that I was abashed. . . . I played *préférence* after supper, and wrote down observations, information, thoughts, and rules, but too hastily.

October 17. Did not rise early. Read, wrote very little, played cards. (I must give this up, for it takes too much time.) Read and again played cards and chatted till late in the evening. Zúev likes to show off his knowledge, and speaks with assurance but not quite correctly.

[1] V. M. Golovnín (1776–1831), a famous admiral, author of some interesting memoirs of voyages, and especially of his captivity among the Japanese.

[2] Stanítsa—a Cossack settlement.

October 18. Rose late. Áib, Averyánov and Epíshka were here. Wrote half a page. After dinner wrote another chapter. All evening played cards. That is a bad habit. As I was walking down the street some Cossack or other said " Priest ! Soldier ! " and that nonsense (which was perhaps not addressed to me at all) troubled me.

October 19. Wrote observations, information, thoughts, and rules. Walked with Gróman in the gardens and killed a hare. Dined alone with Gróman. After dinner, while we were playing cards, Zúev suddenly seemed to me extremely stupid.

Óbri, who has come to Gróman, seems to be a wretched fellow. After finishing his studies at the Lyceum, he wished to exchange from the civil service to the military, contrary to his father's will, and in consequence, according to his story, has served for four years as a Cadet, and now at last, having been dismissed from the service, is living at Kargáli—Heaven knows why. I spoke too venomously about the Cossack in Fetísov's presence. Wrote a chapter of *Boyhood*. Supped, finished writing to-day's information, observations, thoughts, and rules, and am going to bed. Thank God I am satisfied with myself, but I experience a strange feeling of unrest, while tranquil externally and internally—as if someone were saying to me : " There, now you're good, but no one but you knows it ".

October 20. Arslán Khan having arrived at dinner time, put up at my place and thereby prevented my working. In the evening was imprudent enough after dinner to sit down to cards and lost two hours, and to-day got up late. Till dinner read a capital novel by Samuel Warren.[1] After dinner slept, and on waking revised one chapter before supper, but did it badly. After supper read *The Invalide* [2] and spent two hours studying geography with an Atlas. I think there will be war. Alexéev

[1] Samuel Warren (1807–1877). Possibly his novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*, may have been the work in question.

[2] *The Invalide*, the official military gazette.

told me that the infantry Cadets have already been called up for examination. It is said that Shámil [1] has collected 40,000 men and is preparing to attack Prince Vorontsóv.

October 22. Rose late; wrote a little till dinner, and then went to Gróman's where an officer who had come from the Samúrsk regiment related much that was interesting about the affair at Zakatály. Wrote afterwards, despite the presence of some boys, and after dinner played cards. *Boyhood* has become extremely repulsive to me. I hope to finish it to-morrow. The idea of writing my thoughts, observations, and rules, in separate books is a very odd one.

October 23. Woke very late to-day and in a discontented state of mind. . . . Bad humour and anxiety prevented my working. I read Zhúkova's story *Nádenka*.[2] Formerly it was enough for me to know that the author of a story was a woman, in order not to read it, for nothing can be more ridiculous than the feminine view of a man's life, which they often undertake to describe. In woman's sphere on the contrary a woman author has an enormous advantage over us. Nádenka's environment is very well described; she herself is too lightly and indefinitely sketched in. It is evident that the authoress was not guided by one consistent idea.

I took up my notebook of *Boyhood* with a sort of despairing aversion, like a workman compelled to labour at a thing he considers useless and worthless. Am working carelessly, listlessly, and lazily.

When I have finished the last chapter, it will be necessary to revise it all from the beginning, take notes, and mark the final alterations on the rough draft. Much will have to be altered. The character " I " is very flabby.

[1] Shámil (1797–1871), the spiritual and political leader of the Caucasian hillsmen. He resisted the Russians for many years, maintaining the independence of the Caucasus. Cunning, bold, and cruel, he had enormous influence among his tribesmen, but in 1859, being surrounded on Mount Gúnib by Prince Baryátinski's forces, he surrendered and was taken to the provincial town of Kalúga, where he lived in honourable captivity.

[2] Zhúkova was an authoress whose last story *Nádenka* appeared in the *Contemporary* in 1853.

The action is long drawn, and too sequent in point of time and not sequent enough in the thought. For instance, the method of describing past actions in the course of a narrative for the sake of clearness and relief, is quite sacrificed owing to my division of the chapters. All dinner time and afterwards I could not and did not feel it necessary to master the apathetic dullness which oppressed me.

Having finished *Nádenka* I again sat down to detestable *Boyhood*, but Ilyás interrupted, and not wishing to drive him away or to lose the time completely, we went out shooting. Again I worked at *Boyhood*, managed somehow to finish a chapter, had supper, and afterwards played cards. After the shooting, when approaching the house from the north, I was charmed by the view of the grey hills beyond the reed roofs of the houses and the roof of the black-boarded chapel surmounted by a cross.

Two recruits were talking in the square, and one of them, wishing to laugh at a joke made by his comrade, gave out a noise rather like coughing or choking, as often happens to people who lead an irregular life.

" Be content with the present ! " This precept, which I read to-day, struck me extremely. I vividly recalled all the occasions in my life when I have not followed it, and it seemed to me very surprising that I have not followed it, say in the most recent case, that is, my service : I wished to be a Cadet—a Count, a rich man with connections, a remarkable man, whereas the most useful and convenient thing for me would have been to be a Cadet—a soldier. How much that is interesting I might then have learnt during this time, and how much unpleasantness I should have avoided. But at the time my position was closer, and that was why I did not see it so clearly. The passions that were touched (pride, idleness, and laziness) gave my situation a different aspect and suggested other thoughts to my mind.

Believe your reason only when you are convinced that no kind of passion is speaking in you.

In a passionless condition reason rules man, but when passions control him they control his reason too, and only add a more fatal boldness to his bad actions.

October 24. Rose earlier than yesterday and sat down to write the last chapter. Many thoughts had collected, but a kind of invincible aversion hindered me from finishing it. As in everything in life, so in writing, the past conditions the future. It is difficult to resume a neglected work with ardour, and consequently to do it well. I considered alterations in *Boyhood* but made none. Must jot down remarks off-hand and simply begin to rewrite it. Till dinner I read *A Criticism of the Account of the War between Russia and France in 1799*, and after dinner I went, without any inclination, to shoot at a range with Gróman. The beautiful weather tempted me and I went to shoot, and killed a hare and chased a jackal till late at night. After supper I played cards till 12 o'clock. How easily bad habits are formed! I am already in the habit of playing cards after supper.

When reading a work, especially one that is purely literary, one is chiefly interested by the character of the author, which shows itself in the work; but there are works in which the author affects a point of view, or changes it several times. The pleasantest books are those in which the author seems, as it were, to try to hide his opinion yet remains true to it wherever it is shown. The most insipid books are those in which the author's point of view changes so often that it gets quite lost.

Milútin's book [1] seems very well arranged. In spite of much flattery and the biased opinions I have heard from people who timidly prostrate themselves before everything Imperial, I think Paul I.'s real character, especially his political character, was noble and chivalrous. One is readier to take denunciation for falsehood than flattery for truth.

During Suvórov's retreat from the Mutten valley in

[1] *History of the War of 1799* by D. A. Milútin, who was subsequently Minister of War, and was made a count by Alexander II.

1799, his rearguard action at Mutten was remarkable: Rosenberg and Milorádovich against Massena. Thugut, the Emperor Francis' Minister, was the cause of Austria's treacherous and mean conduct towards Russia.

The descent of 20,000 English and 80,000 Russians, who landed in Holland, was commanded by the Duke of York, and the Russian army by General Herman; the French and Batavian armies by Brune.

Embargo is a naval term which means the recognition of ships as enemy vessels.[1] Paul I. died in 1801. Kazi-Mullah made his appearance in 1832, at the time of the Polish insurrection. His successor was Hamzat-Bek.[2]

October 25. In the morning looked over *Boyhood* and decided to write it out afresh, and about the alterations, transpositions, and additions, that must be made in it. About 10 o'clock went shooting, and walked till nightfall. Read the last—very poor—number of the *Contemporary*. Supped and am now going to bed. The whole day has been one of moral rest for me—the need of which one frequently feels.

The Alagír works (on the Georgian Military road, 40 versts from the station of Ardon) were opened on May 18, 1853. It can supply 35,000 *puds*[3] of lead, which used to be obtained from England.

I began to regret that I sent off *Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker* too hurriedly. In the contents I should hardly have found much to do or alter, but its form was not quite carefully finished.

October 26. Got up late and aching with fatigue in all my limbs. Worked decently in the morning, copying out *Boyhood* and getting it into order, but was soon called to dinner, and after dinner, having read a little and sat with Alexéev who came to see me, I did very little. When I might have worked till supper, in order to please Gróman who offered to copy for me, I dictated and read to him.

[1] A defective definition of a French or English word he had come upon in reading history.

[2] These two were leaders in the resistance to Russia's annexation of the Caucasus.

[3] A *pud* is 36 English lb.

My illness keeps getting worse and seems to be what I had at first. . . .

Absence of body, of passions, feelings, recollections, and time (that is, of eternity), is it not the absence of all life? What delight is there in a future life if it is impossible to imagine it to oneself? The description of a struggle between good and evil in a man who is committing, or has just committed, an evil action, always seems to me unnatural. Evil is done easily and unconsciously, and only much later does the man become horrified and amazed at what he has done.

The common people are so far above us by the work they accomplish and the privations in their lives, that it seems wrong for one of us to write anything bad about them. There is evil in them, but it is better to say of them (as of the dead) only what is good. Therein lies Turgénev's merit and the defect of Grigoróvich in his *Fishers*. Who can be interested in the faults of this miserable but worthy class? There is more of good than of evil in them, and it is also more natural and more generous to look for the causes of the former than of the latter.

I used to think that by adopting a rule to be steady and accurate in my occupations, I could follow it. Then the frequent repetition of such rules, which were never punctually observed, began to convince me that they are useless; but now I am becoming convinced that such attempts, continually weakening and again renewed, constitute the normal condition of one who periodically observes his own development. One must accustom oneself always, and in all cases, to write exactly and clearly; or else one unconsciously hides from oneself obscurities or inaccuracies of thought, by unnatural turns, erasures, and flourishes. To-day at dinner there was talk about Púshkin, and I am quite unable to understand such harshness. How can one for amusement sacrifice fundamental human feelings?

Cyprus, which lies on the route from Smyrna to Jerusalem, was the birthplace of St. George.

In the campaign of 1805, which terminated with the Treaty of Vienna, the chief battles were Ulm, Wagram, and Austerlitz.

Economy differs from avarice by the fact that the former having set limits however wide or narrow to one's requirements, does not limit them further; whereas avarice, without defining one's requirements always sacrifices them for the sake of acquisition.

Absalom, a son of David by a Philistine woman, took up arms against his father and got hung by his own hair. To-day I had a repulsive dream about Serëzha: it was something about a duel and some sweetmeats.

October 27. Woke very late and did nothing all day because I got stuck in *A New View*, for which nothing occurs to me. . . . After dinner had a flickering in my eyes so that I could not read, and fell asleep with a headache.

Epíshka told me how Grékov and Lisenévich summoned to Gerzel aoul Uchar-Hadji and the elders from Stary Aksay, who were suspected of trading with the enemy. Having explained to them that Uchar-Hadji's action was contrary to the law and that he must be arrested, they tried to reassure the other Tartars. But at the gates, where they had all been disarmed, Uchar-Hadji had managed to hide a dagger in his sleeve, and as soon as he heard how his case stood, flung himself on Grékov and stabbed first him and then Lisenévich, and tried to strike down Mullah Khasaev also, but Begíchev managed to knock him over with a blow of his sword. All the Tartars who were there were killed, and among them Epíshka's friend, the Porabórchev huntsman, the Cossack Daníla.

Remember that the harder and more depressing are circumstances, the more are firmness, activity, and decision needed, and the more harmful is apathy. Weak spirits act in the contrary way.

October 28–*November* 1. I spent the 28th and 29th in the same state of oppressive inactivity arising from

continual preoccupation with an unpleasant thought. . . . On the 29th I went shooting all day, chatted with Epíshka, played cards, and read the life of Schiller written by his sister-in-law. The superficial view of a great man taken by a sentimental woman who was too near to him and was therefore influenced by trifling domestic defects, and who had lost proper respect for the poet, is very noticeable in it.

October 30. After dinner rode out with Zúev and Gróman to Khasav-Urt. . . . Spent the night at Shélkov where Zúev by his reflections (not mean, but not noble) and by his chatter finally convinced me of his emptiness and of the immense gap which divides us morally.

October 31. Spent all day on the road. At Tëmkich, awaiting an "occasion",[1] I heard how a soldier's wife feeling confused at having refused to trust the rich Jew, Tabún, with five kopéks' worth of sunflower seeds, tried to prove to a Jewish lad that Tabún, "in our Russian way", was her uncle: "So that your father was a Jew and his brother was Tabún, so it follows that he, Tabún, was his brother", and so on.

A seventy-year-old Tartar beggar, who pushed me in fun and to whom I gave some bread and some vódka, was so touched by my kindness that all the time I remained there he gazed at me with an expression of most touching gratitude and, like a boy, tried to guess my wishes and render me service. He assured us that he was only forty years old. Among the Tartars, as among all tribes who are uneducated and live in continual want, old age is not a title to respect, but only a reason obliging them to sell their services cheap. Great was the moral development of the Spartans.

As we were approaching Khasav-Urt, a dozen Tartars showed themselves at a distance of two gunshots, and our brave Kabardíns,[2] as is always the case, began bustling

[1] An "occasion" was an opportunity to pass from one fort to another under convoy.

[2] A tribe of mountaineers.

and funking. One soldier in the advance-guard said, "Suppose some of them crop up from another direction". A real coward! He expressed his fear in a way to infect others. In the evening, as now always happens at Khasav-Urt, the officers (not knowing that I had been with the "occasion") said in my presence that an attack had been made on the "occasion" to-day. Yesterday Zúev, showing off his society manners and refinement before Ólifer, expressed the opinion that Alexéev's trap is disgraceful, and so on. It is amazing how these people, who have grown up in the mud and under the stick, laugh at things without being ashamed of themselves. It is still stranger that people like Zúev, who are fond of civilisation, foreign words, literature, and music (of which they have the very ridiculous conceptions of an army-officer) inspire more confidence in others by their talk than really educated people do. However, this strangeness is a result of my living among these people of narrow views. They understand one another. To-day we were again called out by an alarm. Read *The Captain's Daughter* [1] and, alas, I have to admit that Púshkin's prose is already old-fashioned, not in its language but in the manner of its exposition. It is true that the new tendency is for interest in details of feeling to predominate over interest in the events themselves. Púshkin's stories seem rather bare. These are the thoughts that have occurred to me these four days and which I have had time to jot down in my little book.

It is impossible to make one's conduct conform to the judgements of one's reasonable will as a simple result of expressing them. One must employ cunning against oneself and one's passions. To do good is pleasant to everyone, but passions often make us see it in a perverse light; and reason, acting directly, is powerless against the passions, it must try to oppose one to another. Therein lies wisdom.

Schiller quite rightly considers that no genius can develop in solitude, and that external stimulation—good

[1] A famous short story by Púshkin.

books and conversation, promotes thought more than years of solitary toil. Thoughts arise in company and their development and expression take place in solitude.

Epíshka says that if a man as he goes along looks at his clothes, he is a *pig*. What a low degree of vanity! How naïve are its ways!

Two versts from Shelkóv, in Ermólov's time and even before that, stood fort Ivánov, which Epíshka says was destroyed because, it seems, it was falsely reported that there were forty churches in it.

Guyma is a carpet-covered kibítka in which Nógay (Tartar) women and girls live. One of the chief reasons of the errors made by our well-to-do class is that we are very slow in accustoming ourselves to the thought that we are grown up. Our whole life up to twenty-five years, and sometimes more, runs counter to that thought; it is quite the contrary among the peasants, where at fifteen a lad gets married and becomes complete master of himself. I have often been struck by the independence and assurance of a peasant lad, who in our class even were he very clever would be but a cipher.

It is strange that we all conceal the fact that one of the main springs of our life is money. As if that were shameful! Take the novels, biographies, or stories—they all try to avoid questions of money, whereas in that lies the chief interest of life (or if not the chief, the most continual) and by it a man's character is best shown.

There is a category of fine and honourable people (though for the most part not respected, and unfortunate in life) who seem to live waiting for an opportunity to sacrifice themselves for someone else, or for honour's sake, and who really only live from the time when that sacrifice begins. I have often had occasion to be surprised at, and to envy, the sound and clear outlook of men who read but little.

To look over work that has been completed in rough draft, striking out all that is superfluous and adding nothing—that is the first process.

Reading a story by some English lady I was struck by the ease of her manner, which I do not possess, and to obtain which I must labour and observe.

Shámil in 1846 advanced into Kabardá and fought an action, honourable to the Russians, with Nevkóvich, who with six companies and two fortress guns came upon him on this side of the river Térek, near Zméyka, and having withstood his attack retired after losing 120 men, without leaving a single corpse on the field.

Self-confidence and aplomb depend, not on the brilliance of one's position, but on success in the path one has chosen, however insignificant it may be.

Suleiman-Effendi was sent, in 1846, by Shámil to his right flank to collect horsemen; in 1847, during the building of Achknáya, he came over to the Russians. From Vorónezh, where he was sent to live, he made a pilgrimage to Mecca and on his return journey rejoined the enemy.

The Karacháy, a neutral tribe living at the foot of Mount Elbruz, are remarkable for their fidelity, their beauty, and their bravery.

In 1848 orders were given for the arrest of the Karacháy prince at Pyatigórsk. He had revenged himself on his enemy, the Kabardín prince; but the savage would not give himself up and was killed with four of his followers by a whole company of soldiers.

There are people, such as myself and such as I try to depict in *The Story of a Russian Landlord*,[1] who feel that they must appear proud, and the more they try to assume an expression of indifference, the more haughty they appear.

I am frequently held up when writing by hackneyed expressions which are not quite correct, true, or poetic, but the fact that one meets them so frequently often makes me write them. These unconsidered, customary expressions, of the inadequacy of which one is aware but which one tolerates because they are so customary, will appear to

[1] Subsequently called *A Landlord's Morning*.

posterity a proof of bad taste. To tolerate these expressions means to go with one's age, to correct them means to go in advance of it.

November 2, 3. Have spent two days in a fog. Continual visitors at Ólifer's and disquietude about my illness (which seems to waver between better and worse) have not diverted me from observations on myself, on others, and on my work. I have decided to undergo a cure, though the doctor inspires me with very little confidence.

Yesterday a dispute arose between myself and some of the officers about the value of granting titles; on which occasion Zúev, quite irrelevantly, showed envy of my title. At that moment, the thought that he considered me conceited about my title hurt my vanity; but now I am very glad that he showed his own weakness in that respect. How dangerous it is to trust to thoughts that arise in the heat of argument.

Always to live alone is another rule I will try to adhere to.

Almost every time I meet a new man I experience a painful feeling of disappointment. I imagine him to be like myself, and study him, applying that standard. Once for all I must become accustomed to the thought that I am an exception and ahead of my age, or am one of those incompatible, unadaptable natures that never are satisfied. I must set a different standard (lower than my own) and measure people by it. Shall less often be mistaken. I long deceived myself imagining I had friends who understood me. Nonsense! I have not yet met a single man who was morally as good as I, and who believed that I do not remember an instance in my life when I was not attracted by what is good and was not ready to sacrifice everything for it.

That is how it happens that I do not know a society in which I feel at ease. I always feel that the expression of my most intimate thoughts will be regarded as false, and that people cannot sympathise with my interests.

Yesterday moved into lodgings. If I have to spend a

month here, am convinced I shall use it profitably. Yesterday evening I already felt a disposition to truth and usefulness such as that I felt at Tiflís and at Pyatigórsk. There is no evil without its good. Yesterday, at the thought that my nose might fall in, I imagined what an immense and beneficial impulse that would give me in the direction of moral development. I so vividly imagined to myself how worthy I should be, how devoted to the common good, and how useful to it, that I almost wished to experience what I had considered a calamity justifying suicide. However, the idea of suicide from shame of disfigurement is a base thought which I had heard Islávin utter well and expressively and which I repeated without conviction, as it often happens that one lightly repeats things merely because one has heard them well expressed.

Do not repeat anything you hear, however much it may have struck you, without having quietly thought it over and having, in tranquillity, made it agree with your own trend.

November 4. Yesterday spent the whole day without doing anything. Chatted with visitors and looked through an old number of the *Contemporary*. . . .

Do not value an opinion you do not respect. I wished to say: "Do not value the opinion of people you do not respect", but that would have been inaccurate, for even those whom you despise may in certain cases be sound judges. The mistake I want to avoid is simply that of trying (as is often done by vain people) to be like someone you would not respect.

Yesterday after playing cards, Stasulévich, who seems to be a man of very good abilities, told me the story of his misfortune.

In the Metékhov prison, three soldiers of the line were in confinement for murder and for robbing the post. The Georgian princes, Amelekhvárov and Érestov, with some Imerítians, were mixed up in the affair. The soldiers, who had means of communication with Amelekhvárov, told him they had 25,000 rubles hidden in the town, which

they undertook to deliver if they were let out. Amelekhvárov addressed himself to the guard-officer Zágobel, promising to send some of his own Imerítians (known for fidelity to their word) with the soldiers, to bring them back alive or dead. Zágobel agreed. Six criminals were let out at night, who robbed and murdered some travellers and brought back 5500 rubles, which they divided between Amelekhvárov and Zágobel, saying that they had been unable to get the whole of the hidden money. Zágobel let them out a second time the same day that Stasulévich came on guard. "I had only just got married," he told me, "and it was two months since I had been on guard." When I came up to Zágobel and asked him to hand the guard over to me (I was always very accurate about the service) I was surprised to see how pale and upset he was—which he explained by saying that he was feverish, though as I afterwards learnt the real reason was quite another one. At 5 o'clock in the morning when I arrived, the prisoners who had been let out had not yet returned, and were only admitted by the back gates just as I was about to hold the inspection.

On examining the prisoners I found two drunk, and ordered them to be searched. Files, vódka, bottles, etc. were found on them. I took over the guard. Prince Amelekhvárov addressed himself to the non-commissioned officer Semënov, asking him to let the prisoners again go out for the night and to go with them; but as I did not sleep all night and sent for him just when he was about to let them out by the back gate (of which he had the key)—their intention could not be carried out that first night. Next night, while I was asleep, the prisoners were let out dressed in Georgian clothes (one had a soldier's cap and a regimental-sack which was stamped) and went to Karzánov's in order to steal, with the aid of his orderly who had been bribed, the money he had received the day before for the soldiers' pay. The robbery did not succeed, they were discovered, and in the hurry of their flight the cap and sack were left on the scene of the crime.

"I knew nothing about it, but only noticed, when handing over the guard to my successor, that the prisoners I had noticed the day before, were again drunk.

"Next day I was arrested. Owing to the sack that had been found, inquiries were made in the company, and it appeared that the sack belonged to the sentry-platoon. The non-commissioned officer Semënov, when examined, said that the prisoners had been let out with my consent. I was kept two months in the house of the regimental commander, under secret arrest.

"I was handed over for trial, but demanded a special commission. The Commission found me guilty of neglecting guard-duties, but could neither convict nor acquit me of letting the prisoners out, as the prisoners would say nothing, the soldiers said they received the order to let the prisoners out through the non-commissioned officer in my name but not directly from me, while Semënov continued to put the blame on me. I was sentenced to be degraded to the ranks till I earned promotion, but without deprivation of my rank as a member of the nobility, and I agreed to the sentence. The Viceroy considered that General Wolf, who was performing the Viceroy's duties in his absence, and the Commandant, were most to blame for the disorders discovered in connection with 'this affair', namely, the neglect of duty by the company-commander and the officer on patrol duty, for whom we ourselves used generally to sign; and confirming the sentence of the Commission he sent it up for the Emperor's confirmation.

"Just then the priest, to whom as a last resource the duty had been entrusted of exhorting the criminals to confess the truth, learnt that Zágobel had let them out before. Zágobel confessed at once and was arrested, and a new inquiry was appointed. I asked to have my affair kept separate from Zágobel's and to be reinstated. The Viceroy consented and sent me back."

Is he guilty or not? Heaven knows, but when he was telling me (he speaks admirably) of his own and his wife's grief, I could hardly restrain my tears. On reaching the

regiment after the raid of August 11, for which Wolf refused to grant him a Cross, he learnt that in the Order of the Day issued to the corps, he was accused of having let the prisoners out, and that he was deprived of the rank of nobility. Meanwhile Zágobel's affair was dropped and he was merely transferred to a line-battalion.

The Order by which the Viceroy found General Wolf, who had been acting in his place, guilty, would have involved the Viceroy himself in Zágobel's affair, for the first release of prisoners took place when the Prince himself was there. That was why Zágobel's affair was hushed up.

"I handed in a petition", said Stasulévich, "to have my case retried, since the assent I gave, and my abstention from submitting a petition to the Emperor, were based on a different sentence. I was told that I had no right to hand in such a petition, but that my company-commander must write a report from what I should tell him. But my company-commander, Goryanínov, is so afraid of any conflict with the Staff and is such a limited man, that six months have already passed without his having written anything."

There are some faces, especially such as have shining eyes and wide, perspiring, dark faces, which when animated continually change their expression to such a degree that it is difficult to recognise them.

Abkháziya lies on the farther side of the mountain, almost opposite Elbruz. It has 30,000 inhabitants. Its chief fortified places are Sukhum-Kale and Bambory. Its ruler's residence is Suuk-Su. The Abkházians are Christians.

My teeth ached this morning so that I could not sleep and got up early. Began to revise *Boyhood*, but except for erasures did nothing. Wrote a letter to Moor, chatted with various visitors, read Arago, and played cards till everybody ran away and left me on account of a raid.

In the evening Akrshévski, whom I had invited in order to give him *Boyhood* to copy out, brought me his melo-

drama—a remarkably senseless and wretched thing. He also told me his story, but very confusedly. One thing is that he seems too pitiful a fellow to be a political criminal.

At moments when one feels depressed without cause one must think of those who are really unhappy.

Am perfectly convinced that I ought to acquire fame; this even makes me take so little pains: I am convinced that all I need is to wish to work up the materials which I feel within me. Several times in succession I have had a dream of a Tartar attack. It seems to me that that is a presentiment of something.

The position of the Russians in the mountains is of three kinds: (1) Prisoners in slavery to private owners; (2) fugitives in what is called the "command" at Vedenó,[1] who are employed as artisans; and (3) renegades, who live apart.

November 6. My health is quite good, but on the other hand I have deteriorated morally. All day have not had one thought or made one observation, though I have read Arago and corrected *Boyhood*, which Akrshévski is copying out. The others have returned from an abortive raid.

November 7–15. Have given Akrshévski almost half of *Boyhood* to copy out. Have lost 42 rubles to Sokovnín, and have left Khasav-Urt ten rubles in debt. Visitors did not give me a moment's rest there, so that I have been completely upset. I liked the fourteen-year-old girl who was working for the landlady very much. I have done hardly anything all these days. On arriving in Staro-gládovsk I went shooting once . . . chatted with Epíshka and Ólifer, whom I dislike very much. I borrowed 25 rubles of him. This morning I did so nasty a thing that it compelled me to come to myself. Have received a kind letter from K. V. Gorchakóv, and a notice that my documents have been detained at the Herald's Office. I do not like Arago's travels at all. He is filled with French self-confidence both as to scientific and moral matters. Besides

[1] Shámil's chief place of residence.

that, he says too much about why he is writing and how one ought to write, instead of showing it in practice.

" Tripe " means bowels.

" To drag one's cloak by the sleeves " is a sign, accepted by the soldiers, of being drunk. It is often done only because a Russian who has drunk a glass of vódka is inclined to pretend that he is drunk.

Gibraltar was taken by the English from the Spaniards in the sixteenth century.[1] Teneriffe is a mountain on an island situated off the north-west coast of Africa. Rio de Janeiro is the capital of the independent Spanish colony of Brazil. The Cape of Good Hope is a small English colony on the very coast, inhabited by free savage races. Table Mountain is near the colony.

The laughter of two people talking alone together is quite different from and has a more sincere and attractive character than laughter in a large company. To take the decisions of one's will as rules for oneself about everything is an excess, but in some cases such decisions are necessary.

Must not take cards in hand, or ever look on at gambling.

There are thoughts the application of which is endlessly varied. Therefore the more general the expression of such thoughts, the more food they afford for the mind and heart, and the more profoundly can they be felt. I am replacing all the prayers I have composed by the Lord's Prayer alone. Any petition I can make to God is expressed more loftily, and in a way more worthy of Him, by the words, " Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven ".

Abstract thoughts are nothing but man's capacity in certain conditions of mental activity—without interrupting that activity—to fix his attention on it and transmit that state of mind to memory. There are thoughts which pass through one's mind unnoticed ; there are others which seem to leave profounder traces, so that one involuntarily tries to seize them (such are these I am writing down).

[1] Apparently a slip of the pen for eighteenth century.

Sometimes I forget the thought itself but the trace it has made remains, and I feel that a remarkable thought has passed here.

In the intercourse one may have with people, to try to do as much that is pleasant as possible is a rule of politeness.

Borisláv, a district town of Khersón province, was the capital of the Zaporózhian Cossacks.

I have never made a declaration of love, but remembering the terrible nonsense which with a smile of subtle meaning I have talked to people who attracted me, I blush at the very remembrance. The conversations one reads in our fashionable novels *pour tout de bon* [1] are as like as two peas to what I said. I must realise that idleness and a disorderly life (that is, a life lacking order) is not merely harmful in practical affairs, but may cause most terrible vices and actions on my part, as I have experienced to-day. I am so weak. Must fear idleness and lack of order as I do cards. In my talks with Epíshka I was struck by the following :

How Mínka, the one-eyed wizard, killed the sweating beasts which the devils drove towards him from the mountains. How when meeting some Chechénians he turned himself and Iván Iványch into two alder bushes, and how he was afterwards made to sit in the front corner surrounded by the old folk, who began to reprove him saying, " That is bad, Mínka, leave it alone ", etc.

Also by an exclamation in the genitive case "*Kaková górya !*" (Of what a grief !). Also two stories of how he (Epíshka) rode from Aksáy with his *kunák* to keep holiday at a Chéchen wedding and was frightened despite the protection of his brother-in-law, and how the sight of him surprised them all, and they cried : " He, he, he !— little Cossack, little Cossack " ; also how at night, out hunting, he killed Ilín's servant, how he ran after his companions and called them back to witness how he asked the servant's pardon, how the latter died on the road, on a Tartar cart on which they laid him with difficulty, and

[1] In all seriousness.

how afterwards, reversing his gun, he handed it to Ilín and fell at his feet, and later on, on reaching home, found that his wife had a dance on, and how as soon as he had told of his trouble all the women ran away.

November 15. Rose early and set to work writing; but in spite of abundance of thoughts and careful writing, very little got done. After dinner played chess with the unendurable Ólifer. At home I read and. . . . In the evening I went to supper in order to see Knóring. It is amazing how unpleasant that man is to me. Though we mislead one another, all the mean characteristics of an officer show up as outgrowths of idleness and bachelor-life.

There was a time when consciousness developed in me to such a degree that it stifled reason, so that I could not think of anything except: "What am I thinking about?"

I have often been amazed at how people can find inner satisfaction in their own phrases, devoid of thought —just in the mere words. Perhaps at a certain stage of development the mind finds satisfaction in words, as at a higher stage it finds satisfaction in thoughts. Epíshka says that in order to speak wisely one must first stand awhile "by the broom", that is, facing a corner, and think.

November 18, 19. Yesterday rose early but wrote little. Two chapters, *The Maids' Room* and *Boyhood*, which I have so long been unable to bring to their final shape, detained me. I dined, played chess badly, and yet boasted. . . .

Got up late. Wrote fairly diligently so that I finished *The Maids' Room* and *Boyhood*, but not the clean copy. In the evening Kochetóvski came and complained of Sulimóvski. I borrowed Karamzín's history and read bits of it. The language is very good. The preface aroused a host of good thoughts in me. To-day I beat Alëshka. Though he was to blame, I am dissatisfied with myself for having lost my temper Columbus, on reaching the mouth of the Orinoco, imagined that he had reached the western

shore of Asia. From that arose the names East India and West India.

Tobacco was discovered and brought over in 1498, and is now used throughout the world to the extent of 374 million lb.

The town of Térek was founded by Iván the Terrible for the protection of his father-in-law, the Cherkásian prince.

The Cossacks speak of their gun in the feminine, and the word "poor" is employed in a compassionately caressing sense. In Catherine's time people spoke of soldiers as "the Mother's children". There are proper names, names of things, of animals, and of people, which depict the way of life of a certain circle better than a description of it.

Epíshka at last explained to me the fictitious enlargement of the Térek. That river used to be narrower and deeper; now, turning away from the mountains, changing its course, and finding a softer bed, it is becoming wider.

A song he repeated to me is good.

"In the famous town in Kiev with the famous prince Vladímir lived a maid, a lovely soul. This maiden sinned most grievously before the Lord. The lass gave birth to a boy who became Alexander the Great. Because of this shame, the beautiful lass left the town. She went not by paths or by road, but followed an animal's track. Meeting the beautiful lassie came the fine hero, Ilýa Murométs, and he began seriously to question the beautiful lassie. 'Of whose tribe and family are you, beautiful lass?' 'I am not a common lass. I am the beautiful daughter of a hero. . . .'"

It sometimes happens that one suddenly feels that an expression of surprise remains on one's face when there is nothing more to be surprised at. (In the chapter *Concert*.)

Someone told Epíshka that I had given a serf to be conscripted because he had killed my dog. A terrible libel of that kind always strengthens in me the noble

thought that to do good is the only way to be happy. If once one adopted any other outlook whatever on life, such a libel would suffice to destroy one's whole happiness.

Some people seem to deceive themselves, trying to speak of their way of life in the past or in the future but not in the present. Nothing so impedes true happiness (which consists in living a good life) as the habit of expecting something from the future; whereas for true happiness, which consists in inner self-content, the future can give nothing and everything is given by the past.

The younger a man is the less he believes in goodness, though he is more credulous of evil.

The specific gravity of a man's body is heavier than water. The air which fills the body of a live man equalises this difference; so that (with movement) the specific gravity of a live man is about equal to water. When the stomach of a drowned man bursts, the air which filled the spaces of his body, yields its place to water, and the body floats.

That is all nonsense, and I still do not understand the phenomenon of the rising of the body of a drowned man.

November 19–22. Think I must have blundered about the dates, for I positively cannot remember what I have done these four days. On the 20th rode to Kizlyár to get a dog from Baráshkin, which I accomplished after abusing him very vigorously. Though I was at Kizlyár without money, belongings, or a servant, I was not in a bad mood as usually happens to me under such circumstances. Two days ago Khastátov came to see me, in whom I was quite unable to find anything very strange, except that he is not stupid and is a society man. Chatted to him till late at night about Moscow, and could not help swanking a bit. Got him to take the money for Zúev, and two chapters.

Yesterday I returned from the bath, and though I was terribly tired went to Ólifer's and chatted with him till late at night on subjects evoking thought. He seems to respect me highly, which is by no means mutual. Received a

brief letter from Serëzha in which he writes of having sent 150 rubles, which however I have not received.

The lands of the Don Cossacks have rather more than 700,000 inhabitants on an area 2400 square miles. Most of the serfs are in the Miússk and Donéts districts. One of my chief vices, and the one most unpleasant to me, is untruthfulness. It is generally occasioned by a wish to brag and show myself in a favourable light. So, not to let my vanity reach a stage which leaves no time to reflect and to stop, I set myself a rule: as soon as I feel the tickling of egotism which precedes a desire to say something about myself, I must reflect, keep silent, and remember that no invention will give one more weight in the sight of others than truth does, which has a compelling and convincing effect on everyone. Every time you feel annoyance and anger, avoid all intercourse with people, especially with those dependant on you. Avoid the company of people who are fond of drunkenness, and drink neither wine nor vódka.

Avoid the society of women whom one can easily have, and try to exhaust yourself by physical labour when you feel strong desire. Must note down every day the number of times these rules have been infringed.

Fashion is a method of attracting attention to oneself, and everyone (excepting the deformed and people of repulsively unpleasant features) gains by it.

Among the common Russian people there is a conviction that dark people (brunettes) cannot be handsome; and "black" is almost a synonym of "ugly", "like a gipsy".

Music is the art of producing in one's imagination various states of soul by means of a triple combination of sounds—in space, time, and strength.

Most men demand from their wives qualities they themselves do not deserve.

Preaching is one of the best and simplest methods for the religious education of our lower classes, if the preachers would sacrifice their vanity as authors for the sake of the benefit a progressive, simple, and clear exposition of

Christian principles in a course of sermons would yield, and if they would take pains to think out such sermons.

When thinking them out, pomposity (which results in rendering them perplexing) and excessive simplicity (which arouses doubt) should be avoided.

Among the common people there is a belief that the presence of onlookers at death torments the dying person and makes it more painful for the soul to leave the body. A similar idea prevails about births.

The tone of a man whom I am talking with always reacts deplorably on me. If he speaks pompously, so do I; if he mumbles, so do I; if he is stupid, so am I; if he speaks French badly, so do I.

The common people are used to being spoken to in a language not their own, especially on religious matters, which speak to them in a language they respect all the more because they do not understand it. There are thoughts (such as this for instance) which have a meaning in the aggregate, but completely lose it in particular instances.

November 23–*December* 1. Have been out shooting several times, and killed some hares and pheasants. Have read and written hardly anything these days. The expectation of a change in my life disquiets me, and the grey overcoat[1] is so repulsive to me that it is (morally) painful to put it on, which formerly used not to be the case. Yesterday Sultánov called in. Two days ago I received a letter and a sword from Arslán-Khan. One of my rules—not to drink—I have broken every day.

Though Epíshka is not a man who is out of date and he has been in touch with education, either from his solitary way of life or from other reasons it would be hard to find anyone of a more antiquated character, especially in his manner of speech.

What would happen if husbands and wives could see the pictures drawn by the imagination of young boys at the sight of women? (In the chapter *Concert*.)

[1] A soldier's overcoat.

Discipline is essential for the existence of a military class, and to create discipline drill is essential. Drill is a way of bringing men to a state of mechanical obedience by means of petty threats; so that the cruellest punishments do not produce obedience such as is obtained by the drill-habit. Humility is often taken for weakness and indecision; but when experience shows people that they were mistaken, humility adds fresh charm, strength, and esteem to a character.

(Schiller.) In some people the fire of inspiration changes into a candle to work by. Literary success that satisfies one's own self is obtained only by working at every aspect of a subject. But the subject must be a lofty one if the labour is always to be pleasant.

The more a man becomes used to pleasure and refinement the more deprivation in life he prepares for himself. Of all such habits, deprivation of the habit of intercourse with none but refined minds is the hardest to bear.

Vladímir [1] was able to convert his people to the faith he had adopted, only because he stood on the same level of education as they, though higher in social importance. The people believed in him. No ruler of an educated nation could have done the same.

In one of his stories Epíshka, by a few words, adequately expressed the Cossack view of the importance of women. "You wife, you slave, go and work!" says a husband to his wife, "and I'll go on the spree."

Good also was a conversation overheard about winter: A. says, "To-day winter comes flying from the sea". B. "Yes, on wings!"

"Cossack" means landless peasant in Tartar. In the second century the Caucasian land was called Kassákhiya. In Russian we have no word for *croire*; the Cossack word *nachal* corresponds to it exactly.

Rule. Note receipts and expenditure. Write down

[1] Vladímir the Great, Grand Prince of Russia (980–1015), converted the population of Kiev to Christianity by driving them *en masse* into the Dvína and having them baptized.

thoughts only when satisfied with the expression of them. I can devise no rules against laziness.

December 2. Rose readily. Wished to set to work on *Boyhood*, but not having the previous notebooks found it inconvenient, and I have decided on nothing new so far. Arranged my papers and letters. Dined at home, read *Fatherland Notes*.[1] After dinner talked and played chess with the unendurable Ólifer; read, and with my bad cold still no better, went to bed.

Rule against laziness: order in one's life and order in mental and physical occupations.

There are two desires the fulfilment of which can give real happiness to man—to be useful, and to have a quiet conscience.

Vanity results from, and is increased by, moral disorder in a man's soul. Formerly I only instinctively perceived and had a premonition of the need of order in everything; but I have only now understood it.

The phases of the moon are caused by the angle at which it reflects the rays of the sun.

Mumad or Mumkhad is a place to which the inhabitants of Turkestan go on religious pilgrimages.

Schlosser divides the history of Russia into five periods: (1) from 862 to 1116—from its foundation to Sviatopólk—Russia being born; (2) from Sviatopólk to Batu—Russia divided; (3) from Batu to John III—Russia oppressed; (4) from John III to Peter—Russia victorious; (5) from Peter to our times—Russia flourishing. I like this division.

The greater part of the lands of the Zaporózhian Cossacks in the province of Ekaterinosláv, that were confiscated in the second half of the eighteenth century, were given to the Mennonites. Instead of Novosëlitsa—Josephstadt.

Have decided, when I have finished *Boyhood*, to write short stories, sufficiently brief for me to plan them at one stroke, and on sufficiently serious and useful subjects not

[1] A leading Russian monthly magazine.

to weary or disgust me. Besides that, I will in the evenings form and write down the plan of a long novel and sketch some scenes of it.

December 3. Rose early but could not begin anything. My story *The Cossacks* both pleases and displeases me.[1] Read *The History of the Russian State* till dinner, and after dinner Ólifer, in the presence of a servant and of the copyist, said I should be sure to squander my estate. This rudeness and stupidity upset me. Have promised myself not to go to dinner with that exceedingly antipathetic man till Alexéev's return, and definitely to avoid intercourse with him.

Was weak enough after dinner hastily to get ready and to go shooting, and I got my feet wet, which is not at all good for the cold which I still have.

I have a great defect: an inability to describe simply and easily in a story the circumstances which connect the poetic scenes.

Have been undecided which of four ideas to choose for a story: (1) *The Diary of an Officer in the Caucasus*, (2) *A Cossack Poem*, (3) *An Hungarian Girl*, (4) *The Lost Man*. All four ideas are good. Will begin with what seems the simplest, easiest, and the one that came first—*The Diary of an Officer in the Caucasus*.

December 4–10. All these days I have been much disturbed about my cold, which has still not passed and in spite of which I have twice gone shooting with Stiegelmann. In consequence I have written nothing and, trying to distract myself, have read *The History of Russia* without thinking or stopping. To-day I wrote a letter to Ósip. Akrshévski has still not returned my notebooks.

Not far from the village of Tarúmov, beyond Kizlyár, there is a mound called Chakka where the Nogáys find ancient weapons and accoutrements.

Filchant is a town in ruins, in the same place. A

[1] *The Cossacks*: sometimes Tolstóy calls it *The Cossack Poem*, and sometimes *The Diary of an Officer in the Caucasus*. At one time he wished to make a poem of it.

cannon sunk into the ground is said to be there too. To study history, maps for each fifty or even for each twenty-five years are necessary.

Charles Bonaparte had five sons: (1) Joseph, who was King of Naples and Spain; (2) Napoleon, Emperor of France; (3) Lucien, Member of the Senate and an exile; (4) Louis, King of Holland, married to Hortense Beauharnais, was father of Louis-Napoleon, Emperor of the French; (5) Jerome, King of Westphalia, a Marshal, Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides, and father of Jerome Napoleon, heir to the throne.

Having finished *The History of Russia*, I am inclined to look it through again and note down the most remarkable events.

December 11–16. My cold and headache do not pass. Have twice been unreasonable enough to go shooting (with Sulimóvski). The day before yesterday Alexéev returned. Yesterday I began *An Artilleryman's Notes*, but have written nothing to-day. Have finished Karamzín's *History*.

With the shape of a hand—especially a beautiful one—the idea of power is somehow associated. Sometimes when looking at a beautiful hand one thinks: "What if I were dependent on that man?"

Borrowed 28 rubles from Alexéev.

A man who lives without physical work and on fancies has no youth. One imagines oneself still young in order to enjoy oneself, and before one has time to enjoy oneself finds that one is already getting on in years.

Borís Godunóv built fortresses in Daghestán—at Tórki on the island of Tozlúk (in the lake) and at Buynák.

The Románov family descends from Andréy Kobýla, an immigrant from Prussia in the eleventh century.[1] His descendant, Román Yúrev, was the father of Anastásiya, the first wife of Iván the Terrible and the grandfather of Michael.

[1] So in the copy of the Diary from which this translation is made, but it should be the fourteenth century.

In 1785 a Turkish immigrant, Sheik Manour, incited the first rising in the Caucasus. In 1791 he was taken prisoner at the capture of the Anapa, and exiled to the Solovéts Monastery.

A Nogáy Aib has treated my throat with a powder of oak-apples. He is convinced that the smooth oak-apples are good for men, and the bumpy ones for women.

Read Písemski's story, *The Forest-Demon.* What affected language and what an improbable setting!

George Sand: *Si une femme d'esprit n'est pas originale elle est méchante.*

On the plea of sickness I grow negligent over my work, and the evil increases, at least the moral sickness (anxiety) if not the physical, while one should rather try to check it by being orderly. Morning and waking up incline one to make plans, to be self-confident, and to hope for success.

I drank vódka and lied. One should get used to the thought that one cannot live for pleasure but must live only to be useful. Pleasure will come of itself.

As I was being shaved to-day I vividly imagined how a mortal wound inflicted on one who is already wounded would instantly change his state of mind—from one of despair to acquiescence.

Alexéev while listening to my stories suddenly exclaimed with genuine feeling: "What a condition mine is—to have lived to the age of forty and to have no memories", and then he suddenly began to fib, to invent, and to make up recollections. Sulimóvski with his usual rudeness told me how Pistolkórs abuses me on account of Rosenkranz. This greatly distressed me and cooled my desire for literary work, but the announcement [1] in the *Contemporary* for 1854 aroused it again.

December 17. My nose is still not cleared, and I feel disturbed. I was reading the *History* all day.

Ustryálov [2] states the characteristics of the Russian

[1] Tolstóy's name appeared in that announcement among those of the leading Russian writers.

[2] N. G. Ustryálov (1805–1870), a well-known Russian historian.

people as being devotion to their faith, courage, and conviction of their superiority to other people. As if these were not the general characteristics of all nations, and as if the Russian people had no distinctive characteristics of their own.

Peter I was succeeded (illegally) by his wife, Catherine I (1725–1727); Catherine by Peter II, the son of the Tsarévich, Alexéy; Peter II (1727–1730) (illegally) by Anne (1730–1740), daughter of the (nominal) Tsar, Iván Alexéevich; Anne (illegally) by the great-grandson of Iván, the grandson of Catherine I—Iván (1740–1741), in whose reign his mother, Anna Leopoldovna, was Regent. After the deposition of Anna Leopoldovna (illegally) came Elizabeth (1741–1761), a daughter of Peter's, whereas the right to the throne belonged to Peter III (1761–1762), the son of Anna Petróvna. After Peter III came his wife, Catherine II (1762–1796) (illegally).

Every historical fact should be explained humanly, and routine historical expressions avoided. I should write as epigraph to a history: "I conceal nothing". It is not enough not to tell direct lies, one should try not to lie negatively by silence. I drank chichír.[1] On rising must determine the day's occupations before anything else.

December 18 Am still ill and anxious. Read the *History* all day and finished it. I fancy Alëshka steals; this grieves me much. Mentioned it to him, though I ought to have kept silent till I had assured myself of it, and then have dealt with him severely

December 19, 20. Yesterday though I felt better I wrote nothing. To-day I am worse because of yesterday's rashness, and again on the plea of anxiety wrote nothing all day. I read the magazines and thought.

One thing which seems to compensate me for the month's inactivity is that the plan of *The Story of a Russian Landlord* has defined itself clearly in my mind. With a foretaste of the wealth of matter and the beauty of the thoughts, I wrote haphazard till now and did not know what to choose

[1] A Caucasian wine.

out of the crowd of thoughts and pictures relating to that subject.

Little Russia, that is the part of Russia which joined the Litóvsk principality under Ólgerd in the thirteenth century,[1] submitted to Russia again in the time of Alexéy Mikhálovich. Poland itself offered its crown to Iván IV for his son, and under Peter depended on Russia to such an extent that only at her wish was August II twice acknowledged King, as August III was in the time of Anna Ivánovna Under Catherine II, to satisfy Austria about our occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, the question of a division of Poland between the three Powers was first proposed by the Prussian government. At the time of the French Revolution Poland, under Kosciuszko, wished to regain its lost territories and was again divided. In Alexander's time (in 1807) Poland was re-entitled a Duchy by Napoleon. But in 1814, under the Treaty of Vienna, it was handed over to Russia. In 1830, after the revolt, the rest of its rights were annulled and it was finally united to the Russian Empire.

In 1821 in Germany the society of the Hetairia, the aim of which was the reconstruction of Greece, was formed. Hypsilanti, who was serving in Russia, was the occasioner of it, hoping for the co-operation of Count Capo d' Istria. Our victories in Turkey and the taking of Adrianople gave an opportunity to demand the independence of Greece, and in 1830 Prince Otto I of Bavaria was made King of Greece.

In 1828 the Egyptian Pasha, Mehemet Ali, rose against Turkey, which was saved by our intervention (troops and fleet sent to Constantinople).

The Uniate Church was formed in the fifteenth century as a result of the Council of Florence, on the basis of submitting to the Pope but without change in the form of service.

The difference between the Graeco-Russian and Catholic Churches consists : (1) in whether leavened or unleavened

[1] This should be fourteenth century.

bread is used for the eucharist ; (2) whether the Patriarch or the Pope is recognised as head of the Church ; and (3) in whether the procession of the Holy Ghost is considered to be from the Father alone, or from the Father and Son.

Reading Karamzín's philosophical introduction to the *Morning Light* magazine, which he published in 1777, and in which he says that the aim of the magazine is the spread of the love of wisdom, the development of man's mind, will, and feeling, and their direction toward virtue, I was astonished that we should have lost the conception of the one aim of literature—morality—to such a degree that if you spoke nowadays of the necessity of morality in literature, no one would understand you. But it would really not be a bad thing in every literary work (as in fables) to write a moral—stating its aim. In the *Morning Light* were published reflections on the immortality of the soul, on the purpose of man, articles on Phaedon, the life of Socrates, and so on. Perhaps this was going too far, but we have now fallen into a worse extreme.

Here is a noble aim and one within my strength : to edit a magazine the sole aim of which should be the spread of works morally useful, in which contributions would only be accepted on condition that they were accompanied by a moral, the insertion or non-insertion of which would depend on the author's wish. Further, polemics and the holding of anyone up to ridicule would always be excluded from the magazine, since by its tendency it would not come into conflict with any other journal.

My first thoughts and objects were always the best and most honourable, but by the time I might have been able to make use of them I had abandoned them. Is not that a general case in early life ?

Hudson Lowe, an English General, was Napoleon's gaoler.

Does not the mental delusion, which makes it seem to you that the position in which you find yourself had already repeatedly occurred, arise from the fact that the moment

of which you are conscious reminds you of a similar moment of self-consciousness, and though in reality the circumstances differed, you take the object for the form.

Someone has said that a knowledge of painting is indispensable to a poet. I understood that to-day, when reading an excellent article on an exhibition.

For a composition to be attractive, it is not only necessary for it to be directed by a consistent thought, but it is also necessary for the whole to be penetrated by a consistent feeling. That was lacking in *Boyhood*.

December 21. My health is rather better, but I still cannot feel at ease. To-morrow I shall go to Kizlyár unless I am quite well. Have received a letter from Zúev and one from Akrshévski. He has neither copied nor returned *Boyhood*. This infuriates me. *Youth* is altogether weak. It lack unity and the language is poor. Have not even read anything. Sultánov came and we exchanged dogs.

December 22. My health seems better but my depression is unconquerable. In the morning wrote an introduction to the novel. In the evening slept till supper time, then wrote a letter to Nikólenka and chatted with Epíshka.

I liked two expressions in Epíshka's story. A woman wails: "Where has grief not come down on us poor people . . ." and when persuading a man to reduce his price another woman says: "Come now, five rubles didn't bring you into the world".

December 23. Have sent off the letter. Have done nothing.

December 13. Have got the date wrong. In the morning went shooting and killed two hares and a pheasant. My health is better.

The Duc de Nemours and Comte de Chambord are the representatives of the House of Bourbon.

In 1798 General Tamára (Russian) received a proposal from Napoleon who wished to enter the Russian service, but they were unable to agree as Napoleon demanded the rank of Major.

Vladímir Vsevolódovich Monomákh (1123) was the grandson of Yaroslávl (Prince of Pereyaslávl) and contemporary of Alexius Comnenus, son of the Greek princess Anne, daughter of Constantine Monomachus.

December 24. I got up late, and till late at night spent the time shooting. I killed a hare and a pheasant. My health is not yet quite right morally or physically.

It has occurred to me to revise all my rules, arrange them, and teach myself to observe them, giving a few months to each of them; and not to set myself another until I have not broken that one for a whole month.

December 25, 26. Yesterday got up late, paid a visit to Alexéev who immediately returned it, and did nothing all day. To-day, except when disturbed by various visitors, worked all the time at getting my rules into order. After supper wrote a sad letter to Aunt Tatiána Alexándrovna.

Have set myself four rules: one from each category. Do not myself know yet whether this is a good method.

December 27, 28. Went shooting yesterday, killed a hare and two pheasants. Alëshka has not left yet and I am very glad of it, for my letter to my Aunt was not in accord with my first rule—it would have grieved her. This morning worked at the novel *A Russian Landlord*, only a little, but well. After dinner read the *Invalide* and began to write *An Artilleryman's Notes*, but a stupid demand from Alexéev that I should send Alëshka to Stary-Urt, and then supper, distracted me. After supper chatted with Epíshka till the cock crowed.

December 29–31. On the 29th went shooting all day and killed nothing. Yesterday in the morning wrote *The Story of a Russian Landlord*, in the evening suffered from charcoal fumes, and slept. This morning wrote *The Story of a Russian Landlord*, in the evening went shooting, and to the baths. After supper wrote letters to Valerián and to Tatiána Alexándrovna. Met the New Year over my letters and afterwards I prayed.

Alëshka has left. I have received a letter from Valerián,

and one from Másha which has altered my feeling towards her. The method I have adopted from the start, of writing only short chapters, is the most convenient. Each chapter should express only one thought and only one feeling.

1854

January 1. The day before yesterday I received my pay, 45 kopéks,[1] and spent it all on sundries.

Rose late to-day, and various visitors took up all my time before dinner: a Vozdvízhensk Chéchen—a *kunák*; Hipolite, whom I welcomed too warmly; Azónovna, with whom I felt confused; Chekatóvski, of whom I felt ashamed; Váska, to whom I promised an *arbaz*;[2] and finally Barúshkin, whom I had the weakness to receive and who finished by robbing me. Received from Sulimóvski[3] a letter which stopped my writing to Aunt Paulina.[4] God knows whether my hope will be fulfilled. After dinner I had coffee and went visiting with Zhukévich. I pleaded with Teréntevna, and in general acted stupidly, which was a natural result of purposeless gadding about.

January 2. Rose late and worked at the third chapter of *His Past* all morning. It seems good; at any rate I wrote with ardour.

I was stupid enough to ask Zhukévich in after dinner, and he wasted two hours of my time. Then I wrote till nearly ten o'clock. The work is going on very well.

Set down in my Diary only thoughts, information, or notes relating to work I am undertaking. On beginning each fresh piece of work look through this Diary and copy out in a separate notebook all that relates to the work.

[1] About eighteenpence, as the value of the ruble at that time was about 3s. 2d.

[2] A small Persian silver coin.

[3] A sub-lieutenant in the Brigade to which Tolstóy belonged.

[4] His aunt, Pelagáya Ilínishna Yúshkova, née Countess Tolstáya, Tolstóy's father's sister.

Copy out the rules each month. Remember every day, and note down in pencil, all infringements of the rules, and enter them in the Diary.

January 3. My intention was to write *The Story of a Russian Landowner*[1] and I did so, but not for long. In the evening, *An Artilleryman's Notes*, which I did, though I set to work on it late because after dinner I lay down and re-read Tatiána Alexándrovna's letter.[2] Must ask for money, which I did not do in the morning being undecided, nor in the evening because the conversation was too serious. False shame.

As the weather was bad, I did not go shooting. Infringed the first rule—to avoid drunkards; the second—to rise early; the third—not to think about the future; the fourth—not to tell my fortune by cards; the fifth—orderliness; the sixth—not to begin several things at a time; the seventh—to act with decision.

After the battle of Borodinó,[3] the priests, prompted solely by a sense of duty, undertook the task of burying the corpses that had remained unburied till Napoleon retreated and were spreading infection. Such actions, as well as military exploits, not merely remained unrewarded, but those who performed them avoided mentioning them, fearing to be punished for the illegal actions in which they were involved. For instance, a priest who fought the French did not think of reward, but was only afraid of being punished.

Set myself no rule without having tested it! A kindly loving woman of the old time, not understanding the rather ironical view young folk take of sentiment, is afraid of losing their affection and is hurt by their coldness.

Give orders without anger, distinctly, and have them repeated.

[1] *The Story of a Russian Landowner* eventually became *A Landlord's Morning*. *An Artilleryman's Notes* subsequently became *The Cossacks*.

[2] T. A. Érgolskaya, Tolstóy's aunt, or (more correctly) distant relative. It was she who had his training in hand from his early childhood.

[3] The great battle fought on September 7, 1812, n.s., seven days before Napoleon entered Moscow. His retreat from Moscow began on October 15.

January 4. Had decided to write *The Story of a Russian Landowner* in the morning, and in the evening *An Artilleryman's Notes*, to go shooting if the weather was fine, and to ask for money. Wrote *The Story of a Russian Landowner* all morning, but so little and poorly that I worked on from sundown till supper and only made erasures. After dinner I read the *Invalide*.

My attempts at conversation with Vólkov do not succeed. The weather is bad, so I stayed in. Have not asked for money. In the evening Chekatóvski was rather in the way. After dinner an old woman came to ask for two rubles, and it was a pleasure to promise to help her.

Kronstadt is situated on an island in the Gulf of Finland. Ships pass to Petersburg only through the strait between it and Oranienbaum. That one channel is protected by batteries, on which there are 36 guns firing three-pud [1] shot.

Avoid contradicting in general, especially people you love.

All the rules can be classified as permanently moral and accidentally moral, and all as positive and negative.

Infringements: (1) Got up late (2) Was lazy after reading the *Invalide*. (3) Indulged in fancies. (4) Told untruths about a dissertation I pretended I had written on Catherine's *Nakáz*.[2] (5) Boasted. (6) Was not firm, and hesitated to ask for money.

Cancel Andréy's power of attorney when I receive the money.

January 5. In the morning wrote *The Story of a Russian Landlord*. Both in the morning and after dinner worked hard at the fourth chapter but only finished it by artificial light, though I feel quite satisfied.

Borrowed money from Alexéev. Went in the morning,

[1] The pud is about 36 lb.

[2] When he was at the Kazán University Tolstóy, at the instigation of Meyer, Professor of Civil Law, wrote an essay, comparing Catherine II.'s *Nakáz* with Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*. His "untruth" therefore seems to have consisted in calling the essay a "dissertation".

but did not find him in ; after dinner he almost offered it himself.

Go shooting if the sun comes out ! As there was no sun I did not go. In the evening *An Artilleryman's Notes*. I wrote and had many thoughts, but wrote too carelessly. After dinner I went to the old woman and paid Lárka two rubles, then sat till nearly twilight with Zhukévich. During tea I read the Army Orders for 1845.

The first action in 1845 was the capture of the Anchimeer mountain, the second in the Andiysk range.

In writing one is often delayed by a wish to insert some good, or well-expressed, thought ; therefore whenever you find it difficult to place a particular thought, jot it down in the Diary without allowing the desire to introduce it in the work delay you. The thought will find itself a place.

Infringements : (1) Got up late. (2) Told untruths, saying I had been to the Hermitage. (3) Wrote illegibly. Until I abandon my system of rules the most convenient division of them is into permanent and casual. Enter each in separate notebooks. Look over the permanent ones every day, read them through once a week, and be guided by them in difficult cases. From among the permanent ones select the most essential, give them numbers in the Diary, and note infringements of them only.

Borrowed 25 rubles from Alexéev.

January 6. In the morning *Story of a Russian Landlord*. Copied the fifth chapter, Iván Chúris, out of the old notebook, but was lazy, making the cold an excuse. Decided to stroll about till dinner, but was called to dinner as soon as I had gone out. After dinner strolled about, drank coffee, and played with the boys. Write *An Artilleryman's Notes*. Opened my notebook but wrote nothing, and till supper chatted with Chekatóvski about the men. At supper a metaphysical conversation was started. After supper I chatted merrily with Epíshka.

Passionlessness—that is to say an always constant, indifferent, outlook on life is the wisdom of old men.

The soldier Zdánov gives money and shirts to poor recruits.

The artilleryman Rúbin when he was a recruit had accepted his help and instruction, and said to him, "But when shall I be able to repay you, Uncle?" "Why, if I don't die you will repay it, and if I die, it will remain behind anyway," replied Zdánov.

I met a gloomy ranker who had lost a leg, and I asked him how it was he had not received a cross.[1] "The cross is given to those who clean the horses well," said he, turning away. "And to him who cooks tastily," added some little boys, laughing, who were following him.

Corporal Spevák received 9 rubles from Rúbin to take care of. He went out for a walk and took them out with some money of his own. That night they were stolen from him. Although Rúbin did not reproach him he cried unceasingly, so distressed was he by the misfortune. The recruit Zakhárov asked Rúbin to comfort him, and offered him the only ruble he had. The platoon made a collection and paid the debt.

Keep clothes neat: this promotes self-confidence and a quiet demeanour.

Infringements: (1) Bought a cap unthinkingly. (2) Got up late. (3) Was lazy in the morning. (4) Neglected order. (5) Was undecided about playing with the boys when Alexéev approached us. (6) Loafed about without purpose—did not work.

Buy a belt and write for handkerchiefs.

January 7. Intended to go shooting in the morning. Got up fairly early but wrote a letter before I started. The snow was bad, and so I did not kill anything and returned by dinner-time. Gróman has arrived and is going on to Tiflís. He is a good-natured and honest fellow. After dinner write *An Artilleryman's Notes*. After the officers had left I fell asleep and slept till tea-time. Chekatóvski came and again interrupted me. After

[1] The St. George's Cross, granted to men who distinguished themselves or suffered in action. It carried with it a pension.

supper sat at Zhukévich's, and now I am going to bed having done nothing all day.

A Russian—or in general any ordinary man—at a moment of danger likes to show, or actually feels, more fear of losing things that have been entrusted to him, or things of his own, than of losing his life.

Witches set hedgehogs at children, drag them to solitary places, and suck out their blood.

There is a kind of grass: "explosive grass" which opens doors, fetters, and locks,—which a tortoise brought to open the wattle fence that had been used to enclose his nest.[1]

Epíshka and Gíchik used to set off in the evening twilight during a storm and ride till cock-crow. To find where the *aouls* (Tartar villages) and herds of horses were, Epíshka would howl like a wolf. When the dogs answered back he rode to the *aoul*, caught the horses, and took them away. But often they lost their way and did not reach home before daybreak: hard luck, as they might be seen and caught. In such cases Epíshka dismounted and let his horse go on in front, telling it that he would kill it if it misled him. The horse used to bring him back to the Cossack villages. Then, tying the horses to the ferry-raft, Gíchik would ferry Epíshka over and the latter would drive the horses up into the hills, sell them for a tenth of their value, hide the money in his pocket, and return home.

Infringements: (1) Lost control of myself and abused Epíshka. (2) Irregularity—slept after dinner. (3) Was undecided—did not send Epíshka and Chekatóvski off when they were in my way.

January 8. In the morning *The Story of a Russian Landlord*. Did not get on well with my writing. Must follow the rule of omitting without adding. Dined early. Strolled about. Strolled after dinner. In the evening wrote *An Artilleryman's Notes*. Wrote a good deal, but

[1] The superstitions of the country-folk about witches, "explosive grass", etc. were recounted to Tolstóy by the old Cossack Epíshka, who used to go shooting with him, and appears in *The Cossacks* under the name of Eróshka.

set to work late because of the cold. Lay in the twilight for a couple of hours on the stove. To be alone! No one called. The terrible cold hindered me much these two days.

Must write a rough draft without dwelling on the arrangement or correctness of the expression of thoughts. Copy it out a second time, omitting all that is superfluous and giving each thought its right place. Copy it out a third time, attending to the correctness of expression.

Avoid condemning people, and avoid tale-bearing.

The soldiers wear cloth chest-protectors.

Avoid every movement or expression that may offend anyone.

Infringements: (1) Got up late. (2) Wrote *The Story of a Russian Landlord* in a disorderly way. (3) Lack of order in my ways—sprawled on the bed. (4) Offended Epíshka. (5) Told untruths about Lyubásha. (6) Contradicted Groman.

Received twenty rubles from Alexéev.

January 9. Copy out the rules. Did it only in the evening, and not in a book but in a notebook. In general I have not decided about the rules. I know they are useful, but I do not know how to make use of them. Probably I shall divide them into those that have been tested, and the untested ones.

Revise what I have written. This too I did only late in the evening, and hardly corrected anything.

Strolled about till dinner. Ask Alexéev whether I have been recommended for a cross. Did this when he came to see me.

The cold is terrible and I have caught a cold, which together caused me to spend the whole day thoughtlessly and without doing anything. Continue *An Artilleryman's Notes* if I have time. Had no time in the evening, though I was in the mood for it.

Infringements: (1) Got up late. (2) Lost my temper and gave Alëshka a beating. (3) Was idle. (4) Was unsystematic. (5) Was depressed.

January 10, 11. Morning of the 10th, *A Landlord's*

Morning. Got up late and could do nothing, it was so cold; besides which Zhukévich, Epíshka, and the Nogáys hindered me. Walk and copy the letter to Paulína Ilýnishna. Went out to walk, but returned at once on account of the cold. Managed somehow to rewrite the letter. Enter up thoughts and rules. Did not do it! In the evening *An Artilleryman's Notes.* On account of the cold went after dinner to Zhukévich and spent the whole evening and night absurdly.

(1) Sprawled. (2) Was depressed. (3) Got angry: hit the cat. (4) In general forgot about the rules. (5) Tried fortune-telling.

January 11. Returned home in the morning, but Zhukévich and other visitors prevented my doing anything. After dinner Ogólin, Zhukévich, and my *kunáks* from Stary-Urt arrived and gave me no peace till dusk. At tea-time Chekatóvski came. Complained to him about my misfortunes, and had only time to write half a page of *An Artilleryman's Notes.* Heard that Knóring has been killed.

(1) Spoke evil. (2) Was lazy. (3) Shirked a decision. (4) Was generally depressed. (5) Tried fortune-telling.

January 12. In the morning, walk and write *A Landlord's Morning.* Got up very late, warmed myself, was almost suffocated by fumes from the stove, and my cold got worse. Then Ogólin came and I wrote nothing. Shall go for a walk. Have done it. After dinner—thoughts and rules. On returning home lay on the bed and went to sleep. Having waked up, opened my notebook and considered, but did not write down, a fundamental thought. In the evening *An Artilleryman's Notes.* Again opened my notebook, but instead of writing began to think about the Turkish war and the Caliphate. After supper heard that I am transferred to the 12th Brigade,[1] and decided to go home.

[1] The 12th Brigade formed part of the active army in Moldavia and Wallachia (now Roumania), which were then occupied by the Russian army. Sufficient time was allowed for going from the Causasus to Moldavia to give Tolstóy an opportunity to return home to Yásnaya Polyána and to see his relations.

Avoid all expenditure for vanity.

Satisfaction of physical passions is only possible in the present; satisfaction of the mental passions—ambition and love of wealth—in the future; satisfaction of conscience with the past.

(1) Meditated. (2) Was lazy. (3) Was disorderly. (4) Told fortunes by cards.

January 13. In the morning wrote *Youth*. Rose late, went to the Chancellery and to Zhukévich and Kírka, and only wrote a letter to Sulimóvski. In the evening *An Artilleryman's Notes*. Spent the evening with the officers and the cadets. Only copied out a little of the *Swan's Songs* and revised what had been written. Inquire about my fur-coat. Have done it. Borrow money. Have not done it. After supper wrote a bold letter to the Editor (of the *Contemporary*).

(1) Was idle. (2) Was undecided. (3) Said I was acquainted with Sukhotín: an untruth.

January 14. Morning and evening wrote *Youth*. Though I did not get up early and was not very keen I had set to work when some officers came, and I was weak enough not only to fail to send them away, but to drink too much with them. Am also angry with myself for showing attention to Makalínski whom I dislike.

After dinner I sprawled on the bed, and only at dusk began to write. Before supper I wrote two sheets and after supper one. Again I have inflammation in my nose and . . . but I don't feel anxious. Ask for money—but have not done so, because I expect to do it better on my return from Kizlyár.

(1) Was idle. (2) Did not restrain myself. (3) Was disorderly. (4) Was irritable when trying on my uniform. (5) Undecided in relation to Makalínski. (6) Looked on at cards.

January 15. *Youth*, morning and evening. In the morning finished *Swan's Songs*. The officers hindered me very much. Alexéev offered me money. Stiegelmann has arrived and hinders me.

(1) Boasted. (2) Was undecided. I don't remember anything else—that is all.

January 16. All day *Youth*. Woke late, as I wrote last night till cock-crow. Yanushkévich had already written, and Makalínski came as soon as I was awake. Did not go with him to Kizlyár, but told a soldier to get what I need. Ogólin came, so that I had not time to say my prayers before going out with him. On returning home at ten o'clock I corrected one chapter. At dinner I felt sad and did not ask about the cross,[1] as to which I am much disturbed. After dinner I wrote the chapter *Friendship* pretty well and corrected what Yanushkévich had written, so that *Youth* ought soon to be finished. Went to the baths, supped, and went to bed. I feel dull and have not yet decided about going to Grózny or not.

Received letters from Nikólenka and from Tatiána Alexándrovna.

A work usually seems quite different and better when it is finished. Remember that when preparing for success in anything, it is necessary to begin at the lowest stages—in the Law Courts with the scribe.

I was struck to-day at the poetic beauty of the winter scenery. In the sky a cloud rises through which the sun only shows white, on the road the droppings are beginning to thaw and there is a raw dampness in the air.

(1) Thoughtlessness in the morning when sending to Kizlyár and buying a sheepskin coat. (2) Indecision about the cross and about going to Grózny.

Events: Knóring's death and my transfer. Occupations: Revised *Youth*. Chief infringements: idleness, indecision, disorderliness, depression. In general I am dissatisfied with myself this week.

January 17. Revised *Youth*. In the morning I had not had time to say my prayers when the officers arrived. With them I went to the chapel. Returning home from there, remembered that I had forgotten the rule about Saturdays, and read over my Diary and copied out one or two things.

[1] This is the Order of St. George, which he expected to receive.

I was called to dinner, afterwards drank coffee, went to the battery to say good-bye, and had tea at Ogólin's. Bálta arrived and hindered my writing two chapters which I had decided to alter.

Avoid unnecessary frankness.

Avoid the familiarities and favours of people of whom you are not sure.

In moments of indecision act promptly, and try to take the first step even if it is superfluous.

The day before yesterday Ogólin attacked family bonds, and cited the case of his brother. "Why", said he, "does he wish to mortgage my estate? I am accustomed to live well." I, too, should be glad to get accustomed to it.

Epíshka with two others has killed a wild boar, and it is amusing to hear them now, drunk, barking like dogs and telling about the hunt.

(1) I abused Alëshka yesterday about the accounts. (2) Didn't say my prayers when Ogólin was here. (3) Approached the soldiers irresolutely. (4) Was idle. Out of vanity gave. . . .

January 18. Corrected *Youth*. Wrote two chapters. Wrote in the morning, though I was interrupted by *kunáks* and by Epíshka. After dinner again wrote. In the evening some officers came. Alexéev let me have money.

January 18. (Tuesday.) Finish *Youth* and leave the place. Accomplished it! Rose early, and up to the time I left wrote, or was busy. I had a church service held out of vanity. Alexéev took leave of me very kindly. He and Zhukévich shed tears. I went as far as Shchedrín. Read through *Youth* and decided not to look at it till I get home, but on the road to write *An Artilleryman's Notes*.

Yesterday I was very much astonished to find that the rules I had composed with such care are all contained in an ABC book and much better than I had arranged them; so that it seems to me that not the rules themselves, but my having written them down, was puerile. Franklin's Journal is quite another thing.

Note down the chief faults and try to avoid them, and note down thoughts. So in my plan of occupations there is only this change—the notebook of rules is replaced by a Franklin-like journal.

To-day I thought of the fact that I have become fond of people—my fellow-officers—whom I formerly did not respect, and I remembered how strange Nikólenka's fondness for them seemed to me. I explain the change in my view by the fact that in the Caucasian service, and in many other narrow circles, one learns not to pick people out but to see what is good even in the bad ones.

A Cossack woman told me that it is said that "Turkey has gone to pieces".

I have decided to make the following corrections in *Youth*:

(1) Shorten the chapter *A Journey on a Char-à-banc.* (2) Simplify the expressions and to strike out the repetitions in *The Storm.* (3) Make Másha more proper. (4) Unite *The Bad Mark* with *The Fraction.* (5) *The Spring*—add what I found in the portfolio. (6) Alter *The Mother's Day-dreams.* (7) Find a title for *When it has been well ground there will be flour.* (8) Alter the beginning of Dubkóv and Nikólenka, and add a description of ourselves and our attitude during the conversation.

(1) Was undecided during church service. (2) Was conceited—gave the women a ruble. (3) Am now disorderly.

January 20. Got up late. Reached Nikoláev and Stary-Urt. The news that I am not to be awarded a cross hurt me very much, but strange to say an hour later I had recovered my spirits. Sulimóvski has obtained an escort for me, and I shall start to-morrow and stop nowhere.

I got Sulimóvski to be frank, and he told me much that was sincere about his indifference towards his father.

Sulimóvski has made me realise how necessary connections are.

January 21. Got up early and waited a long time for

Bálta. Thoughtlessly set off with drunken soldiers. Fortunately the treasurer came for me. At Nikoláev met Chékin, and together we wrote a note to Alexéev. Reached Galucháy.

Here is a fact one should often think of. Thackeray was thirty years preparing to write his first novel, but Dumas writes two a week.

You should not show your writings to anyone before they are finished. You would hear more harmful reflections than useful advice.

There is a particular type of young soldier with legs that bend backwards.

(1) Told fortunes. (2) Gave money for vodka to the soldiers from vanity. (3) Thought lazily. (4) Was undecided on the journey and in the evening.

January 22–27. On my journey I reached Belogoródtsev on the 24th. At 100 versts from Chern I lost my way and strayed about all night, and the idea occurred to me of writing a story, *The Snow-Storm*. Did not conduct myself very well. For nearly two days and nights there has been a wet snow-storm. Am too communicative—am fond of people, and as a result waste time, relax my rules, and sometimes diminish their respect for me.

Nothing on the road cheered me and reminded me of Russia so much as a baggage-horse which, laying back its ears, despite the jolting of the sledge tried to overtake my sledge at a gallop.

(1) Was weak with people I met on the road, that is, neglected my business out of politeness. (2) Was lazy—didn't travel when I might have done so (3) Was frightened during the snow-storm. (4) . . . .

To be successful in life one needs (1) boldness, (2) deliberate decision, and (3) calmness.

These are the chief qualities the neglect of which I will note down, besides infringements of the virtues.

January 28–31, *February* 1, 2. Have been just two weeks on the road. The only remarkable thing that occurred was the snow-storm. Conducted myself pretty

well. My mistakes were: (1) weakness with other travellers, (2) falsehood, (3) cowardice, (4) twice got angry. Nikólenka and Serëzha are not here, and there is so much I want to think, to do, and to feel, that I will not write much in my Diary.

February 2. Woke late, talked with the village elder and with Ósip, found everything in better order than I expected. Went over the grounds. Do not feel well. Valerián has arrived.

(1) Told a lie. (2) Was undecided.

February 3. Woke early. My throat aches, despite which I rode to the mill and had a look at the site for a horse-yard. Talked chiefly about farming. Sent a letter to Ogólin. It is said that I am promoted. The estate is in very good order. Many people have died: Arsénev—and Cherkásski and Nerátov have committed suicide.

(1) Indecision and weakness with the German and the elder about the mill. (2) Inaccuracy.

Have lost my note of it, but it seems that I have spent about 60 rubles on the journey.

February 4. Got up early, after an unpleasant restless and sleepless night. Wrote a letter to Gautier,[1] rode to church, dined, wrote letters, and met my aunt. Am not at all well.

(1) Thoughtlessly let the woman innkeeper off a payment. (2) Was undecided with Mavríkia who distracted me at the chapel. (3) Was rather lazy in the morning. (4) Was untruthful to my aunt about the debt to Ereméev. Was too ardent and not quite natural when I met her.

The chief defect and peculiarity of my character is that I remained morally young too long, and only now, at the age of twenty-five, begin to acquire an independent, masculine view of things such as others acquire much sooner, at the age of twenty.

February 5. Got up early, wrote letters to Drozdóv and Gorchakóv, but am still futile and lazy. Rode after

[1] Gautier was a bookseller in Moscow.

dinner to Grúmont,[1] added something to the orders I had given, and to-morrow shall ride to Túla. Was lazy all day. Gave 3 rubles to a poor woman—which leaves me 26 rubles and 30 k. in hand, and my debts are 240 rubles.

February 6. Got up early, gave some orders, took with me 600 rubles for the Council, and went to Túla. Saw Gieke and settled the business with him not altogether well, but on the whole satisfactorily. Received news of my promotion. Went to see Másha. Am still not well, and here more than anywhere else feel how old I am.

Conducted myself well all day. In Túla I spent 3 rubles. Took another 10 from the office, and have 33 rubles in hand. Sent 100 to Alexéev. My debt is 140.

Occurrences from the 17th to the 6th: Left Stary-Urt on the 19th and heard of my ill-success about the cross. Had a bad journey, and lost my way for one memorable night. Reached Yásnaya Polyána on February 2 tired and ill. Found affairs in good order and myself out of date, amended, and aged. My brothers have gone to Moscow, Arsénev is dead, Cherkásski and Nerátov have cut their throats. On the 6th I was in Túla, settled the business with Gieke, and heard of my promotion.

Occupations: Finished *Youth*. Decided to give up the writing down and classification of rules. Have devised three rules necessary for success in life. Gave many instructions, wrote some letters, but in general have grown rather unaccustomed to order and activity.

Have spent 120 rubles in twenty days, not counting purchases.

February 7. Woke late. Wrote letters. Attended church service. Drew a plan. Went to see Vlas, to Ósip, and to Arséneva, brought Vergáni [2] back with me. Gave my final orders.

[1] Grúmont was a farm near Yásnaya Polyána. It was so called by Tolstóy's grandfather, Prince Volkónski, in memory of his exile to Archangel. The people of the Archangel district gave the name of Grúmont to Spitsbergen, which they claim to have been the first to discover.

[2] Vergáni was a companion to the Miss Arsénevs, by one of whom, Valéria, Tolstóy was attracted for some time.

February 8. We left at noon and arrived at 9. Did not behave very well on the journey. Másha and Auntie are very dear, and I did not notice how the day passed.

February 9. Woke up late, went to the detached wing of the house, and again did not notice how I passed the whole day at the piano with her, with Auntie, and with the children.

(1) I am too kind. (2) Disorderliness.

February 10. Rose about nine, went to the detached wing of the house. There wrote a letter to Alexéev, went to see the Baroness, and though awkward with her was not shy. After dinner I wrote my will and chatted.

February 13. Finished my will and started at ten. Chatted pleasantly on the road with Vergáni, and at home found all my brothers and the Perfílevs. Mítenka (Dmítri) grieved me, Serëzha gladdened me. Received a letter from Nekrásov. He is dissatisfied with *The Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker.*

Did nothing these two days, but passed them very pleasantly in spite of a sore throat.

February 14. The second day did not pass so agreeably, but still well. Have taken another 246 rubles from the office. Have received 235 rubles from Serëzha. Have paid 10 rubles in advance for a gun, and one to Maxím There remain 169·45.

February 16–18. Remember nothing except that I reached Moscow. Am physically and morally disorderly and have spent too much money. 135 rubles for a cloak, 35 for uniform accessories, 10 for sundries, 10 for boots—190, leaving 442·60. Owe Nikólenka 200 and Alexéev 140.

March 14, 1854. (Bucharest.) Am beginning my Diary in a new notebook after nearly a month's interval, during which I have experienced and felt so much that I have not had time to think, still less to make notes.

From the Caucasus I drove to Túla, saw my aunts, my sister, and Valerián, and heard of my promotion. My three brothers and the Perfílevs came to see me and carried me off to Moscow.

From Moscow I went to Pokróvsk: there I bade farewell to my aunt, Pelagéya Ilínishna, to Valeryán, Másha, and Serëzha. These farewells, especially the two last, were among the happiest moments of my life. From there I went to Mítenka who, chiefly on my advice, has left Moscow; and travelling through Poltáva and Kishinëv, etc. I reached Bucharest two days ago. I have been happy all this time.

My official position here is still indefinite, and for a week past I have been ominously ill. Is it possible that a testing period is recommencing for me? However I am myself to blame. Fortune has spoilt me: I have deteriorated, and have much to reproach myself with since leaving Kúrsk and to the present moment. It is sad to find that I am unable to bear good fortune, just as I am unable to endure misfortune. Will go to-day to the Commander of the Division at the Headquarters of the corps. Will make some purchases, will walk about and return home to write letters and dine. After dinner I will do some work, and towards evening I will go to the baths. In the evening I will stay at home and work at *Youth*.

June 15. Just three months' interval—three months of idleness and of a life with which I cannot be satisfied. Passed three weeks with Scheidemann and regret that I did not remain there. I might have got on with the officers and fitted in with the Battery Commander. Moreover the bad company and the suppressed irritation aroused in me by my poor position would have had a good influence on me. I should have been vexed, dull, and should have tried to raise myself morally above the position I was in, and I should have become better and have worked

My transfer to the Staff came just at the time when I had quarrelled with the Battery Commander and it flattered my vanity. My illness, during which I could not even get back into the rut of activity and honest work with goodness for its sole aim, showed me to what a degree I have deteriorated. The higher I rise in social opinion the lower I stand in my own. I lied, boasted, and, what is

most horrible of all, did not behave under fire as I expected of myself.

The siege of Silistria has been abandoned.[1] I have not yet been in action. My position among my fellow-officers and with the commanders is good. My health is tolerable, and in regard to morals I have firmly decided to devote my life to the service of my neighbours. For the last time I say to myself, "If three days pass without my having done anything of service to others, I will kill myself." Help me, O Lord.

Till dinner write letters, to Serëzha, and my aunts and to Volkónski if I have time. After dinner *An Artillery-man's Notes*.

June 23. During the march from Silistria to Moi, I rode to Bucharest, gambled, and was obliged to borrow money—a humiliating position for anyone, and particularly for me. I wrote letters to my aunt, to Dmítri, to Nekrásov, and to Óska. I still do not know what to set to work at, and therefore am doing nothing. I fancy that best of all would be to work at *A Landlord's Morning*.

June 24. In the morning sat down to work but did nothing, and was glad when Gorchakóv[2] came and interrupted me. After dinner at the General's I read the Koran. Visited the Doctor, who told me that I must undergo an operation and a cure for a month and a half. I chatted till nightfall with Shúbin about Russian serfdom. It is true that slavery is an evil thing, but ours is a very benevolent evil.

June 25–29. I put off my operation from day to day awaiting the move to Bucharest; and here I put it off till I could find a lodging and a Doctor. At Guirgevo there

[1] The threatening attitude of Austria in their rear caused the Russians to retire from Turkey and to raise the siege of Silistria, which had been on the point of capitulating. Tolstóy, who had been eager to take part in the storming of that fortress, found himself, later on, engaged in defending Sevastopol instead.

[2] Prince M. D. Gorchakóv, who succeeded Ménshikov in command of the army at Sevastopol, had two brothers and three nephews. It is not always plain in the *Diary* to which of the five Gorchakóvs Tolstóy is referring.

has been an action in which I might have taken part had I been well. Have not a farthing and am in debt. Valerián writes in a letter I received yesterday that there are no horses and no money.

Intend to undergo a serious cure. Should like to live carelessly and merrily. Do not know what will come of that wish.

June 30. To-day I underwent an operation under chloroform. Was timid. Did nothing because I could not. There is hope that I may get well.

July 1. Wrote a letter to Valerián and Ogólin. My health is neither better nor worse. I am living alone, and read, but do not set to work although *An Artilleryman's Notes* attracts me very much.

July 2. I have read *Gilbert et Gilberte*. My health is *in statu quo*. *An Artilleryman's Notes* is getting more and more into shape. I think I shall set to work on it now, on July 3.

July 3. Have read all day: the work refuses to get on. In the evening chatted with Prush, Ólkhin, and Antrópov. Stupidly lost Paúlenka's porte-feuille to Prush, and despite his reluctance gave it to him. As soon as I am alone and criticise myself I involuntarily return to my former idea—that of perfecting myself; but the chief mistake, the reason I have been unable to go quietly along that road, was that I confused perfecting oneself with perfection. One must first understand oneself and one's defects well and try to remedy them, and not set oneself the task of being perfect, which is not only impossible of attainment from the low point at which I stand, but at the perception of which one loses hope of the possibility of attaining it.

It is the same thing that happens to me in my farming, in my studies, in literature, and in life. In farming I wished to reach perfection and forgot that one has first to correct the imperfections of which there were too many. I wished to make a correct division of the fields, while I had nothing to manure or to sow them with. . . .

One must take oneself as one is and try to correct the

corrigible faults. A nature naturally good will lead me to what is good without a notebook, which has all along been my nightmare. Mine is a character which desiring, seeking, and ready for, all that is excellent, is for that very reason incapable of being consistently good.

July 4. My chief defects are: (1) Instability (by that I mean indecision, inconsequence, lack of steadfastness, and inconsistency). (2) An unpleasant, difficult character —irritability, excessive *amour-propre*, and vanity. (3) A habit of idleness.

Will try always to watch for those three fundamental faults and note down every time that I fall into them. Have already disputed with Antrópov with irritability and excessive egotism about whether or not he should ride to Giurgevo.

Dined at home quietly enough, well, and cheaply. Bartoloméy promised to read *Pictures from Italy* with me, but the poor fellow found it too dull and so I thought it better to chat with him till late in the evening. He seems to be a good-natured, well-meaning lad, but young. . . .

My health seems better, but I am still afraid to believe it.

Was undecided with Nóverézhski, and did not complete the business of the report. Was irritable with Antrópov and—alas—was again lazy, and have done nothing except this page of the Diary. I received a letter from Auntie and from Mítenka, to which I must reply to-morrow.

July 5. Read during tea, dinner, and dessert. All morning was writing one single letter to Auntie, which went well, though its French phraseology does not please me at all. From day to day it becomes more difficult for me to express myself and to write in French. Why this stupid custom of writing and speaking in a language that one knows badly? And how much trouble, waste of time, lack of clearness in thoughts, and lack of purity in one's native language, results from this custom. Yet it is obligatory.

Yesterday wrote about a chapter of *An Artilleryman's Notes* with ardour and pretty well. Ólkhin came twice to

see me, which it is quite superfluous for me to note down, since noting it will not enable me to remember the wonderful expressions of stupidity which burst from him. I ate fruit, despite my diarrhœa, and commissioned Ólkhin to hire a piano for me. These were two mistakes against consistency. My chief defect lies in lack of patience towards myself and towards others. That is not a rule but a thought, and why should I not note it down here? It will remind me some time hence of the moral condition I was in on July 5, 1854.

July 6. All day have been reading, first Lérmontov, then Goethe, then Alphonse Karr, and could not set to work. However often I say to myself that I am not ambitious, and try as I will to be sincere about it, *le bout de l'oreille se montre malgré moi*. It was unpleasant to me to learn to-day that Ósip Serzhputóvski has been slightly wounded and been mentioned to the Emperor. Envy . . . and about what an empty matter and of what a worthless fellow!

This whole day was one of unpleasant remembrances. First the remembrance of my debt to Zubkóv tormented me (on his account I almost renounced my transfer into the Horse Artillery, but afterwards decided to leave things as they are while awaiting the year '55). Then the recollection tormented me that I had perhaps permitted too much to my General. On considering the matter carefully it turned out that on the contrary I had allowed myself too much liberty towards him.

In order to be naturally proud (*fier*) one must either be a fool (which I cannot be) or must be satisfied with oneself, which I have not been since I reached the army. For to-day I have two reproaches which I may, and should, make to myself: (1) Unpardonable laziness all day, and as a consequence of it idleness; and (2) the request to. . . .

July 7. I lack modesty. That is my great defect. What am I? One of four sons of a retired lieutenant-colonel, left orphan at seven years of age in the care of

women and strangers, having neither a social nor a scientific education, and becoming my own master at seventeen years of age; without any large fortune, without any social position, and chiefly without principles: a man who has mismanaged his affairs to the last degree, who has spent the best years of his life aimlessly and without pleasure, and who finally banished himself to the Caucasus to escape from his debts and above all from his habits, and from there, by availing himself of connections which had existed between his father and the commander-in-chief, was transferred to the army of the Danube; a twenty-six-year-old sub-lieutenant almost without means except his pay (for what means he has he must use to pay his remaining debts), without influential friends, without capacity to live in society, without knowledge of the service, without practical abilities, but with enormous self-esteem. Yes, that is my social position. Let us see what I myself am like.

I am ugly, awkward, untidy, and socially uneducated. I am irritable, tiresome to others, not modest, intolerant, and shamefaced as a boy. I am almost an ignoramus. What I know, I have somehow learnt by myself, in snatches, disconnectedly, unsystematically, and it amounts to very little. I am incontinent, irresolute, inconstant, stupidly vain and passionate like all characterless people. I am not brave, I am not methodical in life, and am so lazy that my idleness has become an almost unconquerable habit.

I am intelligent, but my intelligence has as yet never been thoroughly tested in anything. I have neither practical, social, nor business ability.

I am honest—that is, I love goodness and have formed a habit of loving it, and when I swerve from it I am dissatisfied with myself and return to it with pleasure; but there is something I love more than goodness—fame. I am so ambitious, and so little has that feeling been gratified, that between fame and virtue I am afraid I might often choose the former, if I had to make the selection.

Yes—I am not modest and therefore am proud at heart, but shamefaced and shy in society.

In the morning wrote this page and read *Louis-Philippe*. Began to write *An Artilleryman's Notes* very late after dinner, and before evening wrote a good deal of it despite the fact that Ólkhin and Andrónov came to see me. Afterwards I leant on the balcony railing and looked at my favourite street lamp, which shines so famously through the trees. Meanwhile, after some thunder clouds which have passed over and moistened the earth to-day, one large cloud remained covering the whole southern part of the sky and there was a pleasant lightness and moisture in the air.

The landlady's pretty daughter was lying at her window, leaning like me on her elbows. A barrel-organ passed along the street, and when the sounds of the good old waltz receding farther and farther could no longer be heard, the girl rose with a deep sigh and quickly left the window. It felt so sadly pleasant that I involuntarily smiled, and long continued to gaze at my street lamp whose light was sometimes hidden by the branches of a tree swayed by the wind, at the tree itself, at the wooden fence, and at the sky—which all seemed better than before. I have to reproach myself to-day with three lapses: (1) forgot about the piano; (2) did not attend to the application for my transfer; (3) ate *borsh* [1] while I have diarrhœa which keeps getting worse.

July 8. In the morning I read and wrote a little. In the evening did more, but all not only without ardour but with a sort of insuperable laziness. Decided not to take the piano and replied to Ólkhin that I had no money, which no doubt offended him, especially as I signed myself simply, "Entirely yours". To-day I discovered another poetical thing in Lérmontov and Púshkin. In the first, *The Dying Gladiator* (that dream of his home before his death is wonderfully good); and in the second, *Yánko Marnávich*, who accidentally killed his friend.

[1] A soup containing beetroot and vinegar.

Having prayed in the church ardently and long, he returned home and lay down on his bed. Then he asked his wife whether she had not seen anything from the window. She replied that she had not. He asked again. Then his wife said that she saw a light beyond the river: when he asked her for the third time, she said that she saw the light becoming larger and approaching. He died. That is enchanting—but why? After that, explain poetic feeling!

July 9. Spent the morning and the whole day first writing *An Artilleryman's Notes*, which by the way I have finished, but with which I am so dissatisfied that I can scarcely avoid writing it all afresh or entirely abandoning it—not *An Artilleryman's Notes* alone but abandoning literature altogether, because if a thing which seemed admirable in its conception results so wretchedly, the man who undertook it has no talent. . . .

Then read Goethe, Lérmontov, and Púshkin. The first I do not understand well and, try as I may, I cannot avoid seeing something ridiculous in the German language. In the second I found the beginning of *Izmail Bey* extremely good. Perhaps it seemed so to me the more because I begin to love the Caucasus—with a posthumous but strong affection.

That wild region in which two contradictory things, war and freedom, are so strangely and poetically blended is really beautiful. In Púshkin I was struck by *The Gipsies* which, strangely enough, I had not understood till now.

The motto of my Diary should be *non ad probandum, sed ad narrandum.*

July 10. Do not want to write, and I have already resolved that I do not intend to force myself to anything *par parti pris*. So I will only note that I have read Lafontaine and Goethe, whom I begin to understand better every day, and have copied out some of *An Artilleryman's Notes*, but little and lazily, for which I reproach myself.

July 11. Have re-read *A Hero of our Times*,[1] have read Goethe, and only wrote a very little towards evening. Why? Laziness, indecision, and a passion for looking at my moustache and my fistula, for all of which I reproach myself. To-day I entrusted my application for a transfer to Boborýkin who was here on his way to the General. Another reproach for having ridiculed Ólkhin in front of Boborýkin.

July 11.[2] In the morning Ólkhin came to explain to me that he is leaving for Movo and wished to entrust his horses and things to me, which I had to refuse, telling him that I had no money.

Indeed I am again in a most difficult monetary position: at any rate till the middle of August I don't expect a farthing from anywhere, excepting the forage-money, and I am in debt to the Doctor. I say "don't expect", for I received the *Contemporary* to-day and am convinced that my MSS. have stuck somewhere in the custom-house. I will clear up this affair when I am well again. This evening I had an opportunity to test my illusions as to my return to a gay life. The landlady's very pretty married daughter, who coquetted with me most stupidly and beyond all bounds, acted on me—in spite of my efforts—as used to be the case: that is to say, I suffered terribly from bashfulness.

To-day in conversation with the Doctor I lost the stupid and unjust views I have hitherto held about the Wallachians—the opinion general in the whole army and accepted by me from the fools whom I have hitherto met. The fate of this people is touching and sad. To-day I read Goethe and a play of Lérmontov's (in which I found much that was new and good), and *Bleak House* by Dickens. This is the second day I have been trying to write verses. We will see what comes of it.

To-day have only to reproach myself with laziness: though I wrote and planned ahead much that is good, it was too little, and lazily done.

[1] A prose story by Lérmontov.

[2] Second entry same date.

July 12. Since morning have felt heavy-headed and could not force myself to work. I have read the *Contemporary* all day. Esther (in *Bleak House*) says that her childish prayer consisted of the promises she had made to God: (1) Always to be industrious. (2) To be sincere. (3) To be contented, and (4) to try to win the love of all around her. How simple, how sweet, how easy to accomplish, and how great, are those four rules. In the evening I had Antrópov in to ask him for money, and I disputed with him, that is to say, his presence aroused thoughts in me. I like that, though there is always mixed with it the unpleasant and wrong feeling that he cannot appreciate my thoughts.

Kúbin also came in with his conceitedly humiliated face and way of looking at me. Why have I set this down? I blame myself for my laziness.

July 13. My prayer: I believe in the one, all-powerful, and good God, in the immortality of the soul, and in eternal retribution for our deeds; I wish to believe in the religion of my fathers and to respect it.

"Our Father", and so on. "For the repose and salvation of my parents." "I thank Thee, O Lord, for thy mercy, for this, for this . . . and for that (recalling all the happiness that has fallen to my lot). I pray Thee prompt me to good undertakings and thoughts, and grant me happiness and success in them. Aid me to correct my faults, spare me from sickness, suffering, quarrels, debts, and humiliation. Grant me to live and die in firm faith and hope in Thee, with love for others and from others, and to be of use to my neighbour. Grant me to do good and shun evil; but whether good or evil befalls me, may Thy holy will be done. Grant me what is truly good. Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy upon me."

A very late morning because I rose at ten. Read about Montenegro, wrote a little and chatted with comrades who looked me up. After dinner I had to force myself to write a little but did not do it clearly. About nine o'clock

Bartoloméy called, and with him I rode out for the first time. Went to Kherestre and chatted till midnight. Might reproach myself with laziness but, considering my suffering and illness, excuse myself.

July 14. In the morning besides my customary reading of Goethe and booklets that I happened upon, I wrote *Zhdánov* and have still not decided about the personality of Velenchúk.[1]

In the evening Noverézhski, Shúbin, and Antrópov sat with me. I have received a letter from the village elder. Terénti Tsvetkóv and two domestic serfs will be conscripted: a good choice.

Before letting my transfer go through, the old Bashi-Bazouk decidedly means to inform the Prince of it. Should I not reconsider this transfer? Perhaps I shall not change my character but only commit a really serious folly from a desire to change it. Is indecision a capital defect—of which one must cure oneself? Are there not two sorts of characters equally worthy: one decided and the other reflective? Do I not belong to the second category, and is not my wish to correct myself a desire to be what I am not, as Alphonse Karr puts it? It seems to me that that is the truth. There are defects more positive (absolute) such as: laziness, falsehood, irritability, and egotism, which are always defects.

July 15. The Doctor woke me early, and thanks to this I wrote a good deal in the morning—always correcting the old—the description of the soldiers.[2] In the evening also wrote a little and read *Verschwörung von Fiesko*.[3] I am beginning to understand drama in general. Though in this I take quite a contrary line to the majority, I am pleased with it as a thing which gives me fresh poetic enjoyment. After tea Shúbin, Tishkévich, and Verzh-

[1] *Zhdánov* was, no doubt, a preliminary sketch of what afterwards became *The Wood-Felling* (see the volume entitled *Sevastopol, Two Hussars, etc.*, published by Constable). Zhdánov and Velenchúk appear in that story.

[2] See chapter ii. of *The Wood-Felling*.

[3] *Fiesko's Conspiracy*—a play by Schiller.

bítski came to see me, and told me in an admirable way much that is interesting about the Slobodzni affair. Am dissatisfied with myself: (1) because I have all day been scratching the pimples with which my face, body, and nose are covered—and which are beginning to torment me; and (2) for the stupid fury with Alëshka which suddenly overcame me at dinner.

July 16. From ten till two wrote industriously and finished the description of the soldiers, but after that it goes with difficulty. In the evening D. Gorchakóv came to see me, and the friendship he showed gave me that delightful emotion of the heart which true feeling produces in me and which I had long not experienced. Afterwards Bartoloméy came in and I think I offended him a little by mentioning that his pronunciation is bad. It is time I ceased to keep company with the young people, though I have never thoroughly mixed with them as others do; the thing is that now it is easier and pleasanter for me to be with old men than with very young people.

My health is so-so. I have forgotten to write down something good or important—I forget which. To-day I only reproach myself about Bartoloméy.

July 18. My dinner was not a success. Neither Gorchakóv nor the Doctor could come. Only Bartoloméy ate my sucking pig and enthused about Schiller. Before dinner I read, after dinner I read and, strange to say, fell asleep before eight o'clock, so that I got nothing done all day. Noverézhski brought me 45 rubles, of which I intend to give the Doctor 40 and with the rest—borrowing some more from Gorchakóv—go to Buzeo and there await the Staff and my own recovery. To-day I deserve my reproaches: (1) For a stupid and above all unrealisable idea of buying a horse from Nikoláev. (2) For a whole in which I have done nothing.

July 19, 20. Yesterday morning read and prepared for my departure. In the evening rode off in a most careless and haphazard manner with Mályshem to Mora-Domyansk where I stayed the whole day. I reproach

myself for these two days : (1) for indecision at starting, (2) for irritability yesterday morning with Alëshka, and (3) to some degree for yesterday's indolence.

July 21. Was awakened early in the morning and taken to Simenti. Am in general dissatisfied with to-day. Somehow, not from indolence but from being occupied with the food and the tent, I seemed to have no time. Got nothing at all done and did not even read. Am here, and have formed a company with some rather disreputable people and, I confess, sometimes regret that I am not in another company. However, apart from the fact that this gives me time to work, I am satisfied with myself for behaving properly—I neither shun nor come in too close contact with them. The stupid old man vexes me very much by his way of not greeting me. He will have to be given a fillip. Yesterday forgot to note down the pleasure Schiller has given me by his *Rudolf of Hapsburg* and by some small philosophical poems. There is a beautiful simplicity, picturesqueness, and truthfully calm poetry in the first. In the second what struck me—" wrote itself in my soul " as Bartoloméy says—was the thought that to accomplish anything great one must direct all the strength of one's soul to a single point.

Reproaches : (1) Lack of self-restraint, and slovenliness in the way I ate cheese. (2) Idleness all day, especially if I do not now get at least a little work done.

July 22. Another move, in spite of which I should be satisfied with to-day were it not for a stupid demand of Kryzhanóvski's that I should ride to Movo. Went to him in the morning and had the weakness and stupidity not to wake him. Afterwards I slept, dined, and wrote a little. My health is good, and to-morrow I shall present myself to both my Commanders and hand in both reports. Reproach : for indecision with Kryzhanóvski.

July 23. This morning went and presented myself to my Chiefs for an explanation. It seemed that Kryzhanóvski had said that I should join the battery. Tishkévich had repeated this gossip to me, and I went to

Kryzhanóvski with trembling lips. But despite my anger I was weak and allowed the affair to be smoothed over. For the rest of the day I read a good little story by Bernard, and wrote a letter to Valerián.

From the day I recovered my health I feel myself less than ever capable of living sociably and of a contentedly happy view of life.

Have handed in another application for a transfer.

Reproach myself with laziness. Have done absolutely nothing all day.

July 24. In the morning Noverézhski with a wry mouth brought me back my application endorsed by Kryzhanóvski. All these petty unpleasantnesses have so upset me that I was positively not myself all day, but became lazy, apathetic, and unable to set to work on anything, taciturn with people, and so shamefaced that I perspired. I experienced this at Boborýkin's, first with Zýbin, Friede, and Balyúzek, and in the evening with Kryzhanóvski and Stolýpin. I am too honest to get on with these people. It is strange that I have only now noticed one of my chief defects, an inclination to show my superiority: which offends and provokes envy in others. To secure people's love one must on the contrary hide anything in which one excels. I have understood this late. Will not hand in my application until I am able to keep horses, and will employ all means to that end. Meanwhile will have no relations with anyone except such as are required by the service. Reproach myself for idleness.

July 25. We set off early for Kur. . . . All the way I suffered dreadfully physically (my face burnt terribly and came out in a rash), as well as morally. The so-called "aristocrats" arouse my envy. I am incurably petty and envious. . . .

After dinner I went to see the old man, and found there a number of the Field-Marshal's adjutants whose company I found unendurable. Afterwards when for the third time I tried to remember where we had met, Saltykóv said, "That was at the time when you and I spent days

together". That never happened. And during the sleepless night I have just spent, this was a recollection of the kind that makes one ready to scream. In the evening I went to see them with Férzen, and not to mention Sukhtélen (whom I must compel to bow to me), the merry Korsakóv who sings Gipsy songs capitally aroused terrible depression and envy in me. Finally I disputed even with Tishkévich about some nonsense so acrimoniously that I offended him.

"What an insignificant fellow!" people would think who read this page. "An unfortunate, with a spoilt nature. . . ." Is it possible that this cannot be rectified? To find the evil is said to be half-way towards remedying it. How long and sincerely I strive to do this, and all in vain. Always to be satisfied, modest, and industrious, are excellent rules. If only I could follow them! It should be time for me to despair of amendment, but I still hope and still try.

I reproach myself: (1) for idleness, (2) for double lack of modesty of quite opposite kinds, with the adjutant and with Tishkévich.

July 26. Again a move — to Buzeo. The Bashi-Bazouks apparently had intentionally agreed to be particularly pleasant, but I had accumulated too much bile. I was wild and again offended Tishkévich. In general I seldom remember having been in every way in such a terrible position as now. Ill, irritable, quite isolated—I have managed to set everyone against me—I am in an uncertain and bad position in the service. Must attend to my cure more carefully, put up with the unpleasantness of associating with fresh companions. Have an explanation about my service with the General and Kryzhanóvski, and get money. I reproach myself with: (1) idleness, (2) lack of modesty with Sukhtélen and Tishkévich, and (3) inconsiderateness, discontent, and indecision in amending my position.

July 27. I have remained here all day and seen no one except Tishkévich and the adjutants, who all, it seems,

avoid me as a *disgracié*. It is absurd. Should be satisfied with the day were it not for my idleness. . . . Some thoughts came into my head, but I feel how my memory becomes numbed, the love, respect, and confidence I had in my ability are vanishing, and I am going down in the world of ideas without thereby advancing—as should be the case—in the practical world. One of the thoughts apropos of which this reflection came into my head was that to seek to win the love of one's neighbour is useless. In Dickens it stands on a level with other rules, but it cannot be a fundamental rule for it is complex and consists of many rules. However despite this, that conception is always more easily called to mind, more comprehensible, and as it were nearer to one's heart, than other fundamental rules—such as to be modest, contented, and cordial. Reproach myself to-day for : (1) idleness, because to-day, try as I will to justify myself, is one in which I have to admit that I have done nothing at all. It has left no trace of itself ; and (2) for childish indecision with the girls.

July 28. Am writing in a most pleasant and happy state of mind, in which I have spent the whole evening. In the morning I read, over-ate myself with pears, and instead of dinner I ate some cheese. In spite of the spree at Stolýpin's and Serzhputóvski's in honour of their having received rewards, I was not envious but passed the day happily. In the evening . . . I drank a couple of glasses of champagne with Schwartz, Weinarn, and Gémbich, and afterwards chatted with Shúbin and Sásha Gorchakóv. Except for my idleness, I am well content with the day.

July 29. My amendment goes on admirably. I feel how my intercourse with people of all kinds becomes pleasanter and easier from the time I decided to be modest and became convinced that it is not at all necessary always to appear majestic and infallible. I feel very merry. God grant that this happiness comes from myself, as I think it does, from my desire to be pleasant to everyone, modest, slow to take offence and on guard against my

bursts of anger. Then I should always be merry and nearly always happy. In the morning I decided to stay at home and work, but it did not get along and I could not refrain in the evening from going to gad about. . . . Reproach myself for lack of character, for not staying at home, and for idleness all day. That is the chief thing.

July 30. Rode to Rýmnik. The old man still does not bow to me. Both these things make me angry. Behaved well with the Bashi-Bazouks whom I met. Had an explanation with Kryzhanóvski. He for some reason advises me to attach myself to the Cossack brigade—advice which I shall not take. Argued venomously in the evening with Friede and Boborýkin, abused Serzhputóvski, and did nothing—those are the three reproaches I address to myself to-day.

July 31. Again a march to Fokshani, during which I rode with Móngo (Stolýpin)—an empty fellow but with firm though false convictions. Probably on that account the General was pleased to inquire about my health. He is a pig! Scratched my nose and wrote nothing—those are two reproaches for to-day. The last one becomes too frequent though the campaign may partly serve as excuse for it. My relations with my comrades are becoming so pleasant that I am sorry to leave the Staff. My health seems better.

August 1. Got up late and read Schiller all morning, but without pleasure or ardour. After dinner, though I was in a mood to work, wrote very little out of laziness. Spent the whole evening gadding about. . . . There was much of interest to-day: reading the orders of the day, the rendezvous in the garden, and Shúbin's deception. Will write all about it to-morrow, for it is already half-past two. Reproach myself with idleness for the last time. If I do nothing to-morrow, I will shoot myself! I also reproach myself for unpardonable indecision. . . .

August 2. In the morning wrote a little of *An Artilleryman's Notes*. After dinner slept, and went to see Zemfír with success. In the morning went to see

Stolýpin, and dislike Móngo very much. Reproach myself with idleness.

August 3. Got up late, am depressed and not quite well. Only after 12 o'clock, when Ólkhin who had arrived had gone, could I set to work, and I wrote all day, but carelessly, inattentively, and undecidedly, though pretty well. In the evening went to Gorchakóv's where I behaved simply and modestly, and to Malm and Noverézhski, whom I offended by being stupid enough to say that I would thrash them if I catch them at . . . . So I blame myself to-day for : (1) grumbling in the morning, (2) rudeness to Noverézhski and Malm, and (3) being undecided in my writing. Received a letter from Valerián.

August 4. In the morning wrote and behaved well. At dinner Ólkhin brought in a hungry officer. After dinner did nothing. Borrowed some money from Noverézhski and bought a horse from Ólkhin. Reproach myself somewhat for idleness, for speaking ill of people, and for foolish judgements.

August 5. Got up late and at once began writing with pleasure. Wrote the end of the episode with the shell well, because I wrote it with pleasure. But about 12 o'clock I discovered, alas, that I am not yet cured, and as usual that discovery affected me so that I could not work at anything. After dinner rode to the Gorchakóv's and sat for a couple of hours at chess with Zolotarëv. In the evening needlessly and nastily went to the Dannenberg garden. Another rule which has formulated itself in me during these last days : Do not condemn, and do not express your opinion about people. I reproach myself for laziness in the evening and for Dannenberg.

August 6. Did nothing all day and played cards. Two important reproaches.

August 7–11. Rode to Berlad and executed my mission well. Kryzhanóvski annoys me by his behaviour —" Dear friend ! . . ." Since my return have been both evenings to my neighbours and played cards. Congratulate myself on the journey, and reproach myself for

the other, as well as for the fact that I have written nothing all this time.

August 12. Began the morning well and did some work, but the evening! My God! can it be that I shall never reform? I lost the rest of my money and lost 37 rubles more than I could pay. To-morrow will sell my horse. What I am to do I do not know, but I feel *qu'il me faut un coup de tête pour sortir de cette position.* In the evening I again went to Dannenberg's. Activity and self-control!

August 13. Woke fairly early and worked well in the morning, but after dinner, excepting the excellent comedy *Our Own People, We'll Arrange*,[1] I gadded about the whole evening. Among other things disputed with D. Gorchakóv about trifles. Noverézhski let me have some money and I sent it to Skrípchenko by Andrónov. Reproach myself for lack of self-restraint towards Gorchakóv caused by (a second reproach) vanity in Filipésko's presence.

August 14. Wrote so little that it is not worth mentioning. Rode on horseback after dinner, bathed, and in the evening called at Stolýpin's, whence I brought away a rather unpleasant feeling. But two things are bad: I twice got furious, once with Tishkévich and then with Schwartz, and I did nothing.

August 15. Got up early and rode to Odobeshto. That expedition was not altogether successful. Wrote little and very badly. Slept, went to the races, and spent the evening at home. I repeat what I had written before: I have three chief defects: (1) lack of character, (2) irritability, and (3) laziness, of which I must cure myself. Will watch these three faults with all possible attention and note them down. Then later, if I cure myself of these, will set to work on the fulfilment of the two rules: contentedness and seeking the affection of others. But even now I will try not to lose sight of them.

August 16. Got up towards 7 o'clock, wrote well

[1] A comedy by Ostróvski.

enough but little, dined, and again wrote a little. . . . Sat at Stolýpin's, then disputed abominably much about original sin, and so am going to bed in a bad mood. In the morning I shouted at Nikíta—irritability. (1) Was lazy in Andrónov's presence, (2) lack of character, (3) disputed hotly—irritability. Sum total: irritability, lack of character, and idleness. The most important thing in life for me is to amend these faults. From to-day onward I will complete my Diary every day with that phrase.

August 17. March from Fokshani to Tekucha, on which I happened to accompany the General and Stolýpin. Passed the time pleasantly except at lunch when I was undecided and shy. At midday I had a good sleep and read the wonderful comedy *Poverty's Not a Vice*.[1] Took a walk and wrote some pages. Reproaches for to-day: (1) Shouted at Alëshka, (2) was undecided in my behaviour to the old man and (3) on meeting Kryzhanóvski in the evening. (4) Went in to see Noverézhski though I did not wish to do so. (5) In the evening became dreamy and lazy. The most important thing in life for me is to cure myself of the three vices: (1) idleness, (2) lack of character, (3) irritability.

August 18. March from Tekucha to Berlad. Conducted myself well all day excepting (1) indecision when meeting the General for the first time, (2) when encountering the two Gorchakóvs with whom I have quarrelled, and (3) idleness in the evening. Instead of reading *Die Räuber*,[2] I might have written something. Most important of anything in life for me is to cure myself of my three chief faults.

August 19. Rose early and wrote a good deal. In the evening was at the Stolýpins' and came away with an unpleasant feeling. Am satisfied with the whole day except a little idleness when I was at work. Might have worked still less and been satisfied, but am dissatisfied that during the time of work I allowed myself to rest.

Most important of all in life for me is to cure myself of

[1] By Ostróvski.

[2] A play by Schiller.

my three chief vices—lack of character, irritability, and idleness.

August 20. Have finished *The Wood-Felling. Schwach!* Dined at Stolýpin's and was too curt with Kryzhanóvski. In the evening went gadding about with thoughts that were not good, and consequently, and because of toothache, did not write the project I had intended to. The most important thing in life for me is to cure myself of the three vices—idleness, irritability, and lack of character. Went wrong to-day in regard to the last.

August 21. Toothache, which continues till now, spoilt the whole day for me. Reproach myself with (1) idleness, (2) indecision with the landlady . . . (3) irritability and speaking ill of Kryzhanóvski.

August 22, 23. Two marches from Berlad to Aslui. Two days of terrible toothache and complete idleness. Reproaches for these two days (besides inactivity which I might have mastered) consist of irritability: condemnation of S. Serzhputóvski and Schwartz, and irritability with Alëshka. The tolerance, modesty, and tranquillity, of Friede interest me more and more. These qualities give me a very bad opinion of the man himself yet make me inclined to imitate them, so pleasant are they in life and so surely do they lead to success. Most important of all for me in life is to cure myself of the three vices—irritability, lack of character, and idleness.

August 24. Spent the day at Aslui. To-day I received two strong, pleasant, and useful, impressions. (1) Received a flattering letter about *Youth* from Nekrásov, which as usual raised my spirits and encouraged me to continue my activities, and (2) I read Z. T. How strange it is that I have only now become convinced that the higher one tries to appear to people, the lower one stands in their estimation. *La béquille de Sixte-Quint doit être le bâton de voyage de tout homme supérieur.*[1] All truths are paradoxes. The direct deductions of reason are erroneous, the irrational

[1] The crutch of Sixtus V. should be the staff of every superior man.

deductions of experience are infallible. To-day I condemned Stolýpin, was proud about Nekrásov's letter, and was idle. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of lack of character, irritability, and idleness.

August 25, 26. Condemned Przeválski, was irritable with Alëshka, Nikíta, and the commissary. March to Jassy. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of lack of character, irritability, and idleness.

August 27. (1) Was angry with Alëshka, (2) did nothing all day except writing in the morning and reading an admirable novel by George Sand, (3) did not have an explanation with Gorchakóv, (4) blamed a cadet, (5) struck Nikíta.

My health is bad. My state of mind is of the blackest. Am exceedingly weak and at the slightest fatigue am conscious of a feverish attack. A bad and depressing day. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

August 28. I am twenty-six. Wrote something and thought of much. Spent the day with Oglóbzhe. In the evening read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.[1] (1) Twice got angry with Nikíta, (2) did not speak to Gorchakóv about my brother, (3) condemned Gólysh, (4) did not go up to the General, (5) bought *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, (6) did not speak. Most important of all is to correct myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

August 29. Am very ill. Think it is consumption. Have written nothing, but read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Most important of all is to amend my idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

August 30. My health is very bad. Did not sleep all night. Read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the intervals allowed

[1] *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, read when the emancipation of the serfs was still in the balance, naturally impressed Tolstóy more on account of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's feeling on the subject than by the style in which the book was written. Nearly half a century later in *What is Art?* when giving examples of art "*good in subject-matter*", he cited *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to the perplexity of critics who did not understand that he was speaking not of its literary style but of the feeling it conveyed.

by toothache. Most important of all is to amend my idleness, indecision, and lack of character.

August 31. Read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and chatted in the evening with Kassóvski. Most important of all is to amend my idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 1, 2. Health is better. I went wrong yesterday. To-day borrowed money from Noverézhski. Many reproaches for lack of character and laziness. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of laziness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 3. Marched to Skuleni. At the very frontier I sinned. I beat Davýdenko. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 4. At Skuleni. Marched all day. Twice started writing, but it does not get on. In the evening played cards. Lack of money and my relations with my acquaintances and commanders hurt me. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 5. Both I and my Diary are becoming stupid. My writing positively does not get on. Wrote an irritable letter to Nikólenka. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 6. Most important of all for me in life is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character. Love of everybody and contempt for myself.

September 7. Marched to Koloram. A pleasant day. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 8. Marched to—the devil knows its name. Health and state of mind good. The ease and modesty to which I try to accustom myself are beginning to have a good influence on me and I feel comfortable. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 9. Marched to Kishinëv. . . . I was

rude to the Councillor's wife. Most important of all is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 10. . . . Am being despatched on a mission to a place 200 versts away. Read the *Contemporary*. (1) Disputed with Tishkévich, (2) did nothing. (3) Cure myself of idleness, lack of character, and irritability.

September 11–16. Rode to Letíchev. Much that is new and interesting. My teeth ached. . . . The disembarkation near Sevastopol troubles me. Self-assurance and effeminacy are the chief regrettable characteristics of our army—and common to the armies of all States that are too large and strong. Correct myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

I have received *Childhood* and *The Raid*. I found much that is weak in the former. The temporary aim of my life under present circumstances is to amend my character, to arrange my affairs, and to achieve a career both in literature and in the service.

September 17. Have behaved badly. Did nothing in the evening, ran after girls, going out contrary to my intention. The plan of forming a Society interests me much. Correct myself of idleness, lack of character, and irritability.

September 18. In the morning occupied myself a little with the project, and then went out with Shúbin. After dinner sprawled about and then went to Stolýpin's. Did little. Correct myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 19. In the morning wrote little. After dinner went quite to pieces. . . . It is bad. Cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 20. In the morning I was busy about money and my transfer. Malm refused, Noverézhski promised me some. To-morrow will go to Gorchakóv. In the evening played cards, was at Stolýpin's, and at the Club. My health is not altogether good, I did not have an explanation with D. Gorchakóv and am uncomfortable

about it. Correct myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 21. In the morning talked with Boborýkin and Shúbin in the Society's house. I went to see Stolýpin and Noverézhski. Amend my idleness, irritability, and lack of character

September 22. Have let myself go greatly. Cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

September 23–*October* 5. The plan of forming a Society has changed into a plan for editing a magazine,[1] for most of them (seven), but not for Friede and me. On account of the magazine I am remaining, and it progresses feebly. I do little work and am behaving badly. To-morrow the Grand Dukes are coming. Let that be an epoch for me. I must write an article for the trial number. Most important of all for me in life is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

[1] Though reluctant to abandon the idea of forming a Society, Tolstóy was also keen on the idea of editing a popular magazine for the soldiers, which should help to keep up their spirits and explain to them the purpose of the war. He persuaded some officers to take part in this plan and writing to his brother Sergéy said: "In our artillery Staff, which is composed, as I think I wrote you, of very decent and nice fellows, the idea has arisen of publishing an army magazine the aim of which would be to maintain a good spirit in the army. It would be a cheap magazine (three rubles a year) and a popular one, that the soldiers may read it. We drew up a plan of the magazine and submitted it to the Prince. He was very pleased with the idea and submitted the project and a sample-number, which we also drew up, for the approval of the Emperor. The money for its publication will be advanced by myself and by Stolýpin. I am chosen Editor, together with a certain Konstantínov, who was Editor of *The Caucasus* and has experience in such matters.

"In the magazine we should publish descriptions of battles—not such dull and not such inaccurate ones as are given in other magazines—courageous exploits, biographies, and obituary notices of worthy, and especially of obscure, men; military stories, soldiers' songs, and popular articles on engineering and the art of artillery, etc."

About a month and a half later, Tolstóy communicated the sad fate of this magazine to his aunt, Tatiána Alexándrovna: "I had an idea of editing a military magazine. This project, on which I had worked in conjunction with many distinguished men, was approved by the Prince and submitted for the Emperor's consideration. But as among us everything is intrigued against, there were some who feared the competition of this magazine. Perhaps also the idea was not in accord with the Government's views, and the Emperor has forbidden it. I confess to you that this failure has caused me much regret and greatly changed my plans."

October 3. In Odessa they told me of a touching incident. The Adjutant of the General in charge arrived at the N. Hospital where the wounded men of the 4th Corps were lying who had been brought from the Crimea. "The Commander-in-Chief, Prince Gorchakóv," said he to them, "bids me thank you for your brave service and to ask. . . ." "Hurrah!" sounded weak voices one after another from all the beds. It is a famous and a great reward for Gorchakóv's efforts! Better than the Emperor's medallion round his neck.

The pilot on the ferry-boat at Nikoláev told me that on the 26th there was an action in which Kamútov distinguished himself. He is said to have taken numbers of prisoners and guns, but that out of 8000 of our men, two hours later only 2000 returned. In Nikoláev these rumours were confirmed. Nakhímov [1] and Liprándi [2] are said to have been wounded The enemy have received reinforcements and are settling down in winter quarters. Heaven knows what is true. The pilot also told me a story about a Cossack who caught a little English prince with a lassoo, and led him to Prince Ménshikov. The little prince fired his pistol at the Cossack. "Hey! don't shoot!" said the Cossack. The prince again fired and again missed. "Hey! don't play the fool!" said the Cossack. The prince once more fired and missed (these things are always done three times). Then the Cossack began to flog him with his whip. When the prince complained to Ménshikov that the Cossack had whipped him, the Cossack explained that he was teaching him to shoot, for if he started to do it without knowing how, the Cossacks would never hear of him at all! Ménshikov laughed. In general among the people one oftener hears the English mentioned than the French.

October 4, 5. I saw nothing in Nikoláev. I will not note down the rumours as they all turned out to be

[1] Nakhímov—a famous Admiral commanding the Black Sea fleet. On November 30, 1853, N.S., he had destroyed the Turkish squadron near Sinope. He died in the defence of Sevastopol.

[2] Liprándi—a General of Italian origin in the Russian service.

nonsense. Since the 24th nothing has been undertaken except siege work. I was brought by boat from Khersón and Oléshko. The boatman told us about the transport of the soldiers, how a soldier lay down in the pouring rain on the wet bottom of the boat and fell asleep; how an officer beat a soldier for scratching himself; and how a soldier during the crossing shot himself out of fear at having over-stayed his leave by two days, and how they threw him overboard without burial. Now the boatmen try to frighten one another when passing the place on the river where the soldier was thrown overboard. "What is your company?" they shout.

At Oléshko I was detained . . by a pretty and intelligent Ukrainian woman whom I kissed and caressed through the window. . . On account of this I got left behind by my fellow-officers, Serzhputóvski, Boborýkin, and Shúbin. I heard from them through Vysótski, whom I met at Perekóp, that the alarming rumours are nonsense. Shúbin's departure disturbs and vexes me. I do not wish to cease to respect that lad.

Have seen French and English prisoners but have not had time to speak to them. Merely the appearance and step of these men somehow fills me with a melancholy conviction that they are far superior to our troops. However I only had some army service corps men to compare them with.

The post-boy who brought me here said that we should have completely beaten the English on the 24th had it not been for treachery. It is sad and ridiculous. "And the other day", he said, "they came with an iron, six-horsed carriage, probably for Ménshikov." I also met some of our wounded men—fine fellows. They are sorry for the Commanders, and say that they several times advanced to the attack, but could not maintain themselves, because the left *flank* was turned: they are glad to catch at a word unknown and therefore very important to them as an explanation of the failure. It would be too sad for them to believe in treachery.

October 6–10. Have received money, spent a good deal on trifles, and played cards. Have bought a horse and moved into new quarters. The magazine advances slowly. On the other hand little by little I am becoming steadier. Most important of all for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

October 21. I have lived through much these last days. Affairs at Sevastopol all hang by a hair. The specimen number will be ready to-day, and I again think of moving Stolýpin, Serzhputóvski, Shúbin, and Boborýkin are going or have gone. Have lost all my money at cards. The most important thing in life for me is to cure myself of idleness, irritability, and lack of character.

November 2. Odessa. Since the landing of the Anglo-French army, we have had three engagements with them. The first at Alma (September 8 [1]) in which the enemy attacked and defeated us. The second was Liprándi's affair on September 13, in which we attacked and remained victors, and the third was Dannenberg's terrible affair in which we attacked and were again defeated. The treachery business is revolting. The 10th and 11th Divisions attacked the enemy's left flank, drove them back, and spiked thirty-seven guns. Then the enemy put forward 6000 men—only 6000 against 30,000—and we retreated having lost about 6000 brave fellows, and we had to retreat because half our army had no cannon owing to the impassable roads, and—Heaven only knows why—there were no battalions of sharp-shooters. Terrible slaughter! It will weigh on the souls of many. Lord, forgive them! The news of this affair has produced an impression. I have met old men who wept aloud, and young ones who swore to kill Dannenberg. Great is the moral strength of the Russian people. Many political

[1] The reader must remember that Tolstóy uses dates old style, which were twelve days in arrear of new style, so that September 8 O.S. corresponds to September 20 N.S. But in the next line it looks as if Tolstóy has written "September" for October. Balaklava was fought on October 13-25. The third engagement was, no doubt, Inkermann on October 25 O.S., November 5, N.S

truths will emerge and develop in these days of difficulty for Russia. The feeling of passionate love for the Fatherland that is arising and flowing from Russia's misfortunes will long leave its traces in her These men, who are now offering their lives, will be Russia's citizens and will not forget their sacrifice. They will play their part in public affairs with dignity and pride, and the enthusiasm aroused in them by the war will stamp self-sacrifice and nobleness for ever on their character.

Among the gratuitous victims of that unfortunate affair were Soymónov and Komstádius, who were killed. Of the first it is said that he was one of the few honourable and intelligent Generals in the Russian army. I knew the second rather well: he was a member of our Society and of our magazine. It is chiefly his death that has caused me to ask to be sent to Sevastopol. I felt, as it were, ashamed before him.

English steamers continue to blockade Odessa. The sea, unfortunately, is calm. It is said that on the 27th there was an engagement—again indecisive, and that on the 3rd there will be an attack. I cannot get there before the 5th, but have a presentiment that I shall still not be too late.

November 11. I arrived on the 7th. All the rumours that tormented me *en route* turn out to be false. I am ordered to join the 3rd Light Battery, and I live in the town itself. Have seen all our fortifications from a distance, and some of them closely. To take Sevastopol is quite impossible: of that apparently the enemy is convinced—in my opinion they are masking a retreat. The storm on November 2 drove ashore about thirty boats, one sailing-vessel, and three steamers. The company of artillery officers in this Brigade is the same as everywhere else.

There is one of them who is very much like Louisa Volkónski—I know that I shall soon get tired of him, so I try to see him seldom that the impression may last longer.

The decent men among the Commanders appear to be — Nakhímov, Totlében,[1] Istómin — and Ménshikov[2] seems to be a good Commander-in-Chief, but he unfortunately began his military activity with inferior forces against an enemy three times as strong and better armed. The troops on both sides were men that had never been under fire, which makes the numerical superiority ten times more felt. Raw troops cannot retreat—they run away.

November 12, 13. Yesterday a soldier of the foreign legion deserted to us. He says that an assault has been arranged for the 25th (that is the 13th O.S.). It is now already 12 o'clock, and nothing has happened. It is said that the enemy have eighty guns trained on to the Fourth Bastion, that they intend suddenly to make a breach, destroy our guns, and attack. This, though doubtful, is all the same an explanation. Why did they not take the opportunity on the 6th instant, when nearly all the guns in the Fourth Bastion had been knocked out ?

November 20.

How long, oh, how long, will it be ere I cease
This aimless and passionless life to endure,
And deep in my heart must still suffer the wound
For which I'm unable to find any cure.

And Heaven alone knows who dealt me this wound
This pain which from childhood I'm never without,
Of future nonentity's wearisome lot,
Of depression that tortures, and sorrow and doubt.
SIMFERÓPOL.

November 25. On the 15th I left Sevastopol for the front. On the way I became more convinced than before that Russia must fall or completely reorganise herself. Everything goes perversely. We do not prevent the

[1] General E. G. Totlében, the skilful military engineer who improvised the defences of Sevastopol.

[2] Prince A. S. Ménshikov, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian naval and military forces in the Crimea till some time after his defeat at Alma. He was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea by Prince Michael Gorchakóv.

enemy from entrenching their camps, though it would have been very easy to do so ; and we, with smaller forces and not expecting reinforcements from anywhere, with Generals like Gorchakóv who have lost their senses, their feelings, and their energy, not fortifying ourselves, face the enemy and await a storm and bad weather which St. Nicholas the Wonder-Worker is to send to drive the enemy away. The Cossacks want to plunder but not to fight. The Hussars and Uhlans consider that military dignity consists in drunkenness and debauchery, while the infantry think it consists in robbery and money-making A melancholy state of affairs both for army and State.

Have spent a couple of hours chatting with wounded French and English soldiers. Each of them is proud of his position and respects himself, for he feels that he is an active spring in the army. Good weapons and the skill to use them, youth, and some idea of politics and the arts, make them conscious of their own dignity. With us, stupid drill for dressing the file and saluting with the musket, useless weapons, ignorance, and bad food and maintenance, destroy the men's interest, their last spark of pride, and give them even too high an opinion of the enemy.

In Simferópol I lost all my money at cards, and am at present living with the battery in a Tartar village, and am only now feeling the discomfort of life.

November 26. Am living quite carelessly, not forcing and not restraining myself in anything : I go out shooting, listen, observe, and dispute. One thing is bad — I am beginning to put myself, or to wish to put myself, above my comrades, and they no longer like me so well. Here is some almost certain news from Sevastopol. On the 13th instant a sortie was made against the enemy's trenches facing the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Bastions. The Ekaterinbúrg regiment took the trench opposite the Fourth Bastion by surprise, drove out and killed the enemy troops, and returned with the loss of three men wounded. The officer commanding that detachment was presented to the Grand Duke, Nikoláy Nikoláevich.

" So you were the hero of that affair ? " said the Grand Duke to him. " Tell me about it."

" When I left the Bastion and was nearing the trench, the soldiers stopped and did not want to go on."

" Come now, what are you saying . . ." exclaimed the Grand Duke, moving away from him.

" How is it you are not ashamed ? " remarked Filosófov to him.

" Go away," concluded Ménshikov.

I am convinced that the officer was telling the truth, and I am sorry that he did not stand up for himself better.

The sortie from the Third Bastion was unsuccessful. On perceiving the sentries the officer returned to the Admiral for instructions, and so gave the enemy time to prepare.

Of the sortie from the Fifth Bastion I know no details. On the whole this news is not quite certain, though it is more probable than the wild rumours of the capture of some thirty guns.

Liprándi has been appointed commander of the army in Sevastopol. Thank God ! Apart from the successes he has had in this campaign he is beloved and popular, and not for his profanity [1] but for his management and ability. For good or ill, but to my great vexation, lack of money keeps me here, or else I should by now be on the south coast at Eupatoria or should have returned to Sevastopol.

December 7. On the 5th I was in Sevastopol with a detachment of soldiers to fetch some guns. There is much

[1] Tolstóy was indignant at the way the officers swore at the soldiers, using a very coarse expression. When he remonstrated with his comrades, they told him it was impossible to manage soldiers otherwise, and that such abuse was necessary for the good of the service. Then Tolstóy suggested the substitution of some meaningless word which should sound abusive, for the foulest expression then in common use. And he devised a word *edondershysh* which happened to catch on and came into use. Unfortunately it did not displace the shameful reproach that referred to the men's mothers, but was used as an addition to the current vocabulary of profanity. When Tolstóy left the service and another officer succeeded him the soldiers told his successor : " Before your honour we had Count Tolstóy here. He was a swearer. We never knew such a one before."

that is new, and all of it satisfactory. The presence of Sáken [1] is noticeable in everything. And not so much his presence as the presence of a new Commander-in-Chief who is not yet worn out and not yet entangled in projects and expectations. As far as possible Sáken rouses the troops to make sorties. (I say "as far as possible", for in fact no one but Ménshikov could rouse them, by granting immediate rewards, which he omits to do.) Recommendations which come out three months later really mean nothing to a man who is expecting death at any moment. But man is so stupidly made that while awaiting death he expects and welcomes rewards. Sáken has constructed trenches in front of the Bastion. Heaven knows if this is a good plan, but it shows energy. It is said that one such trench of eight men has been captured, but what is most important is that to fetch the wounded from a trench during the day others have to risk being wounded. These trenches are not connected with the Bastions, from which they are farther off than from the enemy's works. Sáken has introduced order into the transport of the wounded and formed ambulance stations at all the Bastions. Sáken has music played. It is wonderful how beautiful Sevastopol is. Two days ago I was extremely sad. I spent two hours in the Hospital for the wounded Allies. Most of them had left the Hospital—dead or recovered, the rest were recovering. I found five of them round an iron stove. French, English and Russians were chatting, laughing, and playing cards—each speaking his own language—only the orderlies tried to make something of the foreign languages, speaking some kind of strange jargon—"Hi! da!" making signs. An Englishman exclaims: "Ou, ou, ka, ah!" A Russian shouts: "Oy!" and so on.

When I reached the quay the sun was already setting behind the English batteries, clouds of smoke rose here and there and shots were audible. The sea was calm and on it rode many enormous ships, skiffs and ship's

[1] Count Ósten-Sáken was a General of German origin. The Tolstóys were connected with the Ósten-Sákens by marriage

boats were hurrying over the water; at the Gráfski Landing a band was playing and the trumpets gave out a familiar air. Galítsyn and some other gentlemen were on the quay leaning on the rails. It was fine.

Among the rumours of sallies the following is true. There have been many sallies, less sanguinary than cruel. Two of them were remarkable. One at the end of last month in which three mortars were taken (besides one that was abandoned between the Bastions and their trenches) and a wounded French officer was captured as well as many rifles. The other was one in which Lieutenant Títov went out with two mountain "unicorn" guns, and fired along their trenches at night. The groans from their trench are said to have been heard as far as our Third and Fifth Bastions.

It seems that I am to leave soon. I cannot say whether I wish to or not.

1855

January 23. Have lived for more than a month at Ésklord near Simferópol. It seemed dull but now I recall it with regret. And there is reason to regret the 14th Brigade, when one is in the 11th. In the artillery I have seen nothing better than the former or worse than the latter.

Filimónov, in whose battery I am, is the dirtiest creature that can be imagined. Odakhóvski, the senior officer, is a nasty mean little Pole. The other officers lack personality and are under the influence of these two. And I am bound to, and even depend on, these people! I have been to Sevastopol, received money, talked with Totlében, visited the Fourth Bastion, and played cards. Am greatly dissatisfied with myself. To-morrow must go to the bath-house.

Have rewritten a memorandum on "Massacre with small arms",[1] and have written the report.

January 28. Have played *stos* [2] for two days and two nights. The result is evident—the loss of the house at Yásnaya Polyána.[3] It seems useless to write: am so disgusted with myself that I should even like to forget that

[1] The Minié rifle used by the English in the Crimea till 1855, and the Enfield rifle then introduced, were far superior to the smooth-bore muskets the Russians used, and Tolstóy appears to have been writing on this subject.

[2] *Stos* (a card game) is described on p. 256 of Tolstóy's story *Two Hussars*, published in one volume with *Sevastopol*, by Constable.

[3] His losses obliged Tolstóy to sell the large wooden house in which he had been born. It was taken to pieces and then removed for reconstruction elsewhere.

I exist. It is said that Persia has declared war on Turkey and that peace will be concluded.

February 2. It was not enough for me to lose all that I had, I have also lost on credit to Meshchérski 150 rubles which I have not got. On this trip I showed Sáken my project for reorganising the batteries. He quite agrees with me. I admit that now that I am submitting the project I expect a reward for it. As a punishment for my losses, and to make up for them, I condemn myself to work for money. However I fancy that I am quite incapable of doing so. Must write to Nikólenka admitting my loss, and to Friede abandoning the Society.

February 3–5 Have been in Sevastopol. Showed my project to Kashínski: he seems dissatisfied. I did not manage to see Krasnokútski who called to see me but did not find me in. The fleet has collected, something is being undertaken. There has been an action at Eupatoria. I asked to be sent there, but in vain.

February 6–8. Again played cards, and lost another 200 rubles. Cannot undertake to stop playing; I want to recover my losses, though I risk involving myself terribly. I want to win back the whole 2000 rubles—which is impossible, though nothing is easier than to lose another 400. And then what? Terribly bad—not to mention the loss of health and time! To-morrow will ask Odakhóvski to give me my revenge, and that will be the last time I shall play.

Have translated a ballad of Heine's and read *The Mischief of Being Clever*.[1] To-morrow will write without fail, and write much.

February 12. Have again lost 75 rubles For the time being God has spared me from unpleasantnesses, but what will happen later? My only hope is in Him. In Eupatoria there has been a bad affair—an attack repulsed, which is being spoken of as a reconnaissance. Time, the time of youth, visions, thoughts, is all being lost, leaving no trace. I do not live, but waste my years. My losses compel me to bethink myself a bit.

[1] Griboyédov's brilliant comedy.

February 14. Khrulóv[1] moved 120 light guns 100 and 300 *sázhens*[2] beyond the town and opened fire. The enemy replied feebly. A battalion of Greeks and of the Ázov regiment advanced to the assault. It was allowed to come close up, and was then suddenly met by grape-shot and small-arm fire. Our losses are estimated at from 600 to 800 men. The detachment retired, and the troops have settled in their quarters. In Sevastopol from February 11 to 12 a regiment of Zouaves attacked the new Redoubt but was repulsed. It was sufficient to allow it to be said that " the affair was favourable to us ". Our loss is stated at from 200 to 500 men. The thought of obtaining leave or entering the Military Academy occurs to me oftener and oftener. Wrote to Stolýpin that he should get me moved to Kishinëv. From there I would manage one or other of those two.

February 15, 16. Have lost a further 80 rubles. Began writing character-sketches; that idea seems a very good one both in theory and in practice. I want to try my luck at cards once again.

February 17–19. Lost another 20 rubles yesterday and will play no more.

February 20. Some not quite reliable fellows told us much news to-day. The Redoubt, an attack on which has been repulsed by the Selengínsk and Minsk regiments, was constructed by order and at the wish of the Emperor. Ménshikov is said to have left for Petersburg and his place is to be taken by Gorchakóv. Prussia is said to have declared war on Austria. After to-morrow I shall go to Sevastopol and learn all the details. To-day and to-morrow I will write the project to show to Sáken.

March 1. Ánnenkov has been appointed chief of the Commissariat of both armies. Gorchakóv replaces Ménshikov. Thank God! The Emperor died on February 18, and to-day we are to take the oath of allegiance to the

[1] S. A. Khrulóv, a General who distinguished himself in the defence of Sevastopol.

[2] The *sázhen* is seven feet.

new Emperor. Immense changes await Russia. One must work and be strong to take part in these great moments of Russia's life.

March 2–5. Have twice these last days worked at my project for the reorganisation of the army for several hours at a time. It progresses with difficulty, but I do not abandon the idea. To-day I received communion. Yesterday a conversation about Divinity and Faith suggested to me a great, a stupendous, idea to the realisation of which I feel capable of devoting my life. That idea is the founding of a new religion corresponding to the present development of mankind: the religion of Christ but purged of dogmas and mysticism—a practical religion, not promising future bliss but giving bliss on earth. I understand that to accomplish this the conscientious labour of generations is necessary. One generation will bequeath the idea to the next, and some day fanaticism or reason will accomplish it. *Deliberately* to contribute to the union of man by religion, is the basic thought which I hope will dominate me.

March 6–11. Have lost a further 200 rubles to Odakhóvski, so that I am involved to the last extremity. Gorchakóv has arrived with the whole Staff; I have been to see him and was well received, but of a transfer to the Staff, which I have long desired, there is no news. I will not ask for it but will wait for him to do it of his own accord, or for my aunt to write a letter. Had the weakness to let Stolýpin induce me to take part in a sally, though now I am not only glad of it, but regret not having gone with the assaulting column. In general this trip from the 9th to the 11th has been full of interesting occurrences. Bronévski is one of the nicest fellows I have ever met. A military career is not for me, and the sooner I get out of it to devote myself fully to literary work the better.

March 12. In the morning I wrote about a sheet of *Youth*. Afterwards played *bábki*[1] and chatted with

[1] A game remotely resembling skittles.

Bronévski. We have planned to arrange a boarding-house. He quite shares this good idea.

March 13. Wrote *Youth* and a letter to Tatiána Alexándrovna. The plan of the boarding-house is maturing. I have failed in so many things that to accomplish this I will work persistently, diligently, and carefully.

March 14–16. Yesterday wrote *Youth*, but to-day have done nothing at all, partly because in the evening Luzhínin detained me and I went to bed late, and partly because I was on parade in the morning.

March 17. Wrote about a page of *Youth* satisfactorily, but might have written more and better. Went to bed late.

March 18. Have re-read the pages of my Diary in which I examine myself and seek paths or methods of improvement. From the very beginning I adopted the most logical and scientific method, but the one least practicable : that of recognising the best and most useful virtues by reason and attaining them. Afterwards I saw that virtue is only the negation of vice, for man is *good*, and I wanted to cure myself of vices. But there were too many of them and correction on spiritual principles would be possible only for a spiritual being ; while man has two natures, two wills. Then I understood that gradualness is necessary for improvement. But that too is impossible. One must by one's reason prepare a position in which perfectibility is possible, and in which the bodily and spiritual wills most nearly agree ; for self-correction one needs certain methods. And I accidentally came upon one of those methods. I found a standard to determine in which cases goodness is easy or is difficult. In general man strives for spiritual life ; and for the attainment of spiritual aims one needs a position in which one's bodily tendencies do not contradict but accord with the mental desires : ambition, the love of woman, love of nature, of art, and of poetry. So this is my new rule in addition to those I long ago set myself : to be industrious, reasonable, and modest, to be active always in pursuing spiritual aims, to consider all my actions from the point of view that those

are good which are directed to spiritual ends, and to be modest, so that the pleasure of being satisfied with oneself should not change into the pleasure of exciting praise or surprise in others. I also often wished to work systematically for my material welfare, but that aim was too many-sided, and besides I made the mistake of wishing to attain it independently of circumstances. With my present rule I will work for the improvement of my welfare to the extent to which it can afford me means for spiritual life, and I will only work in ways that do not run counter to circumstances. My vocation, as far as I can understand from ten years' experience, is not practical activity. So that farming is least of all compatible with my tendency. To-day the idea occurred to me of renting out my estate to my brother-in-law. In that way I shall attain three aims: I shall free myself from the cares of farming and from the habits of my youth, shall limit myself, and shall pay off my debts. To-day I wrote about a sheet of *Youth*.

March 20. For two days I have written literally nothing except the rough draft of a letter to Valerián and two letters to Nekrásov: one a reply to a letter I received from him to-day in which he asks me to send him articles about the war. Shall have to write them myself—will describe Sevastopol in various phases, and an idyll of officer life.

March 21. Have done nothing. Received an enchanting letter from Másha in which she describes how she has made Turgénev's acquaintance. A dear charming letter, raising me in my own opinion and inciting me to activity. But I have been morally and physically ill all day. On the 24th we are going to Sevastopol.

March 27. First day of Easter. Was in Sevastopol the day before yesterday. That trip was particularly, pleasantly, successful. In all my comrades from the south I noticed real pleasure at seeing me, even in Kryzhanóvski's bashi-bazouk. Pleasantest of all for me was to read the very flattering reviews of *The Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker* in the papers. It is pleasant and useful because by

inflaming my vanity it incites me to activity. The latter effect is unfortunately not apparent. For some five days have not written a line of *Youth*, though I have written the beginning of *Sevastopol by Day and Night*,[1] and I have not yet begun to answer the nice letters—two from Nekrásov, and one each from Valerián, Másha, Nikólenka, and Auntie.

Through Noverézhski I am offered the post of Senior Adjutant and after considering it well have accepted it —but do not know what will come of it. Turgénev says truly that we writers must occupy ourselves with some one thing, and I shall be better able to occupy myself with literature in that position than in any other. Will suppress my ambition—my desire for promotion and medals—which is a most stupid vanity, especially in one who has already found his career. Did nothing to-day and probably on that account am in a strange, coldly irritable, state of mind. We are going to Sevastopol not on the 24th, but on April 1.

March 28. In the morning wrote some pages of *Youth*, but in the evening did nothing except some words of *Sevastopol*, partly because there were many visitors, partly because I am unwell.

March 29. Wrote some eight pages of *Youth* and not badly, but did not write the letters. To-morrow am going to Sevastopol as Quartermaster of our battery. I shall learn by actual experience what the constant fire we have heard from here for three days past means. There is talk of the repulse of an assault on the Fourth Bastion, on Chorpún, and of a heavy bombardment.

March 30, 31, *April* 1. There has been bombardment and nothing else for the last six days, and this is my fourth

[1] A first beginning of what eventually became the three sketches, *Sevastopol in December 1854*, *Sevastopol in May 1855*, and *Sevastopol in August 1855*. The present translators' version of these (commended by Tolstóy) gives a map of Sevastopol, showing the position of its defences, the Fourth Bastion in which Tolstóy served, and the Signal Station from which he witnessed the capture of the Malákhov by the French. It is published by Constable, London, and Funk and Wagnall, New York.

day in Sevastopol. As to my transfer, it has not come off, because they say that I am only a sub-lieutenant. It is vexatious. We are short of powder.

April 2. Yesterday the battery arrived I am living in Sevastopol. Our losses already amount to five thousand, but we are holding out not merely well, but so that our defence should clearly prove to the enemy the impossibility of ever taking Sevastopol. Wrote two pages of *Sevastopol* in the evening.

April 3–7. Morning. All these days I have been so fully occupied with what has been happening, and partly with my duties, that excepting one ill-arranged page of *Youth* I have not had time to write anything. Since the 4th the bombardment has lessened, but it still continues. The day before yesterday I passed the night in the Fourth Bastion. There is a steamer that occasionally fires at the town. Yesterday a shell fell near a boy and girl who were playing horses in the street. They embraced one another and fell down together The girl is the daughter of a sailor. Every day she goes to his quarters under the fire of shells and bombs. My cold is so terrible that I cannot take to anything.

April 11. Fourth Bastion.[1] Have written very, very little of *Youth* or *Sevastopol* during these days. My cold and feverish condition were the cause of this. Besides that I am vexed (especially now when I am ill) that it does not occur to anybody that I am good for anything except *chair à canon*, and of the most useless kind. Feel inclined to fall in love with a nurse I saw at the Ambulance.

April 12. Fourth Bastion. Wrote *Sevastopol by Day and Night* and, I think, not badly, and hope to finish it to-morrow. What a fine spirit there is among the sailors! How much superior they are to our soldiers. My little soldiers are also nice, and I am cheerful when with them. Yesterday a fifth mine was exploded: the firing

[1] The Fourth Bastion to which Tolstóy was sent was the most southern and the most dangerous of the defences of Sevastopol. English writers call it the Flagstaff Bastion.

seems to have increased on our side and diminished on theirs.

The same Fourth Bastion, which I am beginning to like very much. Am writing a good deal. To-day have finished *Sevastopol by Day and Night* and written a little of *Youth*. The constant charm of danger, observing the soldiers with whom I am living, the sailors, and the methods of the war, is so pleasant that I do not want to leave here, especially as I should like to be present at the assault if there is to be one.

April 14. The same Fourth Bastion, in which I get on excellently. Yesterday I finished a chapter of *Youth* and not at all badly. In general work on *Youth* will now fascinate me by the charm of work begun and nearly half accomplished. To-day I want to write the chapter *The Hay-harvest*, to begin to revise *Sevastopol*, and to begin the soldier's story of how he was hit.

O Lord! I thank Thee for Thy continual protection. How surely Thou leadest me to what is good, and how insignificant a creature I should be shouldst Thou abandon me. Leave me not, O Lord! Help me, not for the satisfaction of my insignificant aims but for the eternal, great, and unseen, aim of existence of which I am conscious.

April 21 Seven days in which I have done absolutely nothing except rewrite two pages of *Sevastopol* and the draft of an address! The day before yesterday we were driven out of the lodgements before the Fifth Bastion, and driven out shamefully. The spirit of the troops falls day by day, and a sense of the possibility of the fall of Sevastopol begins to show itself in many ways.

April 24. Fourth Bastion Have received 300 rubles from home. Paid Meshchérski and Bogáevski, but not the others because I want to play a little. Have received a letter from my Aunt,[1] which I have handed to Kovalévski to give to the Prince. These two pleasant things more than anything else, I think, have deterred me from work, so that I am in a terribly cold, practical, state of mind,

[1] Tolstóy's paternal aunt, Pelagéya Ilínishna Yúshkova.

and in two days at the Bastion have only revised some sheets of *Sevastopol.*

May 8. Yesterday I came on duty at the Bastion. Have done nothing at all the whole time, but have passed it pleasantly. Nothing has resulted from Pelagéya Ilínishna's letter. Probably that is all for the best. I have sent off *Sevastopol* and received my things. I will finish *A Cadet's Notes* in a day or two.

May 19. On the 15th I was appointed Commander of a mountain battery and came into camp at Belbék, 20 versts [1] from Sevastopol.[2] There is a lot to do. I wish to attend to the provisioning myself, and I see how easy it is to steal—so easy that it is impossible not to steal. I have many plans concerning this stealing, but what the result will be I do not know.[3] The weather is delightful, but hot. Have done nothing all this time.

May 31. On the 26th the Selengínsk, Volýnsk, and Kamchátka Redoubts were captured. I was in Sevastopol the next day and convinced myself that it will not fall. My command causes me a good deal of trouble, especially the money accounts. Decidedly I am ill-qualified for practical activity, or if I am capable of it, it costs me great effort, which is not worth applying since my career is not a practical one. For the last five days plans of compositions and crowds of thoughts stir within me more and more. Is it possible that I am unable to train myself to activity and order? I am testing myself *for the last time.* If I fall again into indifference, carelessness, and idleness, I shall conclude that I am only able to work by fits and starts and I shall not try further. Now I am re-starting

[1] The verst is about two-thirds of a mile, or slightly more than a kilomètre.

[2] Tolstóy was appointed Commander of the mountain battery because the Emperor Alexander II., having read his first stories, gave orders to take care of the life of the young writer and remove him from danger.

[3] The Commanders of detachments on receiving from the Treasury the money for provisioning their detachments spent it as they considered best and kept whatever remained, for themselves. The matter is referred to in section xvii. of *Sevastopol in August* 1855. Tolstóy, when he found that he did not spend all the money, resolved to return the balance and thereby placed the other Commanders in an awkward position. For this he ultimately received a reprimand from his Commander.

the Franklin Journal: (1) Idleness. (2) Irritability. (3) Thoughtlessness. (4) Vanity. (5) Disorder. (6) Lack of character . . . .

May 31, 11 o'clock in the evening. In the morning finished reading *Faust*. At noon started writing my Diary, but Gorchakóv interrupted me, and I went to see Kópyev in order to take up a position with my battery. Showed lack of character by not continuing to work when Gorchakóv came, and lack of order by not having gone on from Kópyev's to Hagmann to get matters settled or returning home to work, but I went to see Savítski with whom I spent the heat of the day and went to ride in the evening. It was a fine outing. Bought a horse. Told an untruth to Savítski out of vanity, and on returning home did not at once set to work, but mentally calculated some trifling sums while lying on my bed and looking at the candle. Supped and drank vodka: lack of character. And so there were two cases of lack of character, one of laziness, one of disorder, and one of vanity, in all five.

June 1. Rose at about six o'clock and found a number of *Fatherland Notes*, read them, bargained for a blind horse which I do not want, and at dinner drank vodka. (1) Idleness, (2) lack of character, and (3) disorderliness. After dinner I went to the garden, wrote a little of *A Cadet's Notes*, but could neither sleep nor work on account of the ants. Tried to tell my fortune by cards, but I did nothing. Passed the evening at Sásha's. Again idleness and lack of character and disorderliness. Again five.

June 2. Got up late. . . . Did nothing except reading *Henry Esmond*. Went to the Doctor, who tried to reassure me but did not do so. . . . I boasted to the officers, lost my temper with Seredá because he brought sick men to me. After dinner wanted to sleep but could not, and afterwards went to Vólkov's. It is abominable that I am undecided about the provisioning. And so: irritability—one, idleness—one, lack of character—one, vanity—one, disorderliness—one, total—five.

June 3. Terrible idleness. . . . Did nothing all day. Lack of character as to going or not to Hagmann, and disorderliness. . . Total three, but the chief and most terrible is insuperable idleness.

June 4. The same indefinite and stupid idleness and lack of character, and weakness of character in not turning out Rogazínski. I read *Esmond*, and in the evening had a capital ride to Mangup-Kaleh.[1] I saw the moon from the right. Idleness—one, lack of character—one, total two.

My health seems to be good.

June 5 Idleness, idleness, idleness! I crossed the river and rode in the evening to Shúya. Was boastful with the battery Commanders and twice showed lack of character: once with Weimarn in not asking him whether I was to cross or not, the second time with Reád, when I was afraid of his noticing me. Was idle all day. Total: vanity—two, lack of character—two, idleness—one; in all five. Write to Boborýkin about the plan of going to the advance posts.

June 6. Rose late, bathed three times. Rode to Starkóy, where I bought a horse. Read *Esmond*, and chatted with Stolýpin and Gorchakóv at my lodging and at theirs. Idleness, idleness! Disorderliness about sending to Simferópol, lack of character in not posting up my Diary yesterday—in all three. Yesterday morning an assault was repulsed

June 7. Read *Esmond* which I have finished. Went to see the adjutants who are intolerably stupid, and bathed three times, absolutely nothing else. *Idleness, idleness, idleness!* which at all costs must be finished to-morrow, to which end I will get up early. Idleness—one, but a great one.

June 8, 9. Idleness, idleness My health is worse. All day I was reading *Vanity Fair*. Vanity Stolýpin has left with a report, and that alarmed me.

June 10. In the evening I called in the Doctor—he

[1] A hill which dominated the Crimea, on which are the remains of the ancient capital of the Goths.

comforted me. Moreover my health is really better, especially to-day. Chatted about political economy with D. Stolýpin. He is not stupid and is good-natured. Idleness—for I did nothing except careless reading of *Vanity Fair*—and lack of character, . . . total three.

June 11. In the morning worked easily and with great pleasure, but started late and did not keep it up in the evening. Besides that, lack of character—I was twice at . . , and I ate cherries. Total three. It is ridiculous that, having started writing rules at fifteen, when nearly thirty I am still writing them, without having trusted or followed any one of them, and yet I still believe in them and want them. The rules should be moral and practical. Here are practical ones without which there can be no happiness—moderation and acquisition. *Money* !

June 12–15. For two days I have been taking drill. Yesterday was at Bakhchisaráy [1] and received a letter and my article from Panáev.[2] I am flattered that it has been read to the Emperor.[3] My service here in Russia begins to madden me just as it did in the Caucasus. *Idleness*. Vanity, telling Stolýpin about my article, and irritability, hitting men at drill. . . Extraordinary how horrid I am, and how altogether unhappy and repulsive to myself.

June 16. Worked all day, and though my health is worse I am satisfied with my day and have nothing to reproach myself with. Hurrah ! Have finished *A Cadet's Notes*,[4] not clearly and not well, but it can be sent off.

June 17. Got up late. My health is unsatisfactory. I worked again at *A Cadet's Tale* After dinner was idle and undecided. . . .

June 18. In the morning finished *A Cadet's Tale*, wrote a letter and sent it off. After dinner idled and read

[1] The ancient capital of the Crim-Tartar Khans, a small town about twenty miles from Sevastopol.

[2] I. I. Panáev, a writer, co-editor with Nekrásov of the *Contemporary*.

[3] This relates to Tolstóy's sketch *Sevastopol in December*.

[4] The title under which this story was published was *The Wood-Felling, a Cadet's Tale*. It is included with *Sevastopol* in the edition published by Constable, and with *The Cossacks* in the " World's Classics " series.

Pendennis. Did not go to drill In the evening wrote a brief project. On May 10 I received a letter from Vasíli Perfílev through Vrévski, who certainly wants to make my acquaintance. Was idle after dinner and did not revise the conversation in *A Cadet's Tale*, which I should have done. Three.

June 19. In the morning I was occupied with Kryzhanóvski's paper about the receipts and the stores. Did nothing but read. After dinner wrote a little of *May 10*,[1] but very little. Was rather idle—one, . . .—two, unmethodical in despatching the papers—three, disorderly in that I had supper when I did not intend to—four.

June 20. Got up late, read, attended to business, and wrote a little of *May 10*. After dinner was terribly, unpardonably, idle. Read *Pendennis* all the time. My health is worse Was idle—one, did not carry out my intentions—lack of character—two.

June 21. Got up late, read, wrote a letter to Másha. After dinner was idle, but on the other hand after tea wrote much and with pleasure. My health is better Got angry about my pencil—one, and was rather idle after dinner—two

June 22. Just fancy! I have nothing to reproach myself with for the whole day. Wrote much of *May 10*, and a letter to Tatiána Alexándrovna. After dinner idled a little, but that was a trifle.

June 23. Wrote all day. Finished the rough draft, and in the evening made a fair copy of one sheet. Boasted terribly before Stolýpin—one. Did not stick to my decision, did not write a letter—two. But there was an excuse for that.

Observations. Occupations. Revise the whole of the *Spring Night* [2] from the point of view of the censor, and make alterations and variations.

June 24. In writing adopt the rule of drawing up a programme, making a rough draft and a fair copy—

[1] Subsequently called *Sevastopol in May*.
[2] *Sevastopol in May*.

without finally polishing each period. One judges incorrectly and unfavourably, if one re-reads often. The charm and interest of novelty and of the unexpected vanishes, and one often strikes out what is good but seems bad from frequent repetition. The chief thing is that this method adds zeal to the work. Worked all day and cannot reproach myself with anything. Hurrah!

June 25. Was rather lazy in the morning. Was censorious with Stolýpin at whose place I was in the evening. My health is better. Rules: Order everything from large towns. Start two notebooks; the first for rules, the second for observations and occupations. In the second strike out as things get done, and look it over at the beginning of each month. Or better, have four divisions of the Diary: (1) rules, (2) observations and occupations, (3) thoughts, (4) facts. To-day among facts: the journey of 186 Finnish sharp-shooters despatched on January 4, of whom 92 reached the Crimean army on June 16; and the other: the hungry infantry officer who fed himself by sampling the soldiers' food.

June 26. Finished the *Spring Night*, but no longer think it as good as I did at first. Cannot reproach myself with anything.

June 27. Was at Bakhchisaráy. Read a *Spring Night* to Kovalévski, with which he was very well satisfied. My self-love was also flattered, and I was irritated against Kryzhanóvski by learning from Kovalévski that I was long ago invited to take part in the Brussels Magazine. What a fellow Vrévski is! They say he is a drunkard. Yesterday I was so struck by the strange fact that Lodi, who speaks all the languages, lives idly, using tallow candles and Crimean tobacco,[1] that unable to understand it, I simply asked why he used tallow candles and Crimean tobacco. I am so far removed from and unaccustomed to people with that failing that I did not understand it at all. He, Chernyáev, and I, sat in a little Bakhchisaráy tavern, when suddenly there entered from a side door a most

[1] A very cheap kind.

ridiculous, thin, pale, man, who silently sat down on the counter He seemed to us a mere shadow, and Lodi began to walk up and down the room singing, "*C'est peut-être un espion, c'est très possible*". Excellent! I cannot reproach myself with anything. Yes—for indecision. Did not leave Bakhchisaráy when I meant to. On the 28th I am going to Sevastopol.

June 28. How I used the day. Early in the morning left Bakhchisaráy and reached my lodgings, had something to eat, gave orders, wrote a little of the Diary, and rode into Sevastopol. At Inkermann gave money to Elchanínov, visited the Staff—which becomes more and more repulsive to me—and finally went to Sevastopol. The first thing I met was a shell, which burst between the Nikoláevski and the Gráfski streets. (Next day bullets were found near the Library.) The second was the news that Nakhímov is mortally wounded. Bronévski, Meshchérski, and Kalóshin, are all nice and are fond of me. On the return journey next day, June 29—the morning of which I spent partly in the officers' battery, partly with Meshchérski and at Inkermann—I found Baron Férzen and was exceedingly glad. It seems that I am really beginning to acquire a reputation in Petersburg. The Emperor has ordered *Sevastopol in December* to be translated into French. Vrévski, whom I visited to-day (June 30), seems an empty fellow. To-day I am in a terribly bad state of mind, and the provisioning is not in order. They are always stealing, and terribly!

Have to reproach myself these two days: (1) with intemperance—I drank wine and kvas, etc., and with vanity, once in the presence of Bronévski and a second time of Boborýkin.

Facts: There are some people whose courage is like that of stud stallions, who are terribly frightening when they are brought out but are quite quiet when saddled. It is said that the late Tyurtyukóvski was a pure Russian and a handsome young officer. Standing at the battery he used to stamp his feet and clap his hands, calling, "First,

second, third. . . " Before the assault one shell fell after another in the Volýnsk Redoubt, no one went in or out. The corpses were swung by their legs and arms and thrown over the parapet. Nikíforov's story of running away is interesting. When a man is hit, it seems to him that he is flying upwards.

Rules and thoughts : When leaving home always take a man with me. Try each month to set 200 rubles aside, partly from the provisions and forage-money and partly from the money for my writings, and write to the village that they are to pay my debts to Zubkóv, Dusseau, Chevalier, Charmer,[1] and so on, and in any case I must myself collect 1500 rubles by New Year. Observations. Occupations. To write to the village. Correct the " Aristocrats ", " The Black Earth ".[2]

June 30. Returned to my lodging. Was in the very worst frame of mind. Wrote letters to Valerián and to Pelagéya Ilínishna. Read and gave orders. Must reproach myself strongly for irritability To-morrow will set to work on *Youth*.

Facts : A commissariat commander gave 300 rubles to a girl in a brothel where he stayed two days and recited verses to them.

July 1. Behaved very badly. Did nothing, though I tried to draw up a plan of *Youth*, but could not collect my thoughts. . . Wrote a letter to Nikólenka, which however was ill-considered. Must rewrite it. Yesterday wrote letters to Valerián and to Aunt Paulína. Facts : Is there anything stupider than the 101 shots we fired at the enemy's trenches on the Emperor's birthday ? " It's the Tsar's name-day. I'm glad, and I'll give it you ! " Observations Occupations. Order good writing appliances. Reproaches : lack of character, depression of spirits. Ate apricots. Idleness.

July 2, 3. Health very bad. Wrote a letter to Serëzha.

[1] Dusseau and Chevalier were well-known Moscow restaurants. Charmer was one of the best tailors.

[2] Two types of officers observed and described by Tolstóy.

Férzen and Kalóshin came to see me. Reproaches: (1) irritability, (2) vanity. Thoughts. For me there are three sorts of people: (1) those who do not touch my spirit—quiet but empty people, (2) those who touch it but discordantly and unpleasantly, (3) those who touch it and in the right way—friends.

July 4. In the morning revised *Sevastopol in May*. The same for part of the time after dinner, and also wrote a letter to Panáev. Will send it to-morrow to Kalóshin. In the evening Sásha Gorchakóv sat with me. My health is bad. Reproaches—I think there are none, nor any facts, rules, or thoughts.

July 5. I am becoming very lazy. Have only now reached the period of real temptation by vanity. Could gain much in life if I wished to write without conviction.[1] Facts: soldiers are extremely fond of singing on horseback. Idleness, idleness, idleness. Three.

July 6. Hope that to-day is the last of the idleness in which I have spent the whole week. All day to-day have been reading a stupid novel by Balzac, and have only now taken up a pen. Thoughts. Wrote the *Diary of an Officer in Sevastopol*—various aspects, phases, and moments of military life. Publish it in some newspaper! Think of deciding on that plan, though my chief occupation must be *Youth* and *Early Manhood*, but the former is for money, practice in style, and variety. Reproaches: (1) idleness, (2) irritability.

July 7. Health very bad. Feverish. . . . Have done positively nothing to reproach myself with. By forcing myself I might do some work: had some thoughts for *An Officer's Diary*. Rules for play.

July 8. Health very bad and cannot work. Have done absolutely nothing. Rules. I must accumulate money, (1) to pay my debts, (2) to free my estate and

[1] Tolstóy was much hampered by the Censor, who not only struck out of *Sevastopol* reflections on the war, but even inserted patriotic and militaristic remarks which Tolstóy resented. Some of these he indicated to the present translator with a request to omit them from the version then being made, which was subsequently published by Constable.

make it possible to liberate my serfs. Will copy out rules for play—but as a method of limiting losses when one plays, and not of winning. As to the surplus remaining from my command of the battery, I will certainly take it and not speak of it to anyone. If I am asked I will say that I took it, as I know it to be honest. Idleness, idleness, idleness; but from to-morrow morning I shall set to work, and will now consider what at. Have been idle eight days already, and three days completely so.

July 9. Gorchakóv and V. hindered me from working and came in in the evening to play cards. I played contrary to my rule of fixing in advance how much I would risk, and lost 100 rubles, but afterwards won them back from Gorchakóv and even won another 25, though this is still owing me, for I repaid 25 to Volkónski and lent 100 to Gorchakóv, who now owes me 150. Laziness—one, lack of character—two.

July 10. Do not myself know why I have done nothing though my health is considerably better. Was occupied all the time with calculations for playing *stos*, from which no certain rules result, but the following are likely.[1] In Sevastopol the bombardment is terrible. It troubles me. A crowd of thoughts for *Youth* are entered up in the note-book. I shall soon make use of them without copying them out. Laziness, laziness, laziness.

July 11. In the morning wrote a letter to Louise Volkónski, with which however I am dissatisfied. Read some strange thing of Balzac's. In the evening Gorchakóv and Burnashëv came to play cards. The latter related the following remarkable *fact.* They have a Kriegscommissar, an awful fool, a Major Duchínski, who believes anything that is told him. Burnashëv having returned from Sevastopol told him that another Kriegscommissar carries on the following operation (Duchínski dreams of

[1] Here follow nineteen lines of a system for playing *stos*, but as *stos* was a very complicated game and unlike any card game now played, it is useless to attempt to translate them, for the special terms used would involve intricate explanations. As previously mentioned, the game is described in the edition of *Sevastopol* and *Two Hussars* published by Constable & Co.

operations) : the burial of corpses is entrusted to him and the government allows him ten rubles for each soldier buried. A coffin costs only three rubles, and he gives the men vodka to keep up their courage. Duchínski believed all this and envied the other Kriegscommissar. " Only the rascal does not set crosses on their graves and the soldiers grumble," added Burnashëv. " Well, but if the government does not supply them, where is he to take them from ? " replied Duchínski, to prove that it would be ruinous. Laziness, laziness ! Burnashëv is being sent as adjutant to Órenburg, and this suggests to me to apply to be sent (in January, or by the time when I shall have paid off my debts and collected about a thousand rubles) as an adjutant to Moscow, or to the munitions-factory at Túla.[1] Have only to-day sent off *Sevastopol in May*.

July 12. Have written nothing all day, read Balzac and been solely occupied with the new chest, and have realised that there will be no Treasury money left over. Am even surprised that the thought should have occurred to me of taking any, even though it was a quite unneeded surplus. Am very glad I have devised these chests, which will cost over 100 rubles. In the evening lost eight rubles at *eralásh*.[2] (1) Laziness, (2) laziness, (3) irritating idleness. Total, four. To-morrow morning will write *Youth*.

July 13. Have been engrossed in reading *Le Lys dans la vallée*,[3] and have written nothing. In the evening played écarté with Ézarski, having decided not to risk more than ten rubles, and I really stopped myself. Some such losses will be an enormous gain to me : I shall test, and learn to trust, my character. Reproaches : (1) laziness and (2) laziness.

July 14. Read all day. Moved into the village on account of the rain. Played cards with Stolýpin and Gorchakóv in the evening. Laziness, laziness, laziness : total, three. Health seems rather worse.

[1] Túla was only a few miles from Tolstóy's estate at Yásnaya Polyána
[2] A card game resembling whist. [3] A novel by Balzac.

July 15. Rules: Fix for a year the monthly amount of losses, from which regular winnings (that is winning to as much as the sum fixed for losses) are not to be subtracted nor added, but which is to increase by as much as remains over from the previous month. For this year, till July 1, 1856, I allow myself 75 rubles a month. Have lost 17 rubles 90 kopéks. Have won 25 rubles. Consequently may lose 82 rubles 10 kopéks.

Rósen and Stolýpin were here. Have been lazy all day. Health not good, fever and headache. Am afraid of being laid up. (1) Laziness, (2) lack of character, (3) laziness, (4) lack of character.

July 16. Again did nothing all day. Played cards, lost 13 rubles, and so have 69 rubles and 10 kopéks to lose. Thoughts: Want to write *An Officer's Diary*. Savítski was saying in the evening that Schiedemann hates me. That bit of scandal upset me. However, I am guilty towards Scheidemann for having spoken badly of him. Rule: Never speak evil of anyone needlessly.

July 17. Health is worse. Have done nothing. Three rules: (1) To be what I am: (*a*) by capacity—man of letters, (*b*) by birth—an aristocrat; (2) never to speak badly of anyone; (3) to be economical with money.

July 18. . . . Have done nothing. Laziness, laziness, laziness!

July 19, 20. Received a letter from Panáev to-day. They are satisfied with *A Cadet's Tale*, and are printing it in the eighth number. Played *eralásh* at Hagmann's. My illness remains as before. Wished to write, but laziness, laziness, laziness! Lost 2 rubles 70 kopéks, so have 66 rubles and 40 kopéks to lose.

July 21. Did nothing; but had visitors, Stolýpin, etc. Passed the time very pleasantly. (1) Blamed people and (2) was lazy.

July 22. The Stolýpins and others hindered me all day. In the evening I gave a terrible example of lack of character and indecision. . . . Laziness, lack of character, and indecision—three. Lost 8 r. 60 kop., and so for this

month 57 r. 80 kop. remain ; but I have lent 25 r., so the balance is 32 r. 80 kop.

July 23. Wished to begin to live with decision, deciding on all my actions in advance and carrying out the decisions; but afterwards I was idle, though it is true I was interrupted. Laziness—one.

July 24, 25. Yesterday began writing *Youth* but was lazy : wrote only half a sheet, and played patience all day to-day. Rules : (1) every day write one fresh sheet at least, and revise as much. Not go to bed till that is done, (2) tackle as promptly as possible every necessary affair for which I feel a disinclination.

Do not know by what train of thoughts, or simply in consequence of what memories, while talking to Khonzíni to-day I returned to my former view of life, the aim of which is welfare and the ideal—virtue. This return was exceedingly pleasant to me, and I was horrified at how remote I have been from that view, and how material and bad my recent thoughts and rules have been. They will however be of use to me. A certain measure of the success obtainable by those rules is necessary for a good life. Yes, military society has cast its shadow on me and stained me. To-morrow I will copy out all the rules. End of the month. To-day I received two letters from the village and one from Alexéev. A fact for *Youth* : A storm, and how they close the window in the house. Idleness, great idleness.

July 26. Wrote a little in the morning and after dinner. Must write some letters. In the evening played chess and cards, lost 4 r. 80 kop., so that 28 r. or 53 remain. Idleness. In alteration of the rule fixing 75 r. a month for losses, fix 100 r. a month for expenses and losses.

July 27. D. Gorchakóv arrived and hindered me all day, but I was also lazy, I only wrote half a sheet. I lost 1 r. 50. The balance remaining is 26½ r., or 51½. From the 1st I shall manage the expenditure myself. Idleness and evil-speaking twice.

July 28. Played cards all day by myself. Deduced

the following rules. (Sixteen lines of rules for playing "Bank" omitted.)

July 29. It is so stupid to spend two days as I have done. It is horrible—playing *stos* by oneself. Read my article in the magazine *Frauenpost*. Rules for play. (Seven lines omitted.) To-day I played, and lost 75 rubles

July 30. Rode on horseback, dined at Stolýpin's, but did absolutely nothing. My health is bad. Fever and headache. Prepared for departure. Idleness.

July 31. Health seems bad, feverishness and terrible weakness. Because of this I have done nothing. I gave many orders in the detachment, and wrote to Fil. Lost 75 rubles again in two ventures Idleness, idleness, idleness!

August 1. Lost 75 rubles in big stakes. The sum for the month is 80 rubles, so that the stakes may be equal. (One line omitted.) Did nothing all day, wrote a report and made some notes. Laziness, laziness, laziness.

Had a conversation to-day with Stolýpin about slavery in Russia. The plan occurred to me yet more clearly than before of making four periods of *The Story of a Russian Landowner*, and I will myself be that hero in Khabárovka. The chief idea of the story must be the impossibility, in our times, of a decent life for an educated landowner with slavery. All its wretchedness should be shown and the means of correcting it indicated.

August 2–4. In the evenings played with Rósen, did not observe my rules, but nevertheless won 580 rubles, of which he owes me 550. The essential thing is to play for cash. On the 3rd and 4th I went on an expedition and was in a terrible and disastrous action.[1] Sent a letter to my aunt by the courier. (1) Irritability.

August 7. Have been to Inkermann and Sevastopol. Won 100 rubles from Odakhóvski and am quits with every-

[1] This was the battle of the Chérnaya, in which the Sardinian contingent on the side of the Allies distinguished itself, and to which some verses of the Sevastopol songs, which got Tolstóy into trouble, relate.

one in the Crimea. Have sold Mashták. Was in good spirits. Decided from to-day to live entirely on my pay. Play with the money I receive from home, and if I lose, *ne plus ultra* 960 rubles. All that is owed to me and that I receive I will add to the capital I am accumulating. All that remains from the detachment-funds and also all that I may win. So far there is only 200 rubles from Rósen. Have conducted myself well.

August 8. Was at Bakhchisaráy, but did not succeed in getting to Simferópol with a large company that invited me. The Stolýpins bore me. Wrote letters to Panáev, Serëzha, and Valerián. My health is good. I wrote a report on the gun-carriage, and other papers. Did not get time to work at *Youth*. To-morrow. I might have done something in the evening. Rules for play. (Three lines omitted.)

August 9. Did nothing. Sensuality torments me. Met Sergéy Tolstóy and visited the new Commander, Timashëv. Laziness.

August 10, 11. Went to Bakhchisaráy, bought a horse, fornicated, and generally behaved badly, not to mention my laziness, which I have still not mastered. My health is not good. . . . To-morrow must absolutely work on *Youth* from the morning. Idleness, idleness, lack of character.

August 12. Rose early, wrote the last part of the first chapter of *Youth*, but very little. Went on playing patience. At ten o'clock decided that my chief aim and work on myself must be to exercise my strength of will. Must keep that thought constantly before me. To-day (1) drank vodka, (2) told my fortune during the day, and (3) was lazy.

August 13. Again told my fortune. Wrote little of the letter though I was in the mood for it. A plan of attacking through the Baydár Plain Gates occurred to me. Will consult men who know the topography of the place. (1) Idleness, (2) irritability.

August 14–16. Was at Bakhchisaráy. There spent

my time pleasantly enough. Won 40 rubles. Did nothing. Lack of character. Mikhálski played pranks.

August 17. Rose early. Rode to Timashëv's, dined at Bormann's, and received 400 rubles from Rósen. Kóval is a scoundrel. Morally I have sunk deep Have forgotten God, as the saying is. Thanks to a slight unpleasantness with Kóval and to the wonderful moonlight, a happy thought occurred to me. Titus:[1] judge my day by the good and evil I have done to my neighbours. To-day I insulted Kozelkóv and Mikhálski, and did nothing else. Insulted Kozelkóv grossly.

August 18. Kovalévski came to see me in the morning. Our quarters are horrible A cold. Wrote very little. Did neither good nor evil Laziness.

August 25. Have just looked at the sky A splendid night. Lord have mercy upon me! I am bad. Grant me to be good and happy Lord have mercy upon me! The stars in the sky! In Sevastopol there is a bombardment and in camp there is music. Have done no good. On the contrary have won money from Korsakóv. Have been in Simferópol.

September 2. Have written nothing in my Diary for a week. Have lost 1500 rubles net. Sevastopol has surrendered! I was there just on my birthday. To-day have been drawing up a report—it is good.[2] I owe Rósen 3000 rubles, and have lied to him.

September 17. Yesterday I received the news that *Night*[3] has been distorted and printed. It seems that I

[1] The Roman Emperor, famed for his beneficence.

[2] The Commander of the Sevastopol artillery, General Kryzhanóvski, entrusted Tolstóy with the compilation of an account of the final assault, and as material for it sent him the reports of the artillery commanders from each of the Bastions. Many years later, recalling that work, Tolstóy remarked: "I am sorry that I did not copy those reports. It would have been an excellent example of the naïve and inevitable military lies from which the descriptions of battles are drawn up."

[3] *A Night in Sevastopol* or, as it was afterwards called, *Sevastopol in May*, was at first passed by the Censor with some slight alterations, but when it had been already set up in type the Censor suddenly demanded it back and submitted it for revision to the President of the Committee of Censors. On reading it, the President became enraged and reproached the

am under the strict observation of the Blues[1] on account of my articles. I wish however that Russia always had such moral writers; but I never can be a sugary one, nor can I ever write "from the empty into the void"[2] without ideas, and above all without aim. Despite a first moment of anger, in which I promised myself never again to take a pen in hand, my chief and sole activity, dominating all other tendencies and occupations, must be literature. My aim is literary fame and the good I can accomplish by my writings. To-morrow I am going to Koroléz and will tender my resignation. In the morning will write *Youth*. Have not done good to anyone, but much evil: (1) offended Krasóvski, (2) offended Shchépin. Have not been to see Alësha. My money affairs are as follows. Am owed 2200 rubles and owe 200 rubles. From home in the course of the year I shall receive 2500. Cash in hand eight rubles.

September 19. Have moved to Kremenchúg and put up at a secret spy's. It is very interesting. As to women, there seems to be no hope. Wrote a little more of *Sevastopol in August*. Did no good to anyone, nor any evil. Must at all costs obtain fame! I want to publish *Youth* myself. After having been to the southern coast and received money, will apply for leave to return home.

September 20. There are plenty of pretty girls and sensuality troubles me. The French have turned the detachment at Fatsiali, which has retired. Have not done any good or any evil.

Censor and the Editor, and with his own hand altered Tolstóy's production. Panáev, the Editor, seeing that the article was so spoilt, wished not to print it at all; but the President of the Committee of Censors demanded that it should be printed with all his alterations. Panáev had to submit, but he removed Tolstóy's signature. The other Editor of the *Contemporary*, Nekrásov, wrote of this to Tolstóy as follows: "The revolting disorder to which your article has been reduced has quite upset me. Till now I cannot think of it without depression and fury. . . . I will not console you by saying that the fragments of your article which have been printed are found excellent by many readers. For those who knew the article in its real shape that is no more than a collection of words without meaning or inner sense."

[1] "The Blues" (so called from the colour of their uniform) were the gendarmes who had the maintenance of the existing order in their charge.

[2] A familiar Russian saying.

September 21. Shall perish if I do not reform; with my character, education, circumstances, and abilities, there is no middle course between a brilliant and a wretched future. All the strength of my character must be turned towards reformation. My chief vices are: lack of character—non-fulfilment of resolutions. The means of correction are (*a*) to know my general aim, (*b*) to reflect on and note down my future activities, and carry them out even if they are bad. My aims are: (1) the good of my neighbour, and (2) self-discipline sufficient to render me capable of accomplishing that aim. The second is at present more important than the first, so I must remember all that has been decided on even if it be contrary to the first and general aim. Decide in advance on a few actions easy to accomplish and, above all, such as do not contradict one another. My chief aim in life is the good of my neighbour, and the accessory aims are literary fame, based on the benefit and the good of my neighbour; wealth derived from work, from activities useful to my neighbour and from play, and employed for good ends, and fame in the service, based on usefulness to the fatherland. In my Diary will analyse what I have done each day for the achievement of these four aims, and how often I have not accomplished what I set out to do.

To-morrow, for the first of the four aims, I will write letters to my aunts and to my brother Dmítri,[1] and will inquire about the men's food, health, and quarters; for the second, I will draft the plan of an article, and write it as well as *Youth*; for the third, I will make up my accounts and write to my steward; and for the fourth, I will study the locality.

September 23. Wrote a letter to Aunt Pelagéya Ilínishna, gave advice and promised help to the Greeks, which I will give; for the second aim, I drafted *Sevastopol in August*. For the third, wrote to my steward; and for the fourth, rode to the front. To-morrow, for the first aim will write a letter to Nikólenka and will buy an ox and hay

[1] Tolstóy's third brother, who died in 1856.

from Sófya Ivánovna; for the second aim will write *Youth* and *Sevastopol in August*; for the third aim will make up my accounts and buy hay; for the fourth will ride along the road towards Albát, review the battery, and inspect the soldiers. . . .

September 23.[1] For the first, have not written the letter to Nikólenka nor bought the hay. For the second, have written neither *Sevastopol* nor *Youth*, because in consequence of Mikhálski's refusing me money I rode to the Staff; for the third, I did not make up my accounts for the same reason. But I have won 150 rubles from Serzputóvski. For the fourth, reviewed the battery and rode along the road towards Albát. (I have omitted a fifth and chief aim—my struggle against lack of character.)

For the 24th had not fixed anything as I went to Korolëz, but I acted contrary to my first aim, failing to keep my resolution about play and losing more than I had by me, and I was lazy. For the second, I wrote a note in the third person to Grandmother and a letter to Krasóvski. As to the third and fourth points, I did nothing. For the fifth, I gave orders for the departure, but did not move at night. To-morrow, September 25, for the first aim, will get up at half-past seven and will neither eat nor drink anything harmful. For the second, will buy hay from Sófya Ivánovna and see about quarters for the men. For the third, will write *Sevastopol in August* and *Youth*; for the fourth, will make up my accounts and write to Valerián; for the fifth, will look round the neighbourhood, execute my duties strictly, and make up to Mitón.

September 26. In position at Fatsiali. This is my second day here. Both days there were alarms from 12 o'clock to 6. The position is such that we shall quickly have to retire. Teterévnikov seems more capable than Mitón.

September 27. For the first aim, rose early, and ate and drank nothing harmful. For the second, bought hay but attended badly to the men. For the third, got nothing

[1] This is a second entry on the same date.

done as there was no paper; for the fourth, did nothing for the same reason. For the fifth, surveyed the position, but behaved badly to Mitón, who by the way seems to be an empty fellow. To-day—for the first aim, did not write, but drank no vodka. For the second, did nothing excepting look after Potapchúk. For the third, did nothing simply from laziness; for the fourth, wrote to Verëvkin about the provisions. For the fifth, rode round the locality and made up to Teterévnikov. To-morrow, for the first aim, will write two large sheets of *Youth* or *Sevastopol* and will restrain myself. For the second, will look for an opportunity of attending to the men. For the third, will make up my accounts and write to Valerián; for the fourth, will write *Youth* and *Sevastopol*; and for the fifth, will take the drill, go to Teterévnikov, write a report about the men, and again survey the locality.

September 28. For the first aim, I positively could not write two sheets, but might have written a little, and was not continent, that however by conviction, and I do actually feel better. For the second there was no opportunity. I did nothing, but on the contrary stole hay. For the third aim I did nothing. For the fourth I did nothing. For the fifth, though I retired last of all and was ready to volunteer, I was irresolute, or I might have fired. To-day we retired with a slight interchange of shots in the line. Teterévnikov seems to me a frivolous fellow. My health is not good. To-morrow I ought to write for the first aim, and arrange about the sick for the second. For the third, must write to Valerián; and for the fourth, write to Nekrásov and continue *Youth*. For the fifth, must survey the locality and volunteer.

October 1. These three last days I have been in a continual bustle of marching. Yesterday I even fired two rounds of grape shot. I did not wash, did not undress, and behaved absurdly. I quite forgot my aims. For the first of them I have done absolutely nothing during this time: I have put no compulsion and no restraint on myself. For the second, I have applied for rewards for the soldiers.

For the third I have done nothing; for the fourth I could do nothing; for the fifth, have fired and exerted myself a good deal. For the first aim, come what may, I will write *Youth* and *Sevastopol in August* to-morrow. For the second I will write to my brother Nikólenka and to Kryzhanóvski. For the third, will make up my accounts and write a letter to Valerián. For the fourth, will write *Youth* and *Sevastopol in August*; for the fifth, will ride to Teterévnikov and apply to be sent on a mission.

October 2. For the first aim, nothing. For the second, nothing except a report. For the third, nothing. For the fourth, nothing. For the fifth, I gadded about. Am much dissatisfied with the day—was occupied with the officers of the Fourth Light Battery. But to-morrow for the first aim I will work all day, and for the second, will write to Kryzhanóvski and, if I can, will ask Sukhozánet; for the third aim, will post up my accounts. For the fourth, will write *Youth* and *Sevastopol in August*, and for the fifth, will ride to Teterévnikov's.

October 10. Have long been in a lazily apathetic, hopelessly dissatisfied, position. Have won another 130 rubles at cards. Bought a horse and bridle for 150. What nonsense! My career is literary. Write and write! From to-morrow I will work all my life, or will abandon everything—rules, religion, decency—everything.

October 23. Won another 600 rubles in cash, and have 500 rubles owing to me. Yesterday and to-day wrote a little, but it was easy. I take a morning douch. Will go to see Urúsov. Logical activity, patience, and energy. . . .

October 24–27. Yesterday lost 500 rubles. I pledge my word never to borrow or lend money when playing, and neither to win nor lose on credit. (Three lines, containing rules for play, omitted.) Have sold my roan horse. Terrible idleness. It is essential to get out of this rut of military life, which harms me.

November 21. I am in Petersburg, at Turgénev's. Lost before leaving, 2800 and 600 rubles. Managed with difficulty to transfer it to my debtors. Took 875 rubles in

the village. It is most important for me to behave myself well here. For that I need chiefly (1) to deal cautiously but boldly with people who can harm me, (2) to manage my expenses wisely, and (3) to work. To-morrow I will write *Youth* and a bit of my Diary

1856

January 9, 10. I am in Orël. My brother Dmítri is dying. How the evil thoughts I used to have about him crumble into dust. Másha [1] and Tatiána Alexándrovna are nursing him. I again dislike Valerián. Feel terribly depressed. Can't do anything, but I am planning a play.

February 2. Am in Petersburg. Brother Dmítri is dead, I heard of it to-day. From to-morrow I want to spend my days so that it should be pleasant to remember them. To-morrow will write to Pelagéya Ilínishna and to the steward, and make a clean copy of *The Snow-Storm*. Will dine at the Chess Club and go on copying *The Snow-Storm*. Will call on Turgénev in the evening, in the morning will walk for an hour. Have read over a very practical page of my Diary, where I say that we must not confuse perfection with perfecting and must strive towards both by negative means. My chief shortcomings are idle habits, lack of order, sensuality, and a passion for gambling. Will struggle against them.

February 4. Wrote a little in the morning, Bulgákov disturbed me. Fell asleep, and then Kútler came. Dined at the Chess Club. Fet [2] is very pleasant. The story of

[1] Másha was a prostitute whom Dmítri Tolstóy had rescued from a house of ill-fame and taken to live with him as if she were his wife. His death and his relations with her are described in *Anna Karenina*, chapters xvii.-xx. of Part V., except that in the novel Kitty is substituted for Tatiána Alexándrovna.

[2] A. A. Fet, a prominent lyrical poet and for many years a close friend of Tolstóy's. His political sympathies were extremely conservative. He used to say that no reforms were necessary, except to appoint good Governors of the towns and provinces; to which Tolstóy replied, "Yes, Fet dear, but where will you get them from?"

TOLSTÒY IN PETERSBURG, 1855

the assistant: the scene with a drunken man! Went to the Tolstóys in the evening. Received money from Nekrásov and sat up till two with Kútler.

Thank God I am behaving properly for the second day. B. and K.'s love-story. Must never sulk. Respect women. To-morrow morning will put down these thoughts and facts in such a way that I may be able to recall them, and with that object will fix the hours for writing my Diary.

The story of the assistant. A peasant steward sold his landowner's corn for seven thousand rubles, and having to go away on business told his assistant to take care of the money. The assistant took the money and absconded to Odessa where he grew rich. To be able to get away he paid two thousand to the landed-proprietor for a false certificate of liberation from serfdom. Ten years later the assistant grew homesick, took about ten thousand of the two hundred thousand he had amassed, and returned to his village. On meeting his uncle he asked to be taken to his brothers, but could not resist disclosing who he was. He gave his uncle two thousand rubles and promised to give as much to each of his brothers. His uncle took him to the village, but on entering it seized him by the collar and shouted, "Help! Thief!" The assistant was arrested and imprisoned. His uncle would not accept any reward from the landowner but handed the two thousand rubles over to him.

Scene with a drunken man. Coming out into the Voznesénski Prospect I noticed a crowd. Two gentlemen wearing workmen's coats were leading along a tipsy little bare-headed old man in a nankeen coat and trying to put him into a cab; the cabman chiefly insisted on having the fare fixed, and kept the apron of the cab fastened. The gentlemen in the workmen's coats were in a passion. At the end of the Prospect appeared a police-constable in wash-leather gloves which he smoothed with the palms of his hands as he went along. The old man quite shrivelled up. The gentlemen in the workmen's coats left the cabman and led the old man to the pavement.

The constable shouted, "What?" and then a long story ensued to which the constable did not listen. "Take him!" They led him away; the constable, still smoothing his gloves, followed on the pavement as if going for a walk, but on coming up to the old man dealt him a heavy blow on the back with his enormous fist and again arranged his gloves. This a second and a third time, then the gloves again. The crowd began to disperse. "Collecting crowds indeed!"

B. and K.'s love-story. An old rogue and a young lady from the depths of the provinces met on the railway. Sitting side by side within an hour they were familiarly saying "thou" to one another. B. afterwards decided that he did not wish to part with anything for nothing. She wrote him that she expected the highest proofs of love: namely ten rubles to bribe the maid to enable her to come to him at 2 A.M. Too beautiful and too touching to be described!

Never sulk, and when anything happens that leads that way, say at once, "This will make me sulky".

Respect for women. Relations towards women can be of three kinds. Some you respect for something, perhaps for a stupid reason: because they have connections higher than your own—that is a misfortune. Sometimes you love and value a woman but treat her like a child—a misfortune. Sometimes you respect her so that disagreement in opinions hurts and you want to argue—that is good.

February 7. Quarrelled with Turgénev. . . .

February 8. The Volkónskis had a party. To-morrow go to service. Was at *l'Étoile du Nord* in the bomb-factory all day. Timm,[1] Bulgákov, and Ereméev, spent the evening with me.

February 10. Wrote little yesterday. Gymnastics take a lot of time. Was silly enough to agree about the theatre. Went to Kraévski.[2]

[1] V. F. Timm was a talented artist-illustrator.

[2] A. A. Kraévski, a well-known journalist who was editing the monthly *Fatherland Notes* and the daily *Petersburg Gazette*.

February 11, 12. Finished *The Snow-Storm* and am very pleased with it.

February 13–19. Did nothing. Went out and enjoyed the sight of the crowds round the booths, and studied the character of a Russian crowd listening to a speaker. Dined with Turgénev. We have made it up. In the evening a demi-monde gathering at Gordéev's. My girl Peíker is extremely talented, but though she laughs well it seems insincere. Volkónski wants to be in love, but thinks she wants somebody to fall in love with her. To-morrow I will work six hours, and promise myself not to go to sleep till I have done it. Will first write Epíshka from *The Deserter*.[1] Then the comedy, and then *Youth*.

March 12. Have long not noted anything down and have been in a kind of mist for three weeks. Besides I am unwell. The plan of the comedy wearies me. Peace has been concluded. I think I have parted with Turgénev for good. Sazónova came here and has filled me with inexpressible disgust. Have planned *Father and Son*.

March 21. The day before yesterday I accidentally read Longínov's [2] letter, and have sent him a challenge. God knows what will come of it, but I shall be firm and resolute. The affair has on the whole had a good effect on me. I am making up my mind to go to the country, marry as soon as possible, and not to write under my own name any more. Above all, always and with everyone be reticent and careful in conversation! Activity, pure-heartedness, content with the present, and search for love. My chief mistake in life has been to let reason take the place of feeling, allowing my flexible reason to replace what conscience called good by what conscience called evil. Why does love, which dwells in the soul, not find satisfaction when it encounters the person who evokes it? Vanity destroys it. Modesty is the chief condition, the *sine qua non*, of mutual love.

[1] *The Deserter* was one of the early drafts of *The Cossacks*.

[2] M. N. Longínov wrote a number of literary biographies and articles on the history of literature. He left an unpleasant reputation.

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April 4. One of the chief evils that grows with the ages and shows itself in all possible guises is trust in the past. Geological and historical changes are inevitable. Why build in 1856 a house with Grecian columns which support nothing?

April 15. Have just awaked. It is one o'clock. "Christ is risen!" all you who love me. And I love everyone. I am well in spirit and in body. Finished *Father and Son* yesterday.

April 19 Finished even the correction of *Father and Son*, which on Nekrásov's advice I am calling *The Two Hussars*. That is better. Have put my papers in order and mean to start on a serious work, *Punishments in the Army*. Had stomach-troubles these last two days, yesterday especially. Will write to Pelagéya Ilínishna.

April 20. Visited the Blúdovs and Turgénev, and chattered very merrily with him.

April 21. Behaved disgustingly after dinner at Nekrásov's. Gadded about the Névski. . . . Set myself a rule never to drink more than half a glass of vodka, one glass of strong wine, and one tumbler of light wine.

April 22. Am not writing anything. My relation to my serfs is beginning to trouble me much. I feel the need of learning, learning, and learning.

April 23. Was at Médem's in the morning. Dined with Blúdov. In the evening at Kovélin's.[1] A delightful mind and nature. The serf-question is becoming clearer. I returned from him bright, hopeful, and happy. Shall go back to the country with a ready written project.

April 24. Have jotted down a summary of the projects. Heard Kovélin's charming proposals. Went to Kútler and saw a fine little girl there, his sister-in-law.

April 25. Gorbunóv[2] came in the morning. It flatters my self-love to note his improvement. Afterwards

[1] K. D. Kovélin, an historian, active in promoting the emancipation of the serfs. He wrote for the *Contemporary*, to which Tolstóy contributed.

[2] I. Th. Gorbunóv, a talented actor and *diseur* of scenes from peasant life. His *Stories and Scenes from Peasant Life* were published.

we went to Milútin,[1] who explained much to me and showed me the project concerning the rights of serfdom, which I read while having dinner. Wrote down for myself the project of a project and of the report. Paid a pleasant visit to Turgénev. Must book him to-morrow for dinner.

April 26. Arkádi Stolýpin came in the morning. He is heavy. Corrected proofs Had very amusing gymnastics. Dined at Dusseau's with Arkádi Stolýpin. A splendid and interesting fellow. Dmítri Stolýpin was touched because I abused his chief and begged his pardon. In the evening corrected proofs.

May 5. Dinner for Turgénev at which, foolishly offended by a verse of Nekrásov's, I said unpleasant things to everybody. Turgénev left. I am sad, especially as I am writing nothing.

May 8. Learnt yesterday that my resignation will not be accepted for a long time yet. Dinner at Blúdov's.[2] Dull. Went to the Islands [3] with Shévich. Pleasant. Spent the evening at Obolénski's with Aksákov,[4] Kiréevski,[5] and other Slavophils. It is evident they are looking for an enemy who does not exist. Their outlook is too narrow and too far from reaching the quick to meet any resistance. There is no need for it. Their aim, like every union of people's mental activity by means of discussions and polemics, has changed considerably, broadened, and taken for its foundations serious truths such as family life, the Commune, and Orthodoxy. But they degrade them by the bitterness with which they express their views, as though expecting contradiction. Greater calmness and *Würde* (self-respect) would be more profitable, especially concerning Orthodoxy: first because—

[1] N. A. Milútin, a statesman who took an active part in promoting the abolition of serfdom.

[2] Count D. N. Blúdov, President of the Academy of Science and an active advocate of the emancipation of the serfs.

[3] The Islands of the Néva, a favourite pleasure resort in Petersburg.

[4] I. S. Aksákov, Slavophil and publicist, son of S. T. Aksákov, author of *Years of Childhood*, etc.

[5] I. V. Kiréevski was a writer and a prominent Slavophil.

accepting the validity of their opinion as to the importance of all classes sharing the life of the people—one cannot, from a higher standpoint, but admit the monstrosities of its expression and its historical insolvency, and secondly, because the censorship closes their opponents' mouths.

The day before yesterday I went to see Nicholas Milútin. He promised to take me to Lëvshin's.[1]

May 10. Am writing after one A.M. Having got up at about noon, after a nasty night, I wanted to work. Michael Islávin (he is difficult because of his shyness), young Kovalévski, and Peíker, came to ask me to dine at Kókorev's on Saturday, and afterwards Volkónski also came. I chattered with them about my project instead of turning them out or not receiving them, and working. Then I walked aimlessly down the Névski. Dined with Meshchérski, Skaryátin, and Makárov. I am fond of the first. Went with him to the Bourse and admired the freedom of the English. Played billiards at Dusseau's passionately, and in the evening at Tolstáya's [2] chattered about education. She is fine !

An educationalist must have profound knowledge of life to be able to prepare others for it. When developing benevolence, remember that the joy that feeling affords must be bought with labour and patience. Illustration : my desire to do good to the peasants ! Called at Dusseau's, I don't know why. Have completely fallen into laziness and materialism. Is a moral life always possible ?

May 11. Yesterday morning wrote a letter to Tatiána Alexándrovna, and the report. At two, called at the Ministry of the Interior. Lëvshin received me drily. Whatever one takes up in Russia to-day it is all being changed ; but to accomplish the changes there are old men who are therefore unfitted for the work. Dined with Shévich, wrote my project at Nekrásov's and sent it off.

[1] A. I. Lëvshin, a writer and Assistant Minister of the Interior, was in favour of the emancipation of the serfs without granting them land.

[2] His aunt, Countess Alexandra A. Tolstáya, who had a position at Court, was subsequently in charge of the education of Marie Alexándrovna, who became Duchess of Edinburgh.

In the evening abominable music at Shosták's. Supped at Dusseau's.

May 12. Michael Islávin came in the morning, then Sokovnín and Timm. Timm asked me to write the text for a sheet.[1] Am very pleased. Dined with Nekrásov. Fet is a darling, with a fine talent. I felt cheerful. Spent the evening with the Tolstóys and read the *Two Hussars*. They have a kindly but somehow very ridiculous woman there, Máltseva : thirty-five, with a sort of sincere naïveté, wrinkles like an old woman, and curls. On coming home found a note from Váska and Apóloshka, and was awfully glad, like a lover. Everything seemed to grow bright. Yes, the means to gain true happiness in life is, without any rules, to throw out from oneself in all directions like a spider an adhesive web of love, and to catch in it all that comes : an old woman, a child, a girl, or a policeman.

May 13. Got up at nine. Went to gymnastics. It's dull without friends. Read the *Naval Miscellany*.[2] I should like to slap Pagódin's[3] face. Contemptible flattery flavoured with Slavophilism. A new trick. All these Moscow festivities[4]—what an un-Russian feature they are. Lëvich said he had reported to the Minister, but all the same his reply was evasive. I shall write the project all the same. Dined at Kókorev's.[5] Cabbage-soup, other national dishes, and champagne, with Russian-shaped salt-box of gold. Absurdity, lack of taste, and lack of clarity. Kókorev's article is clever but ugly. He touches on all the economic wounds superficially. Called on M. P. Nothing, nothing, silence! The Turgénevs were out.

[1] V. Th. Timm was editing a series of "Russian Artistic Sheets".

[2] The official periodical of the Admiralty. At that epoch of reform, and owing to the guidance of the Grand Duke Constantine Nikoláevich it had become an interesting publication and dealt with many important questions of the day.

[3] M. P. Pagódin, a well-known historian and a Slavophil publicist.

[4] Probably in anticipation of the forthcoming coronation of Alexander II., which did not take place till August 26 O.S.

[5] V. A. Kókorev had received no education and began life as a bar-tender in a public house. He became a millionaire, founded a large Bank, built the Ural Railway, and was also a publicist of note, who both as writer and orator showed considerable talent.

Spent the evening again at my Aunt's. Old Máltseva again there.

May 14. Got up at about ten. Wrote to Vásenka Perfílev.[1] Davýdov came. Finished with him. Timm has promised him, but I doubt whether I shall be able to. At one, the children came and Kútler, seven in all. We went to Ekaterinhof in boats. It was pleasant, but I got very tired. Found M. S. and M. at Donan's half-way through their dinner We went to Pávlovsk. Disgusting ! Girls, silly music, girls, an artificial nightingale, girls, heat, cigarette smoke, girls, vodka, cheese, wild shrieks, girls, girls, girls !

Everybody trying to pretend they are jolly and that the girls pleased them, but unsuccessfully.

In the train I was enraged by some tipsy, boisterous, German civilians who were trying to carouse like officers.

May 15. Got up late, put my papers in order, wrote to Turgénev. Anna Nikoláevna called. Went to see Fet, with him to the Bourse, and from there to dine at Dusseau's with Makárov, Meshchérski, Gorbunóv, and Dolgorúkov. From there to the theatre. A fine woman beside me. Korolév, the author of *The Career*, seems to be a brilliant mediocrity. From there to Dusseau' to a ball, Dolgorúkov, Meshchérski, Gorbunóv, and I. Three of the girls were not bad. Insipid. Ogarév.[2] Nearly had a quarrel with him. Morning in the Márina wood. Unfortunate Lanskóy ! Spent some fifty rubles.

Never miss opportunities of enjoying yourself, and never seek them. I promise myself for ever—never to enter a cabaret or a b. . . .

Got up at three to-day. Korolév came, Gorbunóv, and Dolgorúkov. The first is no fool and a nice fellow. I took him to dine at Nekrásov's. He is no good but I begin to

[1] Vásenka Perfílev was a landowner not very far from Yásnaya Polyána and a friend of Tolstóy's.

[2] N. P. Ogarév, a lyric poet and a friend of A. Herzen's. He contributed to Nekrásov's *Contemporary*.

like him. From there I went to the Staff. Shall receive my discharge to-morrow. L. confused me at the Blúdovs' by her expression of attachment. I am afraid it prevents my noticing much that is bad in her; we said good-bye. Spent a pleasant evening at my Aunt's and then called in at Dusseau's, and found myself at supper with S. and others, and a girl. My foot shall never, never step inside a public place, except a concert or a theatre. To-morrow if I do not receive my discharge, from morning onwards write notes to Kraévski and Timm, and continue *Pávlovsk* or *The Cossacks*, dine with Nekrásov, and spend the evening at home.

May 16. Rose late. Fet and Trúson came. The latter said delightfully, that the second *Hussar* is described without love. Went to Konstantínov, dined at Nekrásov's: they flattered me very much. Played cards. Packed at home. Went to Dusseau's, where I did not find it tedious with Strógonov. Good-natured. An honest *viveur*—an extremely rare type. Get up early to-morrow, settle about the lodgings. Leave.

May 17. Gorbunóv, Dolgorúkov, Pratz, and Kolbásin junior, came in the morning. I let the latter have the publication of *Childhood* and *Boyhood* for a ten per cent royalty. Left [1] at noon. Was dull on the way. First with Lanskóy and then with some Austrian diplomat. Read *A Superfluous Man*.[2] Awfully affected, coquettishly clever and playful.

May 18. Arrived at ten and went straight to the Perfílevs'. Two fat lumps! All the same Vásenka is good-looking and highly so. Went to dine with the old Perfílevs. Várenka was not there, but still it was not dull. A card-player, some sort of a jaundiced Armenian, turned up with a Vladímir Order round his neck and a pretty wife, née Countess Pánin. A hackneyed type and situation in books, but one I happened to meet for the first time. After dinner went to Kúntsevo. Found the house: very charming, books, cigars, a tumbler misty with the ice

[1] Left Petersburg for Moscow. [2] By Turgénev.

thawing in it. Druzhínin [1] was the first I met in the garden, then Bótkin,[2] in the evening Grigóryev [3] came, and we talked very pleasantly till midnight. Some say that the *Hussars* is being decried, others, mostly literary men, that it is being praised.

May 19. At eight o'clock Bótkin gave me a lift as far as his office, and then I travelled to Tróitsa with an old man blind in one eye, a lean young man, and a laughing, red-haired, red-faced, officer. It was very wearisome, and my head also started aching so that I was very cold to Aunt. She is always the same—vain, small and pretty, sensitive and kind. A regular assembly in the church. Máltseva, the Gorchakóvs, and Madame Salýsin; the soldiers were pushing the common people aside. In the evening had a chat with Auntie, at midnight went and sat for another hour with the Gorchakóvs. I was cheerful.

May 20. Woke late, read a little of some Life of the Saints, wrote one or two things, and went to church. Was again seized by that playful mood. Went into the vestry. They exhibit it as if it were a show; while they kiss the icons an old woman spectator howls with joy. Evméni dragged me away with him and I asked him to write to me at Yásnaya. Took a hurried leave of my Aunt, promised to take her to the country, and left. Some ladies travelled with me: one a charming teacher, sunburnt with walking. Spent the evening at the Perfílevs with Kóstinka. Yúri Obolénski came. Shall go with him to dine at S. Aksákov's.[4]

May 21. Kalóshin and Zagóskin came in the morning. Dined at Aksákov's. Made Komyakóv's acquaintance. An acute man. Disputed with Constantine Aksákov about village readings, which he considers impossible.

[1] A. V. Druzhínin, a critic, writer of stories, and translator of Shakespeare's tragedies.

[2] V. P. Bótkin, a member of a wealthy firm of tea-dealers, a critic, lover of art, and author of *Letters from Spain*.

[3] A. A. Grigóryev, a well-known critic connected with the Slavophils.

[4] S. T. Aksákov, the well-known author of *Years of Childhood*, etc., and father of Ivan and Constantine Aksákov, the Slavophils.

In the evening at the Gorchakóvs' disputed with Sergéy Dmítrievich about exactly the opposite: Sergéy Dmítrievich was sure that the peasantry are the most depraved class. Of course, from a Western I became a hard-crusted Slavophil.

May 22. Dined at Diákov's. Did not recognise Madame A. Obolénski she has so changed. I did not expect to see her and so the feeling she aroused in me was terribly acute. From there went to Aksákov and heard the Fourth Part read. It is good, but the old man got over-praised. Returned to Diákov's, danced a little, and left there with Alexander Sukhotín, passionately in love.

Yes, it hurts me even now to think of the happiness that might have been mine and which has fallen to the share of that excellent fellow A. Obolénski. I told Sukhotín of my feelings. He understood it, and all the more because, I fancy, he shares it.

May 23. Got up late, chatted with Kóstinka and Perfílev. Read the criminal scenes which are very good, especially when M. M. Sukhotín reads them. Went with Obolénski to Yúri Samárin's.[1] A cold, flexible, and trained, mind. He was called to dinner. I left promising to return at eleven. Called on Vérochka. . . . At Bótkin's in Kúntsevo, and on the way there, was touched to tears by the beauty of nature. From there I called at the Perfílevs. Várenka was there. Lovely eyes, no smile, an impossible nose. Good figure, awkward, probably intelligent and kind, though *elle grasseye*[2]; on the whole a very pleasant person. I should like to know her better.

May 24. In the morning finished writing diary and notebook, and felt cruelly bored, foreseeing the impossibility of meeting A. to-day. Have no reason to remain but feel terribly disinclined to leave. Four feelings have taken an unusual hold of me: love, the pangs of remorse (though

[1] Yu. F. Samárin, a very highly esteemed publicist and reformer of Slavophil tendencies.

[2] That is, pronounces the *r* gutturally as many Parisians do.

pleasant), the desire to marry (in order to get rid of those pangs), and nature.

Was late for dinner and did not find Khovnín's lodgings. Returned home and dined there. Someone wished to go to the Hermitage.[1] I was weak enough to agree. Met Longínov there, and was foolish enough to go past him, purposely looking at him. Altogether, after half an hour, carried away from there a feeling of intolerable depression. At home heard that the Obolénskis would be at the Sukhotíns. Went there. S. was strumming Chopin and A. as usual came and went, and we did not talk much. Once or twice while I spoke she was all attention. No, I am not being carried away when I say that she is the sweetest woman I ever knew. The most refined, artistic, and at the same time moral, nature. Left there with Obolénski and Sukhotín to have supper at my place. Obolénski is a fine and clever man, if it were not for his compressed lips which show a wish to be kind. But all the same I have such respect for him that I don't suffer as I might have done at imagining his relations with her. They are as they must be. Never mind! Sukhotín was hurt by my jokes and told me so. He is good-natured and believes in the pleasures of the senses.

May 25. Without going to bed went to the Sparrow Hills[2] with Kóstinka. Bathed, drank milk, and slept there in the garden. The monks were drinking with girls, drinking milk, and dancing the polka. Nothing will ever come of Kóstinka. He does not believe that without work there is no success. We returned at five, I was late for dinner at the Diákovs'. A.'s daughter is ill. She told Sergéy Sukhotín in my presence that when she was betrothed there were no lovers. Her husband was not there. Can she have wished to tell me that she was not in love with him? Afterwards when saying good-bye to me she *suddenly* gave me her hand and there were

[1] A famous Moscow restaurant.

[2] Hills just opposite Moscow on the south side of the river Moskvá. From them there is an excellent view of the city.

tears in her eyes because she had been crying about her daughter's illness, but I felt awfully happy. After that she unexpectedly saw me to the door. Certainly since Sónechka's days I have not experienced such a pure, strong, and good feeling. I say " good ", because though it is hopeless it gives me joy to arouse it. I want awfully to work at *Youth*: I think because in it that feeling is re-lived.

Returned at eight, sat till ten with Perfílev. Went to bed, woke up at two, had some supper, chatted with Vásenka, and lay down again.

May 26. From 8 till 10 A.M. wrote diary and notebook, then idled with P. and Vásenka. Went to the Kalóshins. Did not find them at home, saw no one but the mother who finally disgusted me. Unfortunate S.! Called on Sushkóv, who expressed to me his dissatisfaction with the *Hussars*. Then to the Khóvrins, who are nice, and with whom I have a sort of comfortable feeling. It was too late to dine at Madame Bakhmétyev's and I was very glad of it, for I went with Kóstinka to Pokróvsk [1] and dined at Lyúbochka Behrs'. The children waited on us. What dear, merry, little girls! [2] Afterwards we walked and played leap-frog. We met the Bakhmétyevs, but I escaped from them. Returned to Moscow to Mademoiselle Vergáni's at eleven. Ólga is a fine girl. Am leaving to-morrow with Vergáni. Sukhotín and Obolénski asked me to the Diákovs', and I went, and talked with A. for three hours, sometimes tête-à-tête and sometimes with her husband. I am convinced that she knows my feelings and that she is pleased. I was awfully happy, and have now been sitting till 4 A.M. with Kóstinka.

May 27. Yesterday wrote a letter to Kámenskaya, in which I again offer her my services. Got up at one. Went

[1] A few miles to the west of Moscow, where there were a number of residences to which people moved from Moscow for the summer.

[2] One of them, the second, Sófya Andréevna, became Tolstóy's wife six years later.

with Vásenka to Bakhmétyev's, but did not find him in. Then we stayed at home and dined. After dinner I left with Vergáni, who had called for me. Obolénski came, and I might have spent another evening with A. Who knows whether it would not have been for the worse.

May 28. When travelling Mademoiselle Vergáni is the most palpable despot I ever saw—foreigners are like that. Went round by Sudakóvo ; life there is splendid. At Yásnaya it is sad, pleasant, but somehow not in harmony with my feelings. However comparing myself with old Yásnaya memories of myself I felt how much I had changed from a liberal point of view. Even Tatiána Alexándrovna displeases me. You could not knock the injustice of serfdom into her head in a hundred years. On the road I composed some verses which seem weak. To-day I am calling a meeting, and will say what God grants. Have been to the meeting. Things are going well. The peasants understand gladly, consider me a speculator, and therefore believe in me. Luckily I did not romance too much and spoke clearly. Supped and chatted with my Aunt. Wrote some five pages of *A Landlord's Diary*. It's going on for two—am going to bed.

May 29. Tried to get up at six, but fell asleep again and slept till twelve. Sat till half-past one with Aunt, then went across the fields to church. Very pleasant. Then to Grumont, selected trees, bathed, and drank milk. Returned on horseback, dined, chatted with Aunt and with Natálya. Wrote three letters : to my two brothers and to Vásenka, and went to the meeting. It was nearly quite upset, but now is going all right. It is midnight. I have supped and am going to Másha's.

May 30. Have arrived at Pokróvsk [1] towards ten o'clock. Felt uncomfortable with Valerián. I still don't understand him. Másha's children are awfully sweet. Her breath smells ; that is a serious misfortune. Went to

[1] His sister Másha's estate. It has the same name, but is quite a different place to the locality where the Behrs had their summer residence.

the bathing house, breakfasted, slept, wrote a letter to Turgénev. Woke up at six, bathed, played with the children, had an explanation with Valerián, supped and am going to bed. Am rather uncomfortable here and feel it is not my fault.

May 31. At five in the morning rode to Turgénev's.[1] Arrived at seven. He was not at home. Chatted with Perfílev and made notes in my notebook. By his house I saw the roots from which he comes, and this explained much to me and reconciled me to him. He returned. I lunched, walked, had a very pleasant talk with him, and went to sleep. Was awakened at dinner-time. His uncle's family is unpleasant. Morally insipid German women, who therefore, no doubt, use their position as landowners harshly. The story was told of how the steward had killed a peasant; and at dinner the doctor was present who had given a certificate that the peasant had not been killed. We drove home, chatted pleasantly, and did the same at home, where there were some easily amused young ladies. Should like to write the story of a horse.[2]

June 1. Got up at ten, gadded about, now with the children, now with Valerián, and now with Turgénev (with whom I had a bathe), and then with Másha. Then we floated on a raft, and had a little music. Am pleased by Másha's relations towards Turgénev. He and I are friendly but I don't know whether it is he or I that has changed. There were all sorts of visitors. Miss Zhuravlëv, an extremely fresh, healthy, sixteen year old. . . . We dined, again walked. The children have grown fond of me. Have had tea, and am going to bed without having done anything.

June 2. Got up after ten, went to Másha and the children. Had a very nice chat with Turgénev, played *Don Juan*.[3] After lunch went for a row on the river, then dined and drove away. Másha and Valerián accompanied

[1] Turgénev's estate was some twenty-four miles from Pokróvsk.
[2] The story of a horse eventually became *Kholstomír*.
[3] Tolstóy was very fond of Mozart's opera *Don Juan*.

me. Met Voronóv, who having visited Petersburg has developed a great respect for me.

June 3. Trinity Sunday. Arrived towards five, and after passing through the house, the whole of which was full of a nasty smell, found great pleasure at the window opening on to the garden. Read Púshkin's *Don Juan*. Enchanting. Truth and power I had never expected in Púshkin. Lay down, and woke up at one. Mdlle Vergáni arrived with the children and Auntie. The triviality that surrounds Másha does not offend me, but Tatiána Alexándrovna makes me indignant. Received a letter from Aunt Paulina. Went for a walk with the Arsénev boy and after dinner rode out and bathed at Grumont. Sweetly sad memories keep flowing into my soul. There was no meeting in the evening, but I hear from Vasíli that the peasants suspect a fraud and think that freedom will be given to everybody at the coronation, and that I want to bind them by contract. That it is a " deal ", as he expressed it.

June 4. Got up at five, went for a walk with, I confess, very erotic feelings. Read Púshkin's first poems. Then sorted my old notebooks ; incomprehensible but sweet nonsense. Decided to write *A Landlord's Diary*, *The Cossacks*, and a comedy. Will begin with *The Cossacks*. Lunched, slept, dined, walked, bathed in the Vorónka,[1] read Púshkin, and went to the peasants. They don't want their freedom.

June 5. Rose at six, went with Ósip to bathe, then to the fields. Returned, read through and made a few corrections in *The Cossacks*, and sauntered about in the garden. . . . Did nothing, felt disinclined to rewrite it and also to continue. To-morrow will begin afresh, using what is written only as material. Went to Gímbut's in the evening. A wonderful Russian maiden —Begícheva. His wife is a little crow, not silly but affected and antipathetic.

June 6. Got up at seven, went to bathe, and to

[1] A little river at Yásnaya Polyána.

Grumont. Terrible lust amounting to a physical illness. Returned at ten and did nothing all day except a short, awkwardly written draft of a project. Only one thing happened: I am so used to yielding to influence in estate management that I may do awkward things. I struck a bargain with Kústin to sell him the peaches and accepted a deposit. Afterwards Push came and offered more, and I nearly returned the deposit. A good thing I felt ashamed to do it. In the evening went again to bathe at Grumont. . . . In the evening again did nothing, especially as a passion for idleness, in the guise of playing patience, has returned.

June 7. Slept till eleven and woke up refreshed. Again gadded about the garden and vegetable plot, and to Grumont. . . . Read the second and third parts of Púshkin. *The Gipsies* are as delightful as when I first read them, the rest of the poems, except *Onégin*, are dreadful rubbish. In the evening talked with some of the peasants, and their obstinacy drove me to anger, which I repressed with difficulty.

June 8. Got up after nine, gadded about in the garden. A very pretty peasant woman, whose beauty is extremely pleasing! I am insufferably disgusting in my weakness and inclination towards vice. Vice itself would be preferable. Did gymnastics, bathed, gadded about in the forest, made useful mental alterations in *The Landlord's Morning*. I believe I'll set to work on it. Rode to Grumont to bathe and am going to bed morally sick, dissatisfied with my weakness, and with a pain in the small of my back brought on by an awkward jump. Met Dúrova who was riding all alone and I did not speak to her.

June 9. Got up at nine. My back aches worse. Am reading Púshkin's biography with pleasure. Am always considering *A Landlord's Morning*. Cannot be cheerful. Auntie badgers one. To-day she spoke about the inheritance left by the late M., and about intrigues, and how strange Nikólenka is, he had been silent and "said

nothing ! " It is depressing enough ! Thought of a letter to Blúdov about the serfs, and drafted it. Rode to Gímbut but did not find him at home. Addressed myself to the forest-keeper about my affair. Also in the bath-house spoke to Alëshka. In the evening reckoned up the working days. What absurd relations ! The exact number of half the days (without counting the peasant holidays) is 10,500. For working the fields the maximum number wanted would be 5000 : yet it's always the full number. In summer from May to October the numbers on paper tally exactly with the real position, but in winter there is nothing for the peasants to do, yet they dare not go away It's as if two strong men are bound together by a chain, it is painful to them both, and when one of them moves he involuntarily cuts the other, and neither has room to work.[1]

June 10. Got up at nine. The pain in my back gets worse and worse. Read Púshkin's biography which I have finished. Walked about the Zakáz,[2] and thought out one or two things : principally that *Youth* must be written in preference without abandoning the others : *The Landlord's Morning*, *The Cossacks*, and the comedy. The chief theme, at any rate for the latter, the debauched surroundings in the village. The proprietress with the footman, brother with sister, the father's natural son with the father's wife, etc. The keeper came, but did not find me in and it was too late afterwards. Was writing a note to D., but am afraid it is too affectionate. There was a meeting in the evening. They definitely refused to sign. The quit-tax will be discussed in autumn and I shall be in the country in the autumn. Whereas now I am free.

June 11. Rose at nine. Read *Youth* through. Terribly lazy. Gadded about, played patience, and read Púshkin. After dinner went to Záseka, but the keeper did not turn up. Found the Gumbátovs at my house.

[1] These reflections evidently relate to the obligatory service the serfs had to render to their landlord.

[2] A large government forest near Yásnaya Polyána.

Chatted merrily with her and saw her home. She is nice. My back is getting worse and worse.

June 12. Got up at nine. Gadded about as before, and at noon went to Túla. Felt awfully depressed at the hotel and had leeches applied. Seem rather better. Went to bed late. It's abominable that I am beginning to feel a quiet dislike for my Aunt in spite of her affection. One must learn to forgive triviality. Without that there can be neither affection nor happiness. Wrote to Nekrásov and received the Memoirs [1] from Nikólenka. Read them. Delightful!

June 13. Got up at five. Went fishing, gadded about. . . . Read a charming story by N. There is a tremendous epic talent. Yesterday a soldier was found hanged in Záseka. Rode to look at him. Met N. Very sweet, and I involuntarily forgive her her triviality. The soldier seemed to be standing, his trousers tucked into his boots, a dirty shirt, cap turned inside out, overcoat thrown aside, legs strangely bent. Went home. Met N. again, she was sweet. My head ached terribly and I suffered for a long time: fell asleep and woke up at ten, before her departure. All the same she is sweet. Got on better with Auntie. Valérya has arrived. To-morrow I will call on them. Spoke with A. M. to-day. She told me about a blind peasant who all the same works, turning some machine. From to-morrow I will go round to all the peasants, find out about their needs, and will try to persuade them separately to enter into contracts.

June 14. Got up at nine. Gadded about, went with Natálya Petróvna to Gímbut's and to Arsénev's. During lunch at Gímbut's the inquest-commission arrived. We were told that the Arsénevs had gone to Túla. We decided to stay. N. N—a asked me to come for a walk in the wood. Gímbut shouted that it was "*inconvenable*"; N. N—a appeared not to hear him. He sent M. A. to me, and himself came running and in the meanest and rudest manner

[1] The Memoirs by his brother Nicholas were very simply and artistically written sketches of Caucasian life. They were published in the *Contemporary*.

in her presence asked me not to compromise her. I returned with him and went to the inquest. The clothing of the corpse—he was a young sixteen-year-old lad—was thickly covered with little yellow worms. When I returned I found that Natálya Petróvna had gone away. N. N. is horrid. Gímbut had suddenly got into a rage with Natálya Petróvna, called her a procuress, and driven her away. On reaching home I went fishing. A soldier came. I ran to Chepýzh. An abominable and a rascally woman. At about ten Diákov arrived. Chatted with him till three. Yes, he is my best friend and a fine one. Read Nikólenka's tale. Burst into tears again, and when telling about the Cossack song did so once more. Am beginning to like the legendary epic manner. Will try to turn the Cossack song into a poem.

June 15. Got up at ten. Gadded about with Diákov. He gave me much practical advice about the arrangement of the separate wing, and above all advised me to marry Valérya. After listening to him it seems to me too the best thing I can do. Can it be that money keeps me back? No, it's chance. Then he gave me a lift to the turning towards Sudakóvo. Valérya put on a stern appearance, probably because of the letter. I was in a good mood and calmed them. Poor thing! Her aunt seems horrid. Of course the best person she knows is Vergani, but how bad that is! It is a pity she has no backbone or fire—like vermicelli. But she is kind, and her smile painfully submissive. Returned home. . . . To-morrow morning will write to Blúdov and work at *The Cossacks*.

June 16. Rose at nine. Gadded about. Went to the greenhouse. Played the piano carelessly. The Arsénevs came. Valérya is sweet. Dined, and drove to Grumont.

June 17. Got up at eight, did gymnastics, read *The Newcomes*. Dined, went to see Lazarévich, and thence with the Arsénevs to their place. She played. Very charming.

June 18. Diákov came and I persuaded him to go to the Arsénevs with me. Valérya chattered about clothes

and the coronation. She is rather frivolous. It seems to be not a passing but a durable passion. My arrival with Diákov was awkward, seeming to promise something.

June 19. Stayed all day at home alone. . . . Diákov did not wish to go to the Arsénevs' so I did not go either. Besides I was in a kind of helplessly flabby state of mind.

June 21. Was wakened by the arrival of Friede and Soymónov. I felt depressed even with Friede who is intelligent and professes noble ideas. In the evening the Arsénevs came. I did not talk much with her, and she acted all the more on me. Pelagéya Ilínishna came to supper. N. N. came yesterday and quite disgusted me. It somehow reminds me of Karyákina and those equivocal affairs.

June 22. All day alone with my Aunt in idleness, by fits and starts playing and reading *The Newcomes*. In the evening could not fall asleep for a long time ; was in a thoughtful state of mind and formed, not on paper but in my head, the plan of *Youth*. I have taken no notes since the 18th June, and one day seems somehow to have got lost. Have begun to have violent palpitations of the heart.

June 23. Am quite ill, the palpitations of the heart prevent my walking, and my teeth ache. In the morning finished writing diary and notes. Spent the whole day at home, fishing. Read *The Newcomes*. . . .

June 24. Went to the Arsénevs' with my Aunts. Valérya was very bad, and I have quite calmed down.

June 25. Was awakened with the news that a peasant has been drowned in the middle pond. Two hours have gone by and I have taken no steps. Read *The Newcomes*. Made notes.

June 26. Rose after eight, read *The Newcomes*, copied my notes, read *Youth* over, meant to write, but left it at that. The peasant has been taken away. Did gymnastics. Had a lenten dinner at home and drove with Natálya Petróvna to the Arsénevs'. Met a messenger on the road. Tarásov was at their house, Valérya was in a white dress.

Very charming. Spent one of the pleasantest days of my life. Do I love her seriously? And can she love for long? These are two questions I should like to solve but cannot. On the way back Natálya Petróvna chattered awfully. I felt revolted. Had letters yesterday from Kolbásin, Nekrásov, Perfílev, and Turgénev. Must write.

June 27. Got up at noon, read *Youth* over, made corrections here and there, read, dined. Meant to go to Marshóshnikov who had sent to invite me, and to the Arsénevs', but went to neither. Fished, read, had a bath. Teeth ached.

June 28. Got up at ten. Finished off the first chapter of *Youth* with great pleasure. Toothache worse. After dinner went to the Arsénevs'. Valérya is extremely badly educated, and ignorant if not stupid. The word *prostituer* which she uttered, Heaven knows why, grieved me greatly, and added to my toothache disillusioned me.

June 29. Slept heavily till noon. Teeth ached all night and all day. Read *The Newcomes* recumbent and silent.

June 30. Got up at ten. Finished *The Newcomes*. Wrote a page of *Youth*, played the Fifth Symphony. The Arsénevs arrived. Valérya is a splendid girl but she certainly does not please me. However if we meet so often I may suddenly marry her. That would not be a misfortune, but it is unnecessary and I do not desire it, and I have convinced myself that everything that is unnecessary and undesired is harmful. Received a letter from Valerián and Másha. The debt to the majors is not paid: this has upset me. But afterwards my spirits rose to a most happy, light-hearted state, in which I wrote to Másha.

July 1. Woke up towards twelve, played a great deal, wrote about two pages of *Youth*, remembered about Shélin and then about Fedúrkin, and fell into a sorrowful mood. It is always possible not to give way if you know the cause and set to work on something. Aunt Tatiána Alexándrovna is a wonderful woman. Hers is love that

endures all things! I remembered this in connection with my attitude towards her while I had that toothache. Spent the whole day with Valérya. She had a white dress on and bare arms, and hers are not shapely. This upset me. I began to pinch her morally and so cruelly that she did not complete her smiles. There were tears in her smile. Then she played. I felt at ease but she was already upset. I am conscious of all this.

July 2. Wrote to Nekrásov about the *Contemporary* and anger, and to Rósen and Korsakóv. Dined and went to the Arsénevs. Valérya was writing in a dark room, and again wore a horrid showy morning-gown. She was cold and self-reliant, showed me a letter to her sister in which she says I am an egoist, and so on. Then Mlle. Vergani came and recriminations began, first bantering and then serious, which hurt and depressed me. I had hurt Valérya seriously yesterday but she spoke out frankly, and after the brief sadness I felt, it all passed over. She repeated several times, "Let things be as they were". Very sweet.

July 3. Played, worked a little at *Youth*, and started after dinner at two. Rather tactlessly told Aunt Paulína, to whom I had given some money, that I had none. The drive was pleasant, I thought some things out, arrived at midnight, chatted a little and went to bed.

July 4. Thoroughly rainy day, the drive to Mtsénsk has been postponed. Sent to Turgénev. Spent the day with the children and had some music.

July 5. Woke early, bathed. A girl came there, but I was in a good frame of mind and sent her away. Played with the children, dined, had music. Turgénev arrived. He is decidedly an incongruous, cold, and difficult person, and I pity him. I shall never get on with him. Walked about in a vague state of sensual desire till two o'clock.

July 6. Woke up at noon and got ready to go to Mtsénsk to see Serëzha from whom I had received a note. I found him at Vólkov's with some officers. We walked

to Turgénev's and had a fine chat alone together. He wants to retire and go in for shooting. Reasonable. Then went back to Vólkov's. He did not play. In the night went to Vóyny.

July 7. From there we marched. The regiment is like any other. Arbúsov is an honest man. Lauriz is a learned, stupid, and rich German. We dined with him, tried our strength, and bathed. The Rzhévskis have arrived. He is really a teacher. One felt awkward. Went to Turgénev's and am there now. On the way experienced a religious feeling strong to tears.

July 8. Got up late. Serëzha arrived. Másha and Valerián have behaved badly. It is uncomfortable for Serëzha, and for me still more so. Spent the day absurdly. Turgénev has arranged his life stupidly; one should not arrange it in an unusual way. His whole life is a pretence of simplicity. He is decidedly uncongenial to me. In the evening we fished and I had a fine chat with Serëzha. He wants to go abroad. We made splendid plans. Am afraid they are nothing but plans.

July 9. Got up late. Stayed to dinner. Kárpov, Shenshín, and Beer were here. Told a shameful lie in a letter to Rzhévskaya. Went with Serëzha to Chern, and then we nearly quarrelled. But it's all the better, our relations are the firmer for it. We shan't quarrel again. We were on the road all night.

July 10. Went to bed, woke at twelve. Played, dined, went to the Arsénevs'. They had visitors there. Valérya is very sweet and our relations are easy and pleasant. If they could only remain so always!

July 11. Meant to go to Ólga Lazarévich's, whose name-day it is, but I have caught cold—rheumatism and a sore throat. Played and dreamt all day at home and was happy. How charming Aunt Tatiána Alexándrovna is; what love!

July 12. Got up late with a sore throat. Did nothing. The family from Sudakóvo [1] arrived. Valérya was nicer

[1] The Arsénevs' estate.

than ever, but her frivolity and absence of care for anything serious is terrifying. Am afraid hers is a nature that cannot even love a child. However I spent the day very pleasantly.

July 13. Got up early. Throat better but back still aches. Rode to the oat-fields through Babúrino to Myasoyédovo. The property there has lapsed and the peasants are free. The domestic serfs have settled on the land. I had a long talk with one of them. They go more often to the tavern and have cut down the orchards. Some are worse off, but all say that it seems pleasant to be free, one may lie in the grass as much as one likes. I want to go to the Arsénevs' and have a talk with Mlle. Vergani.

Have not spoken with Mlle. Vergani. Met Zavalévski there, and afterwards Spechínski. He seems a good fellow. They teased Valérya to tears about the coronation. She was not at all to blame, but I felt uncomfortable and won't go there again for a long time. Or perhaps it was that she showed me too much friendship. I am afraid of marriage as well as of baseness, *i.e.* of amusing myself with her. But to marry, much would have to be changed, and I have still much work to do on myself. Returned late.

July 14. Sat at home. Did nothing.

July 15. Again I don't remember anything.

July 16. It's raining. Have been to Brant's. Invented a fantastic tale.

July 17. The Chasseur officers came. I was foolish enough to give them champagne.

July 18. Wrote a little of the fantastic tale and was at home all day.

July 19. Wrote a little of the fantastic tale. It is one o'clock now and I am going to the Arsénevs'. Másha has come.

July 20. The Arsénevs and Serëzha came here. Did nothing.

July 21. Was at the Arsénevs'. Lazarévich and K. were there. I was very merry.

July 22. They were at the Gímbuts' where I was too. Was bored. Have done nothing.

July 23. Másha's name-day. Serëzha was here also. Talked about Valérya. Serëzha has poured much cold water over me.

July 24. Serëzha has gone. Sat at home. Did nothing. Had a little music.

July 25. Got up at twelve. Read *Dead Souls* [1] with pleasure. Many thoughts of my own. Wrote nothing. The weather is fine. By means of a dispute at dinner I managed to rouse Másha and then had a pleasant talk with her. After dinner went with Natálya Petróvna to see Valérya. For the first time found her without *gowns*, as Serëzha calls it. She was ten times nicer, and above all more natural. Has put her hair behind her ears, having understood that I like it so. Was angry with me. She seems to have an actively loving nature. Spent the evening *happily*.

July 26. Again woke at twelve. Decided to have a thrashing-machine made. Read Gógol. Played. At dinner disputed with Másha about *meanness*. Then went for a ride. . . . Heard the splendid comedy *Les Femmes Savantes* [2] read, and have now written up for the last five days.

July 27. Got up late. Idled with the aid of the piano. Wrote a little of *Youth* with great pleasure. Certainly with my habit of reconsidering things I must get into the way of writing at once. At dinner I disputed irritably with Másha. My Aunts took her side. She says that Turgénev remarked that one can't dispute with me. Have I really an evil nature? Must control myself, and the cause of it all is pride—Valérya spoke the truth. After dinner rode out and went to the bath-house. Did nothing.

July 28. Wrote to Kolbásin first thing in the morning, and a report to Konstantínov and Mikhálski. Then went to the Arsénevs' who had invited me. It is strange

[1] Gógol's great novel.

[2] Molière's comedy.

that I am beginning to like Valérya as a woman, when it was just as a woman that formerly she was distasteful to me. But this is not always, only when I attune myself to it. Yesterday for the first time I looked at her arms, which used to disgust me.

July 29. At home all day. Rain. In the morning wrote *Youth*, finished the chapter *Confession*. Mlle. Vergani came, and N. N—a. I felt cheerful. Might have worked more. Sent Nicholas for the machine. After supper started talking with Másha about literature, and chatted with great pleasure.

July 30. Woke late. Wrote the chapter *The Examination*, did some two sheets. Dined. Rain. Gave up the idea of going to the Arsénevs', but Brant came. He drove me away by his chatter. Found Valérya and Mdlle. Vergani in tears : a letter from Ólga, who asserts that she is going to marry. Valérya quite in negligée. I disliked her very much and I made stupid remarks about *David Copperfield* who had much to put up with. Found Másha in bed with some woman's complaint. Aunt Paulína and I are angry with one another. We disputed about women's weakness. One must admit that she is trash, but I will beg her pardon to-day.

July 31. Got up late. Aunt Tatiána Alexándrovna came. She is a wonder of goodness. Wrote the *Examination* chapter. The Arsénevs sent a message that Ólga had arrived. I was late for dinner. Found Ólga in a Moscow-Sherbátov mood and attire. She is getting married and is on her way to ask Kiréev for money. I left early. Valérya seems to be simply stupid. At home had a family chat.

August 1. Got up late. Digestion dreadfully upset. Woke early and on awaking tried to think out my characters. Imagination awfully vivid. Managed to imagine the father splendidly. Finished *The Examination*. The Arsénevs came. Valérya was in a confused state of mind, cruelly affected and stupid. Mean to write in the evening. Did not write.

August 2. Got up at nine. Saw Másha off. Wrote all

day except for the time I gave to cards. Rode to Grumont and stayed for two hours in the little house.

August 3. Wrote much.

August 5. Did not go out. Wrote with pleasure.

August 6. Was at the Arsénevs'.

August 7–9. Don't remember! Know only that I wrote for two hours each day and visited the Arsénevs, and that Valérya always aroused the same feeling in me, inquisitiveness and gratitude. However I do remember: on the 8th they were here, and Valérya scoffed at herself and I teased her. I stayed at home on the 8th and 9th because Natálya Petróvna had muddled.

August 10. In the morning I wrote and in the evening went to them. They were preparing to go to the bath. Valérya and I talked about marriage. She is not stupid and is remarkably kind.

August 11. Went shooting in the Záseka with the Afrosímovs. He is kind, but a dull chatterer. Returned early. A storm hindered my going to the Arsénevs' where I much wanted to go. At home wrote out the sixth chapter from the second copy. Have finished.

August 12. Went to the Arsénevs' at ten to take leave. She was unusually simple and nice. I should like to know, am I in love or not? Came home and wrote a bit.

August 13. Wrote till two. Visitors from the Záseka came and bored me till eight. Wrote a letter to Kolbásin with correction of *Childhood* and *Boyhood*.

August 14. Got up early. Have a headache. Went riding. Am starting on the seventh chapter. Wrote about two sheets, but it is too little for a day on which I have been quite free. At two o'clock M. A. came with the news that N. B. was waiting for me at Chapýzha. I said I was not at home, but she waited for about two hours. I want to have an explanation with Gímbut. About twenty peasants have agreed to leave and pay quit-rent. Had a discussion with Auntie about religion. Useless. Must remember this with my future wife. Received a letter from Serëzha.

August 15. At home all day. Wrote rather much. Rode out in the evening, stumbled upon a pretty peasant woman and became confused. Have received the dogs and an unpleasant letter from Valerián.

August 16. Went out early with the dogs. Did not see a single hare. Returned at four with a headache. Had a letter from Kolbásin and Nikólenka. Wrote nothing.

Have been thinking more and more of little Valérya these days.

August 17. At home in the morning. Wrote little. Have stuck over the Father's marriage.[1] Rode out with the dogs after dinner. Again nothing. Wrote and played in the evening. Wrote a letter to Valerián which I will send, and one to Serëzha.

August 18. Still raining. Wrote, scribbled in the morning. Went to the bath in the evening and did nothing, though from to-day I wished to work *not less* than six hours a day at literature. Read a stupid novel by Eugène Sue.

August 19. Wrote little. Rode out with the dogs.

August 20. The same.

August 21. The same.

August 22. Finished the rough draft of the first half of *Youth* and thought out *The Distant Field*, the thought of which enchants me. Valérya's silence grieves me. Hunted down a hare to-day, which I knocked over.

August 23. Gímbut came this morning. I had an explanation with him. Meant to revise but did not start on it. Began *The Distant Field*.[2]

August 24. Went coursing first thing in the morning. Got three before coming to Melenínov. Meeting with a peasant.

August 25. Idleness, laziness, self-dissatisfaction. The Gímbut family. The only thing I did was tidying up my notes and reading *Little Dorrit*.

[1] The marriage of the father in *Youth*—a character not drawn from any member of Tolstóy's own family.

[2] A story Tolstóy began but never completed.

August 26. Did nothing from the first. Dúrova sat here: piteous. Rode out in the evening with the dogs. Found nothing. The copyist has come.

August 27. In the morning worked with the copyist and it goes slowly. He wrote five chapters during the day. Dined at Gímbut's. He is happy. Wrote in the evening.

August 28. My birthday. Sad. Rode all evening with the dogs, corrected four chapters, rewrote half.

August 29. In the morning finished the chapter *Understanding*. Went coursing. Hunted down two. In the evening did nothing. Read Berg.[1] Despicable as the *comme il faut* is, a writer in whom it is lacking disgusts me.

August 30. Made a clean copy of one chapter. Dictated a little. Went coursing. Am depressed. Am dull. I seem to have grown old since the 28th.

August 31. Made a clean copy of one chapter. Dictated. Same as yesterday.

September 1. The weather is horrid—snowing. Dictated and wrote *Youth*, pleased to tears. At home all day.

September 2. Dictated from early in the morning, but was in bad spirits all day. Rode out. I want to go to N. I. to-morrow. No work.

September 3. After a nasty dream in the morning, kept dreaming of *Youth*. Went coursing and hunted down four and lost one. Went home and lay down to sleep. On waking up dictated a chapter.

September 4. Dictated three chapters and the last one is very good. Went coursing but found nothing. Health bad, everything aches. Nasty dreams. Have very pleasant thoughts of Valérya.

September 5. In the night a nightmare of incapacity. Dictated three chapters and revised three. Had a very pleasant chat with Auntie. Health still bad.

September 6. Got up with a pain in my side, but went to hunt and to Sudakóvo. Found nothing. At Sudakóvo

[1] N. V. Berg is best known as a translator of Slavonic poems into Russian, but it was probably his *Notes on the Siege of Sevastopol* that Tolstóy was reading.

thought with the greatest pleasure of Valérya. On returning home was in real pain, sent for the doctor, applied leeches, and refused Afrosímov who had sent a message to say that he was coming. But I dictated the chapter *A Spree* and did it pretty well.

September 7. Woke up at eleven. Rather better. Verëvkin came and hindered my working all day. After supper wrote a page of the fourth chapter. Received another letter from Afrosímov and refused.

September 8, 9, 10. Was very ill. Let blood from arm and applied ten leeches. Had consultation. Did not do anything all the time and grumbled.

September 11, 12. Am improving. Dictated yesterday. Afrosímov came to-day and I finished dictating the whole lot; but there will be many alterations. Afrosímov is a most agreeable old man.

September 13. Corrected *Youth*. Am again much worse. It seems as if I shall die.

September 14, 15. A little better. Yesterday I corrected the whole of *Youth* superficially. To-day began to get it finally into shape.

September 16–20. Spent two days at Afrosímov's. Health very bad, am morally weak. Worked unwillingly to-day. Think it is consumption.

September 21, 22. Health still bad. Corrected *Youth* pretty well I think. Had a letter from Druzhínin and replied sending him *Youth*.

September 23. Health better. Tróitski came. Corrected *Youth*. The last half is very bad.

September 24. Health getting better and better. Mlle. Vergani came. From what she says Valérya disgusts me. Finished *Youth* badly. Sent it off.

September 25. In the morning thought about the estate. Did nothing. Went to see the Arsénevs. Valérya is sweet but alas simply stupid, that's where the shoe pinched.

September 26. Valérya called. Sweet, but limited and incredibly futile.

September 27. Went hunting early in the morning over horrible frozen mud. Hunted down one hare, got into some water and caught cold. Came home. Auntie seeing that I am ill left off being angry.

September 28. Better. Did nothing. Two notes from Valérya. Tróitski came and we went to the Arsénevs' together. Valérya pleased me in the evening. Spent the night there. Throat sore.

September 29. Woke up at nine in a temper. Valérya is incompetent both in practical and in spiritual life. I told her only the disagreeable part of what I wished to say and therefore it did not act on her. I was angry. They led the conversation up to Mortier,[1] and it turns out she is in love with him. Strange, it offended me. I felt ashamed for myself and for her, but for the first time I experienced something like feeling for her. Read *Werthe*.[2] Enchanting. Auntie did not send for me and I spent another night there.

September 30. Got up early. Am well. Laughed at Valérya and left. At home felt much dispirited. Found N. I. here but could do nothing. Thought much about Valérya. Should like to write or say that she should go to Moscow. Fell asleep during the day but slept badly.

October 1. Woke up still out of spirits. After midnight my side again began to ache without any evident cause. Did nothing, but God be thanked thought less about Valérya. I am not in love, but this bond will always play an important part in my life. But what if I have not yet known love, then, judging by this small beginning which I feel now, I shall experience it with terrible force and God forbid that it should be for Valérya. She is terribly shallow, without principle, and cold as ice, so she is always being carried away. Wrote to Kovalévski and sent in my resignation yesterday.

October 2. Health better but still doubtful. Received

[1] Mortier, a music master in Moscow by whom Valérya was much attracted. See entry on October 27.

[2] Goethe's famous story.

a sad note from Mlle. Vergani in the morning. Answered it, suggesting that Valérya should go to Moscow. Did nothing.

October 3. Went hunting and killed three hares. Did nothing.

October 4. Went hunting and killed three hares. When I got home I found a note from Ólga Arséneva and went to them. Was angry and morose.

October 5. Went hunting, killed three. Did nothing.

October 6. Went to hunt and to join Afrosímov, but did not find him; on my way back from Salóva hunted down four hares. Answered Nekrásov and Panáev. Valerián arrived yesterday.

October 7. At home. Idle and depressed.

October 8. Went to the Arsénevs'. I can't help twitting Valérya, but it is from habit rather than from feeling. She is nothing to me but an unpleasant memory. I nearly devised a comedy. Perhaps I'll set about it.

October 9. Rode. Hunted down seven hares.

October 10. Still with the Arsénevs. Leaving to-day. In the morning my anger passed, and now, having returned home ill and having slept, I have come to the conclusion that I was to blame and must explain myself to her, but it must be done to-day.

October 11. Woke up towards nine. Went hunting at Másha's. Arrived at Lupátkovi at five, having killed a hare. Read *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,[1] and thought much about a comedy of Ólga's life. In two acts. I think it might be pretty good. Read through the whole of this Diary—very pleasant.

October 12. A hare. Rode about from nine to six, did not kill a single hare. Turned to the right and called at Krásnoe. Experienced a very strong and painful recollection. Then on entering a hut at Sukháya Lokná was unable to stand the dirt, heat, and cockroaches, and rode to Krásnoe homesteads. I have already had time to grow effeminate in Russia. The old master of the house told

[1] Molière's comedy.

me sorrowfully that the landlord keeps setting up things, "has built for himself a fine chamber fit to live in, as if God meant him to live a century. It is not well to build large mansions." Slept well. . . .

October 13. Left Krásnoe homesteads at eleven. Frosty. Let one escape and killed another close to Pokróvsk. Rúnich came to see me. He had bought my book—it can be got in Túla. Másha is not well. Chatted merrily with her. Have been to the bath-house. Am quite at ease about K.

October 14. Got up early. Porfíri abused Nikoláy Nikoláevich Turgénev to me with great satisfaction for two hours. Turgénev is entirely to blame. No kind of artistic tendency exempts one from participation in the life of the community. Which is better, when seeing a wounded man to pass him by with disgust, or to render him help were it but awkwardly? Did nothing all day. Had a letter from Iván Turgénev which I did not like. In the evening Valerián arrived. I do not wish to go to Moscow. Read *The Pickwick Club*, and *en route* Molière.

October 15. Got up at eight. Wrote a little. Wrote the beginning of the comedy and a reply to Turgénev. Received a letter from Druzhínin. He praises *Youth* but not too much. It is pleasant with Másha. Talked much about my plans. I think we shall have snow to-morrow.

October 16. Snowing. Went hunting. Snow-storm, saw nothing. Did nothing all day.

October 17. Did nothing. Left for home at two, at first on horseback. Missed one hare. Was at Seleznëv-Kolódets for the night. The burgomaster was drunk. The handsome fellow would answer no one but the heir, and was rather inclined to mistake me for him.

October 18. Left early. There is a frost and the ground is frozen. Did not hunt. Returned to Yásnaya Polyána at three. Am cheerful. My resignation has been returned. Did not do anything, not even think.

October 19. Went to Túla. Called on the Arsénevs for a moment. Had letters from Serëzha, Panáev, and

receipts from the majors. Went to Zelëny. A dull, honest man ; to Daragán, who wishes to appear up to date ; to Zavalévski—his household, and rooms with coloured glass. Felt awkward at Zelëny's. To Arsénev's in the evening, and spent the night there. Regarded Valérya more calmly. She has grown much stouter and I certainly feel nothing for her. Gave her to understand that we must have an explanation. She was glad, but absent-mindedly. Ólga is intelligent. Spent the night there.

October 20. Went with them in a sledge back to Yásnaya. It was not dull. But I am cross with myself for not having been resolute enough to explain everything to her. A dispute with Auntie : I said I wouldn't go with Másha if Valerián goes. "Unreasonable fellow!" "Why?" " First you wanted to go, and then not." " But I am not needed." " You did not tell me so." " But I say so now." Always the same. She is silent with me. And I don't want a touching scene in which I feel that I shall overdo it and it will be false, so I don't say anything to her.

October 21. Did not sleep after five, waiting for a fall of snow, then rode out. Killed six. Rode with Bíbikov. Got into water up to my waist. Dried myself in Kuvshínnikov's factory. Found the Gímbuts in. Auntie sulks without any reason, just so as not to give way. Unbearable.

October 22. Spent the morning at home reading. Auntie still sulks. I could not stand it, and rode to the Arsénevs', first over my own field, found nothing. Pávlov was with them so I had no opportunity to tell Khrapovítski's story [1] and therefore stayed the night. We talked a little and I promised to tell it in the morning.

October 23. Before Valérya was up the Gímbuts arrived and I was again prevented from telling the story. It was very amusing after dinner. At supper, after the Gímbuts had gone, we started a pleasant conversation, the four of us. I told Khrapovítski's story to

[1] Wishing to express his views on marriage and family life, Tolstóy set them forth in the form of a story about a certain Khrapovítski, who represented himself.

Mlle. Vergani in the study, and she told it to Valérya. A pity I did not do it myself. I fell asleep almost tranquil but far from in love—at their house.

October 24. Valérya appeared, abashed but contented. I felt glad and ashamed. Left. At home made peace with Auntie.[1] . . . Went to a ball. Valérya was charming. I am almost in love with her.

October 25. Was at their house, spoke to her. Very good. I even felt tearful.

October 26. Went hunting. Killed two, saw quantities. Slept. My head aches.

October 27. Was ill in the morning. Walked, can't write anything. Valérya came. Did not please me very much, but she is a dear, dear, girl, honest and frank. She told me that after the Mortier affair she wished to prepare herself to receive communion. I showed her this Diary. October 27 finished with the words " I love her ". She tore that page out.

October 28. Rode to Gímbut's with the dogs and dined with him. In the morning wrote letters to Dor. Ars. and went to Valérya's. She had had her hair done up in a terrible fashion and wore a purple mantle *for me.* I felt pained and ashamed, and spent a sad day. Conversation did not go. Yet quite involuntarily I was in the position of a sort of *fiancé.* That irritated me. Found Serëzha. Read Turgénev's *Faust* at his house. It is delicious.

October 29. Talked with Serëzha all morning. Went with him to the Arsénevs'. She was quite simple and nice. We chatted in a corner.

October 30. Went hunting. Caught two in their covert and shot one. Found Mlle. Vergani and went to the Arsénevs' with her. Useless to speak to her. Her narrowness frightens me and the constraint of my position angers me. Thought much while hunting. Must live a wider life. There is no perfection. It's well if one avoids evil.

[1] End of page, after which a page is torn out. See October 27.

October 31. Spent the night at their house. She is not pretty. The constraint of my position angers me more and more. Went to a ball and she was again very charming. A pained voice, and a desire to compromise herself and sacrifice something for me. Went to an hotel with them. They saw me off. I was almost in love.

November 1. Thought only of Valérya on the way. Not quite well. Reached Moscow in the night. Stopped at Chevalier's.[1]

November 2. Wrote to Valérya. Went to Másha's. She is nice, and is well. Told her about Valérya. She takes her side. Spent the evening at Bótkin's very pleasantly, and at Ostróvski's.[2] He is dirty and, though a kind man, a cold egotist. Awful sick-headache.

November 3. In the morning a letter from Auntie. Skated with the children at Másha's. Dined at Bótkin's. Grigóryev and Ostróvski. I tried to shock their convictions. Why? I don't know. The evening at Másha's and Volkónski's, very pleasant.

November 4. Finished reading *The Pickwick Papers*. Very good! Wrote this Diary. Tishkévich came and interrupted me. Went out with him. Kóstinka made me feel depressed about Valérya. I think less about her but feel an inexpressible dejection wherever I am. Dined at Másha's, had tea at the Volkónskis'. In the evening to the Club, but left without seeing Longínov.

November 5. Wrote a little in the morning, again dined at Másha's. At the theatre, *The Mischief of Being Clever*,[3] splendid. Saw the Sukhotíns: felt uncomfortable with them, especially with old Diákova. Was too free and easy with the Volkónskis and Kislínskaya, which seems to have piqued them. Saw Shcherbachëva and her suite.

November 6. Travelled with Tishkévich and Volkónski. Read *Little Dorrit* on the way. Slept splendidly.

[1] A well-known Moscow hotel.

[2] A. N. Ostróvski, an admirable dramatist who specialised in depicting the life of Russian traders.

[3] Griboyédov's comedy.

November 7. Arrived. Called on Konstantínov, he is a good sort. The Grand Duke knows about the song.[1] Went to have an explanation with Ekímakh—boldly. Gymnastics. Dined at home alone. In the evening Druzhínin and Ánnenkov.[2] It is rather irksome with the former.

November 8. In the morning wrote an irritable letter to Valérya. Did not send the first but sent another. Called on Druzhínin and Panáev. The editorial staff of the *Contemporary* is disgusting. Gymnastics. Dined with Goncharóv[3] and Druzhínin at Kles's, and we spent the evening at my house and at Kovalévskaya's. Went to Kraévski, and I am very glad of it.

November 9. In the morning Tishkévich and Makárov interrupted me. Gymnastics. Dined at the Chess Club. They did not wish to let me in. Always senselessness. The Pólovtsovs. At home dictated a good deal of *The Degraded Officer*.[4] Books selling badly. . . . In the morning Shapulínski came and reassured me. To-morrow see Konstantínov about my pay. Arsénev's book to the Law Council. To the Staff H.Q. Wrote to Serëzha, Másha, and the steward.

November 10. Got up after ten. Had no time to write anything before Balyúzek came. Went to Kolbásin[5] to look at the house, and to the Gymnasium. Managed also to write to Serëzha, Másha, and Konstantínov. Bought the book. Dined at home. Read all Turgénev's tales—bad. Dictated a little. Went to see Ólga Turgéneva with Druzhínin. Druzhínin felt ashamed of me. Really Ólga Turgéneva, apart from her beauty, is worse than Valérya. Think much about her. Found a flat. Move to-morrow

[1] Tolstóy was one, and probably the chief, author of the Sevastopol songs, which satirised many of the army-commanders and became popular among the soldiers during the siege.

[2] P. V. Ánnenkov, a critic and editor of an edition of Púshkin's works.

[3] I. A. Goncharóv, the author of *Oblómov* and other works.

[4] This was eventually called *Meeting a Moscow Acquaintance* and is included with *The Cossacks* in the "World's Classics" series, and with *Sevastopol* in Constable's edition.

[5] E. Ya. Kolbásin, a writer and critic.

and go to the Law Council. Dreamt of a valse with Valérya and a strange event.

November 11. Began moving first thing in the morning. Read rubbish, wished to enter the service but refrained. Went to Davýdov. Read a criticism of *Youth* in the A. and M. Clever and useful. Went to my flat. Was left without boots—was angry. Wrote a tiny letter to Valérya. Am thinking much about her. Dictated for about an hour and a half. Went to Gardéev. Returned home with Trúson. He advises me not to marry. He is a fine fellow. To-morrow to Konstantínov, Goncharóv, the Law Council, and the Staff. Prepare *The Landlord's Story* for copying.

November 12. Have not been to Konstantínov, nor to the Law Council. In the morning wrote a little of the scenario. Called at the Staff. Retirement not before a month. Was stupid enough when at Goncharóv's to promise to dine at Kutelëv's to-morrow. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Wrote one scene of my comedy and a sheet and a half to Valérya, about whom I think much.

November 13. Got up after ten. Wrote two scenes of the comedy. To the Gymnasium. An aristocratic boy was there. To Druzhínin's after three. Goncharóv, Ánnenkov—all disgust me, especially Druzhínin, and they disgust me because I want affection and friendship—of which they are incapable. Followed them in a cab to Kutelëv's and lost them out of sight, at which I was glad. Dined at Kles's. Rather expensive. From there called on Anna Nikoláevna. . . . At home D. Kolbásin all the evening. He is an honest but scarcely a good man. Read through the clean copy of *A Russian Landlord's Story*. It may turn out a good thing. Dictated a very little of *The Degraded Officer* and finished letter to Valérya very coldly.

November 14. Got up early. Wrote a little of *The Degraded Officer* in the morning. Went to Panáev's—was bored. Am awfully sensitive to praise and blame. Gymnastics—cheerful. At home Necháev. Dined, slept,

went to Úkhtomski about something. Finished the rough draft of *The Degraded Officer*. To-morrow write to Nekrásov, fix a price for *Youth*, and offer it to Davýdov.

November 15. Did none of the things decided on. Got up in the morning and corrected *The Degraded Officer*. Read *Henry IV*, and was furious with the *Contemporary*. Gymnastics. Dined with Bótkin. The business with the *Contemporary*. I expressed my opinion partly. Read *The Degraded Officer*—it was coldly received. From there went with Druzhínin to Ánnenkov ; we found him playing the organ. Went to Bezobrázov.[1] Gatherings of literary men and scientists are disgusting and don't come off without women. Then supped with Ánnenkov, and talked a good deal. He is very intelligent and a good man.

November 16. Got up late, did nothing all day. Went unsuccessfully to Kovalévski and I. D., to see a fire, and to gymnastics. Finished *Henry IV*. No ! Dined, slept. Ánnenkov, Bótkin, *The Huguenots*, lost money, supped at Louis's. Gave Kraévski a promise. Love, love, alone gives happiness unfailingly.

November 17. First thing, revised *A Landlord's Story*. It is horribly diffuse. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Worked at the same thing till nine. Went to Bótkin's and on coming home found Druzhínin and passed the evening pleasantly. Felt kind and calm, and that made it pleasant. Disputed with Bótkin as to whether a poet pictures his reader to himself or not. He is inclined to be vague. Druzhínin was good-natured. Received 100 rubles from Kolbásin.

November 18. Revised *The Degraded Officer*. Went to dine at Bótkin's. Read *A Landlord's Story*. He gave me good advice, he speaks rather well. Chatted pleasantly. Saw the doctor about the pain in my thigh. Came home and was cupped. Read Druzhínin's article. Trúson came. At first I was bored, then we warmed up and conversed till two.

[1] V. P. Bezobrázov, an economist. Subsequently an Academician and Senator

November 19. In the morning was too lazy to begin. Wrote a little of *A Landlord's Story*. Received a letter from Valérya, not bad, but it is strange that under the influence of work I feel cool towards her. Gymnastics. Dined at home: the beer made me sleepy. Wrote a moderate letter to Valérya and worked from nine to two. More than half is done.

November 20. Got up at ten. Wrote a little. Gymnastics. Dinner at Druzhínin's. Písemski [1] was there who evidently does not like me, which hurts me. Druzhínin refused to listen to me and that stung me. Found a letter from Valérya at home. Nothing new in her letters: an undeveloped, loving, nature. Answered her. Went to bed at three.

November 21. Got up at one. Máykov [2] came. Gymnastics. Dined at Stolýpin's, was impolite to his wife. At Bótkin's all evening. Read *A Landlord's Story*. It is decidedly bad, but I will publish it. Must strike out. Called at Anna Nikoláevna's and so feel disgusted.

November 22. Got up at eleven. Wished to write but couldn't. Gymnastics. Dined at the Panáevs'. Then stayed at Kraévski's till evening. The literary atmosphere disgusts me as nothing else ever did. Wrote to Valérya. Thought much about her. Perhaps because I have not met any woman all this time.

November 23. Got up at one. Tishkévich interrupted me. Corrected a little. Dined at home. Corrected. Had a nice letter from Valérya. Answered her: thought about Anna Nikoláevna and at the same time very very much about Valérya. How I long to have done with magazines in order to write in the way I am now beginning to think about art: awfully high and pure.

November 24. Got up at ten. Corrected a good deal. Went early to the Gymnasium. Went to Lóvich, met

[1] A. F. Písemski, the distinguished author of several successful novels. On the first appearance of Tolstóy's *Sevastopol*, Písemski said of its author: "This young officer will out-write us all, we may as well throw up the pen".

[2] A. N. Máykov, a poet of note.

Korsakóv and was brusque with him, of which I am very glad. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Alone the whole evening, read—worked lazily. Wrote a tiny letter to Valérya.

November 25. Rose at nine having again slept badly. Went to the menagerie. Early to Kovalévski. He was nice. At the University they played rubbish. The Emperor has read *Childhood*. At the menagerie there was a lady with sensual eyes. Worked in the morning and before dinner. Dined at home, dear Ánnenkov and the unbearable Bakúnin came. To-morrow to the gaming house. Thought with horror about Valérya apropos of the look of the lady with the sensual eyes.

November 26. Got up at ten. Wrote. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Dictated *A Landlord's Morning*, good. Balyúzek came and then Druzhínin. Cheerful and pleasant. Had a stupidly meek letter from Valérya. Went to see Ólga Turgéneva. Felt ill at ease there, but enjoyed a delightful trio. Called at Panáev's, he depressed me.

November 27. Got up at ten. Had a stupid letter from Valérya. She humbugs herself and I see through it, and that is trying. If men could but know one another in such a way as not to accept the other's thought direct but to see its action on the other man. . . . Pólovtsov told me about Bóbrinski. Beast! Finished *A Landlord's Morning*. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Music, Kalóshin, Ánnenkov, drank. . . . Wrote a cold letter to Válka.

November 28. Got up late. Played. Gymnastics. Legs ache. Have received my discharge. Dined. Went to Ánnenkov, Bótkin, and Máykov. She has a wonderful voice. *Wanderer*. At Druzhínin's four of us spent a splendid evening. Took another 100 rubles from Kolbásin.

November 29. Omitted this day, and don't remember what I did. Corrected a few proofs. Yes, finished *A Landlord's Morning* and took it myself to Kraévski. Was in good spirits there. Dispute with a Conservative.

TOLSTÓY AT THE TIME HE LEFT THE ARMY, 1856

Kámenski, Dúdyshkin, and Goncharóv praised *A Landlord's Morning* slightly. About Valérya I think little and unpleasantly.

November 30. Hired a carriage in the morning and went to Konstantínov, I don't know why. Cannot yet wear civilian clothing. Shopped, bought books, and ordered clothes. Gymnastics: still aching. Dined at home. Corrected proofs. *The Discharged Officer* seems bad. Came late to Ánnenkov and to Druzhínin and to Shcherbátov. Called at Anna Nikoláevna's and found Yákovlev there. . . . Received the insurance, and a nice letter from Valérya. The Emperor wept when reading *Childhood*.

December 1. Got up at eleven. Noted events of the day and played till gymnasium time. My arm hurts badly. Dined at home. Finished reading *Carmen*.[1] Weak, French. Had a letter from Turgénev. Sent to him. Fell asleep. Polónski [2] came. Bótkin is absurd. With him to *Les Huguenots*.[3] It is simply bad. Wrote a good letter to Valérya neither warm nor cool, and one to Katkóv.[4] To-morrow must write to Auntie, Nikólenka, and Serëzha. Went to Shévich, to Obolénski, and to Stolýpin.

December 2. *The Discharged Officer* has not been passed by the Censor. Went to the University. The Symphony was delightful. To Stolýpin. He is dull. To Bótkin. To Dusseau's to dine. Spent the evening with Bótkin, Druzhínin, and Ánnenkov, pleasantly. Have spent much money. Wrote to Shévich.

December 3. Am not writing anything. Read Mérimée—good. Think about the comedy. Gymnastics good, no pain. Dined at home Fell asleep. Went to Shévich. Dull. Played. To Bótkin. Panáev praises *Youth* highly. Pleasant. Revised proofs of *The Discharged*

[1] The story by Prosper Mérimée.

[2] Probably Ya. P. Polónski, a poet and writer.

[3] The opera by Meyerbeer. With few exceptions, Tolstóy disliked operas.

[4] M. N. Katkóv, the editor of the *Russian Messenger*, a monthly magazine to which, later, Tolstóy contributed *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*.

Officer. To Davýdov—bill. To Panáev—the conditions. Letters—to Serëzha and to Tatiána Alexándrovna.

December 4. Wrote nothing. Dined at Bótkin's. Went to hear Dal—bad. Strolled about the Meshchánski street—bad. At home read the delightful *Common Story*. Don't feel well.

December 5. In the morning read *A Common Story* and sent it to Valérya. Wrote to Serëzha and to Auntie. Corrected *The Degraded Officer*. Gymnastics. Listened to a bad story at Shévich's. At Druzhínin's, pleasant. Had an explanation with Panáev.

To the Blúdovs!

To the Staff.

Wrote to Nikólenka and Másha.

December 6. Left cards at Blúdov's and Ustiknov's. Dined at Dusseau's with Pólovtsov. Left. Was at Anna Nikoláevna's. Thank Heaven it was all right. Had two amiable but sad letters from Valérya. Was at the Ustínovs'. Played badly. Mme. Shévich came. Supped with Bras at Stolýpin's.

December 7. Got up late. Wrote to Valérya. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Read *The Poor Bride*.[1] It is simply weak. His mistress is good. Went to the circus. Supped, I don't know why, at Dusseau's. Read Druzhínin's second article. His weakness is that he never asks himself whether it is not all bosh.

December 8. Got up at eleven. Drove out to make purchases, and to the Staff. Gymnastics. Dined at home. Read the delightful *Solpoten*. Drove to Comte Ori; excellent. Ánnenkov, Bótkin, and Dolgorúkov, came to see me. To-morrow to Konstantínov.

December 9. Got up late—always sleeplessness. The tiresome Tishkévich called. Went to Konstantínov's. Met Necháev. Then loafed about till dinner, which I had at Dusseau's. Slept. Read a little of Auerbach[2] and went

[1] A play by Ostróvski.

[2] Bertold Auerbach, a German novelist whose works—*Schwartzwalder Dorfgeschichten*, etc., Tolstóy liked.

to Shcherbátov's. Krasnokútski—and the whole evening was out of tune. Shcherbátov's character is like Mítenka's: changeably tender, weak, and capable of cruelty. A Methodist.

December 10. From two to eight in the morning read Auerbach's delightful *Befehle*. Was awakened by Ólkhin —a terrible fool with sweet eyes. Revised *Youth* over again. Gymnastics. Valétka got angry. Dined at Donan's. Druzhínin was great. Comte Ori—wonderful. To Shévich's—it was pleasant there. Had a pained letter from Valérya and to my shame am glad of it.

December 11. Read *Lear*. It moved me but little. Gymnastics. Dined at home. To Bótkin's. Found Ánnenkov and Druzhínin there. Supped. Feel very sad.

December 12. In the morning corrected the first booklet of *Youth*. Wrote a last letter to Valérya. Gymnastics. Dined alone at Dusseau's. To Bótkin's. Meditated at home; to Druzhínin's, pleasant. P. is not good. I feel very sad. Dreamt of a slaughter on the floor and a brown woman on my chest: she was stooping down naked, and whispered something.

December 13. Got up late. Hardly had time to revise a section of *Youth* and to let Máykov go before it was time for gymnastics. Dined at Stolýpin's; treated Kovalévski condescendingly—wrong. Did not find Turgéneva or Bótkin in, and spent the evening at Bezobrázova's comfortably. She is a woman, so it is pleasant to be with her.

December 14. Sleepless till six. Zubkóv came. Corrected a booklet. Went to Gymnastics. Dined at Bótkin's. Chatted pleasantly at Máykov's in the evening.

December 15. . . . Very late at the Gymnasium, having been at work on the third booklet of *Youth*. Head aches. Dined at Dusseau's with Tishkévich. *Don Juan*. A very poetic piece. Had Bótkin, Ánnenkov, Stolýpin, Braleur, and Písemski here. The latter was horrid—justified himself. Ánnenkov is charming.

December 16. Got up at half-past two, refreshed.

Went to Kovalévski. Collected historical material. Arranged Mme. B.'s affair. At half-past three to Bótkin's. There corrected proofs and chatted pleasantly. To Druzhínin. From there to A. Tolstáya.[1] Her mother is a kind-hearted, high-spirited lady.

December 17. Woke up at eleven. Began revising the third booklet. They brought me the proofs blotted and mangled by the ecclesiastical censor. Went to Gymnastics, was in very good spirits. Had a fall. Dined at Bótkin's. Did not praise his article: he was angry. Then to Ólga Turgéneva. *Lear* is delightful. No, with Ólga I am always uncomfortable. It is Vánichka's fault.[2] To-morrow go to Johann and write to Nikólenka, Auntie, and Valeryán.

December 18. Was called at eleven. Drove to Father Johann. . . . To Panáev, Chernyshévski was there[3]—nice. At Gymnastics I was bad. Bótkin came to dinner at Panáev's and was in raptures about *Youth*. Stolýpin, Polónski, Druzhínin, Ánnenkov, Bótkin, Panáev, Zhemchúzhnikov, and Tolstóy came here. Went to Blúdov's with Vyázemski. Was ill at ease. Kovalévski avoids me. Oh, yes, dined with Zhemchúznikov, Tolstóy, and Stolýpin. Am spending much money. To-morrow to Vyázemski.

December 19. Got up late, hardly had time to correct one section. Gymnastics. Dined at Stolýpin's—it was dull. A stupid vaudeville. Evening with Druzhínin and Stakhóvich.

December 20. Sleeplessness. Unwell. Received an amiable letter from Turgénev. Went to Vyázemski. All was well. Gymnastics. Dined alone with Bótkin. The evening with Bezobrázov. A fit of laughter during a comedy. Supped with Ánnenkov and Druzhínin.

December 21. Got up at half-past seven, busy with

[1] Tolstóy was for a long time much attracted by Princess Alexandrine Tolstáya.

[2] Vánichka is Iván S. Turgénev, the author.

[3] N. G. Chernyshévski, a famous publicist and critic, who had a great influence among the younger generation in the 'fifties and 'sixties. In its day his novel *What to do?* produced a great sensation.

proof corrections and music till two. Gymnastics. Dined at Bótkin's. Our company. Ánnenkov is awfully nice. Wrote to Turgénev and a couple of words to Nikólenka, Auntie, and Másha. Went to Mme. Stakhóvich—lady-in-waiting *de la maison militaire*. Came home after eleven and went to bed.

December 22. Got up at ten. Busy correcting proofs. Gymnastics. Got a dinner from an acquaintance. Corrected *Youth*. Went to *Italina del Algieri*—bad. Returned home at eleven. Sleepy.

December 23. Went to Kovalévski at the University. (A wonderful symphony of Haydn's.) To the printers. Dined at Bótkin's. In the evening meant to go to Shcherbátov, but he had gone away.

December 24. To Bakúnin's, Ánnenkov's, and Kolbásin's. Gymnastics. Dined at Bótkin's. Drove to Vyázemski on the censorship affair. Was going to Zhemchúznikov's, but Stolýpin invited me to some music, and Bótkin and I enjoyed ourselves.

December 25. Got up late. Did nothing sensible all morning. Went walking, entered the Kazán Cathedral. Dined at Bótkin's. To Ólga A. She is very nice. Supped at Dusseau's with Trubetskóy, Lanskóy, Makárov, and Ushakóv ! ! ! Roëderer.

December 26. Walked. Dined at Stolýpin's. The evening at Turgénev's.

December 27. Gymnastics. In the morning received Trúson, Bezobrázov, and Saltykóva. Dined at Bótkin's. Visitors and Theophil Tolstóy. To the French Theatre. The evening at Bezobrázov's. Pretty Saltykóva.

December 28. Got up late. Kept thinking about the comedy. Nonsense. Gymnastics. Have received the certificate. Dined with Shévich. Blúdova is carrion. Vyázemski has forbidden the last chapter. A letter from Nekrásov. Went unexpectedly to Druzhínin's. Have not finished the proofs. Some mummers have arrived.[1]

[1] It was not unusual about New Year for masquerade parties to pay unexpected visits to their acquaintances.

December 29. Got up late. Had a long letter from Valérya. This was unpleasant. Gymnastics. Was angry at home. Dined at Bótkin's. The stupidity and ignorance of the censor are awful. Called on Lazhéchnikov. He is pitiful. Music at home, Bezobrázov, Bakúnin, Stolýpin, Bótkin, Druzhínin, Ánnenkov. It was good. My nerves are still quite upset.

December 30. The University concert was first rate! *Meeresstille* excellent! At Kovalévski's. He is a diplomatist, a liar. Dined at Bótkin's. Spent the evening with him here. Then gadded about with Gardéev. Tiresome champagne.

December 31. Bakúnin. Gymnastics. Dinner at Stolýpin's. Music. Enough!

1857

January 1. Slept badly all night. Have listened to too much music these last four days. Woke about eleven and received a dry but nice letter from Turgénev. Wrote a short and stiff letter to Valérya and one to Nekrásov which I was advised not to send. Translated a fairy tale by Andersen.[1] Read it at dinner at Bótkin's but it was not liked. Nekrásov gave me a letter of Bótkin's who refers to me flatteringly. We had a pleasant chat. Went to see Ólga Turgéneva and stayed with her till past eleven. I liked her better than ever before. Hardly restrained myself from going to a masquerade.

January 2. Got up late, went to gymnastics, then to dinner at Bótkin's. From there to Ánnenkov's and Druzhínin's, and at his house wrote a project for the Fund.[2] In the morning read Belínski and begin to like him. Awful headache.

January 3. Got up very late, read a delightful article about Púshkin,[3] and went to see Blúdova and Shévich. Did not find the former in, and the latter has practically refused to take part in the theatricals. Gymnastics. Dined at Bótkin's, from there to Tolstóy's. His is a sweet

[1] The tale in question was *The Emperor's New Clothes*, which always remained a great favourite with Tolstóy who gave it a political application, employing it as an illustration of the liberating effect bold and truthful statement may sometimes have in destroying the hypnotic influence exercised by state organisation.

[2] This was the project of the "Literary Fund", or officially—"The Society for Assisting Necessitous Authors and Learned Men". It commenced its activities in 1859 and they continued uninterruptedly till the Society was destroyed by the Bolsheviks.

[3] The famous critic Belínski's Articles on Púshkin.

childlike nature, and poetic in a small way. From there after nine to Kraévski, and towards midnight to the masquerade. At first it was very dull, then at supper with Stolýpin and Stakhóvich a "sweet mouth" approached me. I solicited it for a long time, it came with me, and at home was very reluctant to unmask. As like A. D as two peas, but older and coarser featured. . . .

January 4. Got up after one. The article on Púshkin is wonderful. Only now have I understood Púshkin. Gymnastics. Dined at Bótkin's with only Panáev; he read Púshkin to me, I went into Bótkin's room and there wrote to Turgénev, then sat down on the sofa and shed spontaneous but blissful, poetic, tears. I am decidedly happy all these days. I am intoxicated by the rapidity of the moral movement—forward and forward.[1] Went to Druzhínin's and Písemski's in the evening, and contrary to my expectation spent it pleasantly. His wife must be an excellent woman.

January 5. Rose after twelve. Went to F. Tolstóy's [2] where I made Ulybýshev's acquaintance and stupidly refused to make Bosio's.[3] Dined at Tolstóy's. I feel at ease with them. Heaps of people at home. Písemski's *The Lady* created no effect on me, and the music did not . . . Stolýpin is delightful. A mournful impression. A violinist.[4]

January 6. Got up towards twelve with a headache. Bakúnin was here. I played with him and with Kolbásin. Went to Bótkin's. News about the emancipation of the serfs. Went to the Turgénevs'; did not see Ólga. The

[1] The early years of Alexander II.'s reign when preparations were being made for the emancipation of the serfs, the introduction of trial by jury, and the relaxation of the censorship of the press, was a time of great hope and expectation.

[2] Count Fëdor Petróvich Tolstóy, a sculptor medalist, subsequently President of the Academy of Arts.

[3] Angelina Bosio, a celebrated Italian singer of the period.

[4] This violinist was a gifted musician Kiesewetter, whose acquaintance Tolstóy made, whom he took to Yásnàya Polyana, and with whom he studied music. Kiesewetter was the original of *Albert* in Tolstóy's story of that name.

old man offended me. Dined at Bótkin's. We started talking about riding. I like him more and more. Went home: towards nine A. P. came; very nice. It was dull at Shcherbátov's. I told that fool Vyásemskaya about Belínski. Sukhomlín's nature is very good. Supped with Druzhínin and Ánnenkov very pleasantly.

January 7. Got up at seven, I don't know why, and wrote nothing till two though I meant to; only read and played. At the gymnasium Mélov's triumph, which had cost me five rubles, was not a success. The talk about an *ukáz* is humbug, but there is an agitation among the people.[1] Dined at home well. Slept. At Stolýpin's I did not feel inclined to listen to the music, my nerves were blunt. Kiesewetter's story attracts me.

January 8. My words will be remembered—that in two years' time the peasants will rise, unless they are wisely emancipated before then. Woke up, beautiful weather, and the first person I met was Kiesewetter. After gymnastics I went to Albrecht and for the violin. Found Druzhínin in a fume; no one else came to dinner. Strange that I feel uncomfortable when alone with him. Kiesewetter came. He is intelligent, gifted, and sound. He is a simpleton of genius. He played beautifully. A. P. called. Everybody liked her very much. Kolbásin was there, a very fine fellow.

January 9. Gymnastics in the morning. Before that I began writing with pleasure. F. Tolstóy came. . . . Dined at Bótkin's. Galákhov stinks of tobacco and the ferule. Evening at Písemski's. Filípov is a sickly sweet rogue and middle class.

At home, A. P. A wonderful evening; she is a clever and ardent girl.

January 10. Gymnastics. Have received my passport and decided to go. I took money from Panáev. Bremer,

[1] During the years preceding the emancipation of the serfs many rumours were current, some of them very fantastic, as to what the peasants were to receive, and the Decree of Emancipation when it appeared was far from giving complete satisfaction to their hopes.

Trúson, and Stolýpin, dined with me—nice. Kiesewetter came terribly drunk. He played badly. At the Ustínovs' women's talk about the Morny[1] diamonds. Awful! The General shouted during the music. Kiesewetter's lady is a sleeping corpse. Bótkin, Panáev, and the three brothers Zhemchúznikov. Leo is a fine fiery character. Stolýpin, Gorchakóv, and Bremer, came. Gorchakóv has become friendly with Kiesewetter. Kiesewetter touched me deeply.

January 11. Missed the train and woke Kolbásin. Chernishévski came: clever and ardent. Did gymnastics; dined at home alone. Slept. Was roused by Kovélin, at whose house I had called. He is ardent and noble-minded, but dull. Then visited Kolbásin and Davýdov, from whom I borrowed 800 rubles. She did not come and this makes me sad.

January 12. I started at nine. . . . Three poets: (1) Zhemchúzhnikov has power of expression, few sparks, and draws on others. (2) Kiesewetter has fire but no force. (3) An artist—who values both and says that he is burnt up.

A journey all in abrupt sentences not addressed to a reader as a comrade, or a poetic journey like the *Sentimental Journey* (which is very clever)? On the journey, *établissements pour dormir debout* and a child's laughter, though tired out. A Pole—guided by his knowledge of a language—*chapeaux beaux*, *atmosphère jolie*. A Russian tradesman in a Polish overcoat and shaved—the same as ever but shaved and in a Polish overcoat. Limiting the landowner class to pure Russians—not reckoning Little Russians, White Russians, Finns, Tartars, Mordovs, etc. —who are left? Write every day without interruption: (1) *The Outlying Field*, (2) the second part of *Youth*, (3) *The Fugitive*,[2] (4) *The Cossack*,[2] (5) *The Lost One*,[2] and

[1] The Duc de Morny, half-brother of Napoléon III., went as ambassador to Russia in 1856–57.

[2] *The Fugitive* and *The Cossack* were variations of one and the same story, which eventually appeared as *The Cossacks*. *The Lost One* was eventually called *Albert*.

(6) *A Woman's Story*. "When there are nuts the squirrels have no teeth"[1]: she loves and feels she has a right to do so, but then this no longer satisfies her. (7) A Comedy, *A Practical Person*: a George Sand woman and a Hamlet of our times, a crying sickly protest against everything, but a lack of personality.

A man of Nicholas I's time, an officer, and a woman, the Princess N. A. Obolénskaya. A traveller, a Frenchman, intently observing insignificant circumstances and immediately noting them down. An honest Russian artist grew angry with those who suspected insincerity (and with Zhemchúzhnikov[2]) and said, "The man we see slobbering is a Tsar and is great, he has burnt himself up, but you never will! It is well said that, 'the Sevastopol heroes have all remained there, but here not everyone is a hero!' Talent is a great gift, to be carefully dealt with, or you may consume others and yourself"—and he burst into tears.

A young lady travelling with us. Grigoróvich's stories are rubbish.

January 13. Slept till two. Went to see Másha. She is sad and lonely. Paulína[3] is a vain, sixty-year-old little girl. Went to the Club, disputed about Granóvski[4] with Cherkásski; he is a dry dialectitian.

January 14. Kóstinka seems fresher. Did not find the Perfílevs in. They were very glad to see me at Aksákov's. It was intolerably dull at Yákovleva's till Másha came. Went again to the Aksákovs'. They are limited and egotistical. In the evening read Púshkin at Másha's.

January 15–18. Can't remember what happened each day. Oppressed by loneliness, idleness, and the absence

[1] Tolstóy was fond of concise and expressive proverbs, and he uses this one to indicate the theme of his projected tale *A Woman's Story*, which was never completed.

[2] Zhemchúzhnikov was a satirical poet.

[3] Paulína was his aunt Pelagéya Ilínishna Yúshkova.

[4] A professor of history at Moscow University who had died in 1855. An edition of his works had been published in 1856.

of women. Serëzha arrived. We talked much, easily, and pleasantly. B.'s sister is a charming woman but I shall not become intimate with her. At Sukhotín's there's a whiff of my only real love. Valerián is certainly horrid.

January 19. Woke at ten, chatted: Kóstinka, Serëzha, and Kel. The music is still not arranged. Went to Bulgákov. His father is a disgusting aristocrat. Dined at Chevalier's with Sukhotín, Serëzha, Káshkin, Mukhánov, and Obolénski. We drank well. Went to Másha's. Obolénski arrived late at the ball. I did not dance. Many pretty women. It would have been amusing if Rostópshina hadn't put the thumbscrew on.

January 20–25. A reading of *Childhood* at S. T. Aksákov's, delightful! Ball at the Naryshkins'; I danced two quadrilles—dull. Ball at the Voyékovs'. Múromtzeva consumptively pleasant. Ostróvski's *A Lucrative Post* is his best work and meets the need of portraying the world of bribery. Impossible egotism. Mengden is a remarkable woman. Evening at Súshkov's. Tyúcheva is nice.

January 30.[1] In the sunshine everyone is quietly speaking about the affair. He [2] tells his story, and about the night in the theatre which upset his reason. He is afraid of everybody, ashamed, and feels guilty. He has made such a mess of his life that he is afraid of turning back—his one escape is to forget. While he tries to do this he tells his story. Last evening—the artist saw him from a poetic standpoint. Another suspects him. I begged him to bethink himself. "No, it's beautiful! *Wie schön!*"

January 26. Grigoróvich has arrived. A wonderful evening at Obolénski's. I feel awkward with Mengden by herself. Not quite. *Opus 70* wonderful!

Dinner at Cherkásski's; he is a good fellow and useful. Evening at Mengden's—awfully pleasant.

January 28. Gymnastics. Dinner at Másha's;

[1] Tolstóy was not very accurate about dates, and here there is evidently some confusion.

[2] Kiesewetter—referred to in a previous foot-note.

Valerián is angry. I did not go. Almost fell asleep at Sukhotín's.

January 29. Morning at home. Called on the Aksákovs and on Auntie. Dinner at Chevalier's.[1] Started [2] on the journey : got a back seat, fellow-passengers Frenchmen and a Pole. I have thought much, though not independently enough, about *The Lost One*.

January 30, 31. Travelling.

February 1, 2. The same.

February 3. Indigestion, cold, dull, morally fatigued. I think *The Lost One* is quite ready. Remembered my shameful indecision in the matter of the papers for G. which in accord with a letter from Kolbásin were brought me by Kasátkin. I told Chichérin about it and he seemed to despise me. I want to write a letter to Mlle. Vergani to show that the fault, *si* fault *il y a*, is not mine, and I much want to write a letter to Mengden. She is charming, and what joyful relations we might have. Why do I not feel such enjoyment with my sister ? Perhaps the whole delight consists in standing on the threshold of love.

February 4. Have arrived and the sun has just risen and colours the wall of the house. En. gets up, dresses. *Quelle heure fait-il ?* No, that is really too much.

February 5–13. (21 new style). Have been travelling all these days. A muddle in my head and in my notes. Reached Paris to-day. Am alone, doing everything without a servant. A new town, a new way of life, absence of connections, and the spring sunshine which I have scented. It must certainly mark an epoch. Accuracy, and *above all* at least four hours of solitude and work every day. I could not be intimate with Turgénev or Nekrásov. Have spent much money and done absolutely nothing. Diarrhœa. To-morrow first thing must absolutely work. Went to the *bal de l'Opéra*. Madness. *Les Trois Pruneaux*. A French Davýdov with clenched teeth

[1] Chevalier—a well-known hotel and restaurant.

[2] Tolstóy left Petersburg by stage-coach for Warsaw and then proceeded to Paris.

—the whole drama in the wording. A Capucin—*donnez-moi à boire* in a bass voice. Turgénev suspicious and pitiably weak, Nekrásov gloomy.

February 14/22.[1] Got up late, noise still in my ears, cold in the rooms. Wrote however three letters, though short ones, and then went for a stroll. Turgénev and Nekrásov have gone to a shooting gallery, I don't know why. It even made me feel sad. I detached myself from them, wandered about alone but was not dull and I found a lodging, 206 *Rue de Rivoli*. Dined with them, but am still sad. Saw Nekrásov home. Turgénev is a child. Then Orlóv drove me to the theatre : he plays the aristocrat. Absurd ! Why did I go up to Berg ? Very horrid. Came home tired and empty.

February 15/23. Rose late, rummaged at home for a long time tidying up ; went to the Bank and drew 800 francs ; made some purchases, and moved. Called on the Lvovs. She is nice and a Russian. Read Napoleon's speech with indescribable abhorrence. At home made a start on *The Journey*, and dined. A lively lady—I was struck dumb with confusion. Theatre, *Précieuses ridicules* and *L'Avare* —excellent. *Vers de Virgile*, intolerable abomination.

February 12/24. Got up at eight, wrote a sheet, lunched, got into touch a little with my neighbours. Orlóv for some reason called on me. "*Not it*," as Ánnenkov says. A teacher of English [2]—I shall get on. Turgénev called and ran away. Went for a walk and to the gymnasium. Napoleon in a red jacket with a drum. Dined. Fitz James [3] is not bad. The lady musician is

[1] Tolstóy seems not to have got accustomed at once to the difference between the Russian and the Gregorian calendars. The 14th O.S. would be the 26th N.S., but it is not till the 12/24 that he gets the dates to match properly.

[2] Tolstóy began taking lessons in English and Italian. He read English pretty easily before this, but, as he said, he "knew it with his eyes but not with his ears".

[3] James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, was a natural son of James II and Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. He became a French subject and a distinguished General in the French army, and his family have remained French. The lady referred to was no doubt a descendant of his.

bad. Theatre, Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences* is delightfully elegant. Plécy. *Le Malade imaginaire*, delightfully acted.

February 13. Rose early. My teachers took up the whole morning. I am not industrious enough. After three sent to Turgénev, dined with him, and went to see Vólkov. Turgénev is perishing. Vólkov is the devil knows what.

February 14/26. Got up at nine still tired. Had just started preparing my English lesson when the master came. He is no good. Wrote very little of *The Lost One*, and badly. Turgénev came. I dined with him and blushed; Pletnëv[1] came and was very pleasant. We went to the Troubetskóys'. L. A. herself is in Paris. He is a dullard, she a nice girl but not to my taste. Then went to Turgénev's and chatted easily and pleasantly with him till one o'clock.

February 15/27. Got up at ten. All morning (till two o'clock) Italian lesson. Wrote one page, walked to Turgénev's and to Pletnëv. Dined at the Trubetskóys'. . . . Evening at Lvovs. She is very nice.

February 16/28. Got up at ten. Am sleeping better. The English master arrived punctually. My work with him goes badly. Shall get rid of him. Then Orlóv came; read *Honorine*. An immense talent. Drove to the Sorbonne. Superficial. Witticisms about Pliny. Walked. Dined at home. Fitz James I find so-so, but the Spanish Countess is delightful. Colongues with his brother and Polish women; absence of musical sense. I even danced. They promised to introduce me to Mlle. Brohan.

February 17/*March* 1. Rose late, did not breakfast, and went to Mlle. Brohan's. A maid and her son seize her hands. P. Dupont, red, a fine character. From there went to see the Shcherbátovs and Klyústins, but did not find them in. Dined with Turgénev and felt at ease; he

[1] P. A. Pletnëv (1792–1865) a writer who had been friendly with Púshkin, Zhukóvski, and other leading literary men, and had also acted as tutor to Alexander II and his sisters.

is simply vain and shallow. In money matters things are very bad.

February 18/*March* 2. Rose late. Italian master. Lunched at home. To the Trubetskóys'. The Blúdovs' Parisian salon. Gretchen Melgunóva. Oppenheim. The rosy Guryámitsin. Dined with Turgénev and Oppenheim. Evening at Lvov's ; his niece is a most charming girl and everything was pleasant. Then went to Turgénev's where I found Orlóv with his courtier-like embraces. Turgénev swims and flounders in his misfortune.

February 19/*March* 3. At home till two. Received a letter from Valérya. To Garmier : a philosopher—disciple of Descartes. Gadded about till five. Dined at home. A disgusting Englishman. With Turgénev to a concert : a delightful trio and Viardot.[1] *Del Sarte.* Picked up in the street. . . . It is sad at Turgénev's.

February 20/*March* 4. Had scarcely prepared my lesson when the Italian master came. Then Orlóv, who considers de Lamennais and Malesherbes to be awful ! At Klyústina's it is cold. Walked with Turgénev; he is difficult and tiresome. Was late at the Trubetskóys', chatted at dinner, then Ulbach [2] came, talked for three hours on end and went away. At Turgénev's read a charming letter of Chichérin's and sat pleasantly with Turgénev for three hours.

February 21/*March* 5. Got up late, irritable. Orlóv soon arrived and I drove with him to Saint-Marc Girardin, took down his lecture ; met Pletnëv and Stasulévich [3] there and went for a walk with them. Called at the Lvovs', and the Princess is so delightful that for twenty-four hours I have been under a kind of spell making life joyful to me. Went for a walk with George Lvov, dined at

[1] Paulina Viardot (1821–1905), a great singer and a daughter of Manoel Garcia (1775–1832). Turgénev lived for years with the Viardots and was in love with her.

[2] Louis Ulbach (1822–1889), dramatic critic of the *Temps*. He edited the *Revue de Paris* till it was suppressed in 1858.

[3] M. M. Stasulévich, editor of the *Messenger of Europe*, the most prominent organ of Russian liberalism at that time.

home, amused the whole party by my prophesies, was late at Klyústina's and Vólkov's, and again spent the evening pleasantly at Turgénev's with a bottle of wine by the fire.

February 22/*March* 6. Got up late. Went to the *Collège de France*, Baudrillart. Simple and exact. Frank, remarkably intelligent and conscientious, but incomprehensibly religious. Returned home with Pletnëv. Went to dine with the Trubetskóys—it was more comfortable. Was horribly stupid with K. O. and T. upstairs. Downstairs things went well, though . . .[1] either abrupt or shy.

February 23/*March* 7. The Italian master. Late at Rigauld's. Hôtel de Cluny is interesting. Have come to believe in chivalry. Dined with Turgénev upstairs at Durand's. Went to the Klyústins—spiteful people. Gadded about. *Accosteuse*. Spoilt the evening; I suffered morally and was upset.

February 24/*March* 8. Turgénev called in the morning and I drove out with him. He is kind and terribly weak. *Le Château de Fontainebleau*. The forest. In the evening wrote too boldly. With him I look after myself. It is useful though a little bit harmful to feel another's, and a sharp, gaze always directed on one; one's own introspection is still more active.

February 25/*March* 9. Slept badly. We started at eight and played on the way. Turgénev does not believe in anything—that is his misfortune. He does not love but wants to love. Went to the baths, disgusting. In spite of all these comforts there are heaps of privations here for us Russians. Dinner at a café. Wrote badly and well; especially the latter. Too bold and careless.

February 26/*March* 10. Slept splendidly. In the morning wrote Chapter X capitally. Went to see churches with Turgénev. Dined. Played chess at a café. Turgénev's vanity, as the habit of an intellectual man, is nice. At dinner I told him, a thing he did not suspect, that I

[1] Some words of the Diary are here indecipherable.

consider him to be my superior. Theatre *Étoile du Nord*, Sakinkers. In the evening wrote a chapter pretty well.

February 27/*March* 11. Slept well. In the morning wrote badly. Turgénev read the draft of his *Hamlet and Don Quixote*: good material, not without its use, and very clever. Dined capitally. In the evening wrote with pleasure. Turgénev is nice but he is simply tired, and has no beliefs.

February 28/*March* 12. Got up late, cold and out of spirits. I had misunderstood Turgénev; he is what I supposed, but not bad. Finished the draft of *The Lost One*, what will come of it I don't know. Don't like it. Walked and am not well. Read a most stupid book *The Tsar*. As usual it suggested many thoughts.

March 1/13. Got up late. Turgénev is dull. I want to go to Paris,[1] but he can't remain alone. Alas! he has never loved anyone. Read *The Lost One* to him; it left him cold: while walking we quarrelled. Did nothing all day.

March 2/14. Went to Paris. The misfortune of railways. Dined. Mrs. Fitz James's calves! Turgénev, " nothing, silence ".[2] A stupid disgusting ball.

March 3/15. Got up at one. Went to the Louvre with de M.—Rembrandt's portrait and Murillo. Dined at home, then *La Fille du régiment*, dances, and champagne alone.

March 4/16. Got up late. Went to *l'Hôtel des Invalides*. This deification of a malefactor is awful. Soldiers —animals trained to bite everybody They ought to die of hunger. Legs torn off—serve them right. Notre-Dame de Dijon is better. Fontainebleau. Am dreadfully depressed. Spent a heap of money. Was late for dinner at the Trubetskóys'. Have ceased liking the Princess. Hume succeeded and failed. I must try it myself.[3] Called at Turgénev's. He is a bad man because cold and

[1] Tolstóy had gone with Turgénev to Dijon.

[2] " Nothing, silence! " a remark employed by Tolstóy more than once, is borrowed from Gógol's *Memoirs of a Madman*. It indicates silence concerning something immodest.

[3] Tolstóy for a while was interested in spiritualism, and the person referred to as Hume was probably D. D. Home, the famous medium.

useless, but artistically he is very clever and harms nobody. Had a telegram from Serëzha and replied. Am very sad. Activity is the only remedy.

March 5/19. Got up at twelve and more or less arranged my portfolio. Went to the Louvre with Orlóv. I like it better and better. Orlóv is an awfully dull creature. He will become bad. Called on the Lvovs. He is jealous of me. Dined at home. Fitz James is dull. Luckily instead of *Rigoletto* I saw *Le Barbier de Séville*. Looked in on Turgénev. No, I want to avoid him! I have paid tribute enough to his manifold merits: to be intimate with him is impossible.

March 6/18. Got up at one. Having dressed I went to the Bourse and did some shopping. The Bourse is awful. Dined at home, am disgusted with my fellow-countryman. Went to the Bouffes-Parisiens. A truly French affair. Funny. Comedy so good-natured and spontaneous that everything is permitted it. Gadded about the streets for an hour with evil thoughts, returned home at one and want to write a little. In the morning called on Lvov, refused the theatre, and Trubetskáya refused me. Lvov is jealous of me and, Heaven knows why I am deprived of his wife's agreeable company. My chief misfortune is precipitancy, lack of character, and engaging on several things at once—above all the last.

March 7/19. Last night I was suddenly tormented by doubts of *everything*, which arose in me. And now, though they do not torment me, they are still in me. "Why? And what am I?" More than once it seemed to me that I was solving these questions: but no, I have not fixed them in my life. Got up earlier, worked industriously at Italian. Went for a walk round the Colonne Vendôme and along the boulevards. At five Turgénev called as if feeling guilty. What am I to do! I respect, value, and am perhaps even fond of him, but I feel no sympathy with him, and this is mutually so. Mrs. Fitz James, perspiring, coquets dreadfully. Aux Variétés! *La cadrille des Lanciers*, charming! Walked about the boulevard calmly,

and despite Rédkin's and Fitz James's invitation to a ball I am going to bed at one.

March 8/20. Got up late, wrote a little, Orlóv came, went for a walk with him. Colonne Vendôme, Chapelle St. Louis. The Lvovs. Dined at home. *Les Plaideurs, rubbish.* Rédkin is no good.

March 9/21. Got up pretty early. Italian lesson. Tribuneaux. Kind calm face of a girl. The advocates for milk. The public library crammed full of people. Behind the scenes. Dined at home. Bobinot, Turgénev is old. Englishman with nice wife. He awfully stupid. Alas, Musard, Russian officers, a would-be gay supper. . . .

March 10/22. My brother [1] and Obolénski have arrived. The Conservatoire. The Trubetskóys and Mansúrov. Dinner at Thifipe's. Agreeable cranks; at the theatre *Figaro* delightful. Supper.

March 11/23. Called on the Trubetskóys; a little *esprit fort.* Dinner at Frères Prown. Théâtre des Folies-Dramatiques. Café chantant. Obolénski went to sleep. The Lvovs. Turgénev.

March 11/23.[2] Got up late, went to the Louvre and to the *cour d'assises.* Dined with Lvóva and disputed impudently. From there to the Café des Aveugles, *Rigoletto,* and home.

March 12/24. Went to ride with Serëzha, dined at the Trubetskóys'. It was pleasant for me, hard for him. To Turgénev's, then to a ball. Home with Marguerite.

March 13/25. Reception for Falloux. With Trubetskóy to a picture sale. Dined with Turgénev. Variétés. Home.

March 14/26. Have omitted a day.

March 15/27. Got up late. Went to Versailles. Feel my lack of knowledge. Dined at home. Feel involuntarily intimidated by them. Went to the Folies-Nouvelles—

[1] Tolstóy's second brother, Sergéy Nikoláevich Tolstóy (Serëzha) had arrived.

[2] Again Tolstóy has got his dates wrong, or has made two entries for one day.

detestable. *Diable d'argent*—the same. The Emperor with his hussars. At Turgénev's. Gadded about with Ryúmin: a giantess, songs by a savage. Went to see Père Lachaise.

March 16/28. Disorderly life; tried to work—impossible. Set to work all the same. Dined with Turgénev and Marmier at Miss Pancock's with some Academicians. Paltry, mean, stupid! To the Circus, to Musard's, and yielded to Keller.

March 17/29. We started for Versailles, were late; dined at rue Laffitte. A popular paper The poet Schiller. A democrat. Café des Mousquetaires. Drove a girl home.

March 18/30. In the morning came Ryúmin, then Bricon. He brought some verses. Turgénev looked me up. Dined with the Trubetskóys. Hartmann is a very nice fellow. Oppenheim is disgusting. I sat a while at a café but ran away from the supper.

March 19/31. Serëzha stopped at Marguerite's. Went to Laboulaye's [1] last lecture. Beautiful, touching. At Rigoles — insipid. Alsúfyeva is awfully nice, she resembles her sister. Dined at rue Laffitte. Serëzha is very far apart from me in his views and that is what separates us. *Faux bonshommes*—delicious. We meant to leave to-morrow.

April 1. Obolénski has decided to leave by himself. Marguerite came to Serëzha and they were at Demaison's. I went for a walk. Have found a small lodging. Dined with Serëzha and saw him off. Impossible futility and helplessness! Our development is so different that we cannot live together, though I am very fond of him. Went to a concert. The Alsúfyevs, husband and wife, seem to feel the impression they have made on me. The *Largo* was delightful. Returned home cheerful and tranquil; a lady confused me, I went to her lodging but remained firm. The debauchery is terrible.

April 2. My side aches. Since morning have had no

[1] Édouard Laboulaye, professor of Comparative Jurisprudence in the Collège de France. One of his best stories is *Le Prince Caniche*.

peace from the bell-ringing. D. Kolóshin came, I went to walk with him and also by myself. Returned, bath, dinner; Mrs. Fitz James came. James Demaison bothered. I was cupped. Wrote a sheet. My side is better, am going to bed.

April 3. My side is better; have a regular cold. Turgénev woke me. . . . Kolóshin turned up with someone else and a specialist, who bothered me till dinner-time. Registered at Kiselëv's and worked a little. Dined upstairs with Turgénev. Fitz James said, "*qu'on n'est jamais aussi vicieux qu'on voudrait l'être*", and when we all laughed she added, "*Dame, c'est si naturel!*" An Italian Tavérino. Wrote a little and went to a concert, Botesini and all sorts of nastiness. Only Viardot and Ristori were very remarkable, expecially the former. Sat with Turgénev in a café. Am thinking of starting on several things at once: *The Outlying Field*, and *Youth*, and *The Fugitive*.

April 4. Got up at twelve. Began writing rather lazily. Read Balzac. Bricon was admitted; I went out to get rid of him and returned at five. Read *Mirra* in Italian. Dinner upstairs. Went to see Ristori;[1] a single poetic movement compensates for the falsity of five Acts. Racine's drama and the like are Europe's poetic wound. Thank God we have not got it and shall not have it. At home wrote a sheet. Going to bed towards two in the morning.

April 5. Got up at ten. Wrote a little of *The Demented* and a letter to Bótkin. Turgénev dropped in. Went to the races with Demaison. Depression of which I cannot rid myself. Dined in rue Laffitte. Foolishly went to *Passe-Temps* and came away muzzy. Crowds of Russians; Ryúmin, Zherebtsóv, Bogolyúbov, and Verëvkin. I was disenchanted. No poetry and no poetic tradition. Was foolish enough to have supper, returned after one, fell asleep towards three, and to-day—

[1] Adelaide Ristori, a great Italian tragic actress who was very successful in France, as indeed she was wherever she went.

April 6. Got up ill at seven, and went to see an execution. A stout white neck and chest; he kissed the Gospels and then — death. How senseless! The impression it made was strong and will not go for nothing. I am not a political man. Morals and art I know, love, and can deal with. Am unwell and depressed. Am going to dine at the Trubetskóys'. Wrote a stupid letter to Bótkin. Read lying down and dozed. Went to the Trubetskóys'. The criminal has upset me. Hartmann and Turgénev were there. I remained too long and got bored. Went to Turgénev's. He no longer talks but chatters; he believes neither in reason, in people, nor in anything. But it was pleasant. The guillotine long kept me awake and compelled me to reflect.[1]

April 7. Got up late, unwell. Read, and suddenly a simple and sensible idea occurred to me—to leave Paris. Turgénev and Orlóv came, I went with them to the latter's, gadded about, packed, dined with Turgénev and Krudener —who had thrust himself upon us—at Duront's, from there went in for a moment to Turgénev's. He went to Viardot' and I to Lvov's. The young Princess was there. I like her very much, and think I am a fool not to try to marry her. If she were to marry a very good man and they were happy together I might be driven to despair. Chatted afterwards with a sincere and sweet Institute pupil and went to bed calmer than the day before.

April 8. Got up at eight and called on Turgénev. Both times on taking leave of him and leaving him I have cried, I don't know why. I am very fond of him. He has made and is making a different man of me. Started at eleven. It was dull on the train. On the other hand, when we changed on to a diligence in the night the full moon shone on it and everything stood out and was suffused with love and joy. For the first time in a long period I sincerely thanked God I was alive.

[1] How briefly Tolstóy recorded events which made a tremendous impression on him may be seen by comparing this entry with his mention of the same event in *Confession* (p. 14 in the "World's Classics" edition) written twenty-two years later.

April 9. *En route* in the diligence. Am tired and have reached Geneva. To-morrow I want to start again on three things at once.

April 10. Woke up early, feel well and almost bright if it were not for the bad weather. Went to church, but service was over and it was too late for my devotions. Did some shopping and went to the Tolstóys'. Alexandra Tolstáya [1] has fallen into a religious mood and I think they all have. Bocage is delightful. Read *Cousine Bette* all day, but was orderly in my life and wrote five sections. At twenty-eight am still a stupid stripling !

April 11. Yesterday again read *Cousine Bette*. Was orderly, wrote four disjointed letters, but did nothing. Went to look for a country house and found nothing. Strógonov called in the evening and talked insistently about his relations.

April 12. Read the Gospels, went to the baths, caught cold. The Tolstóys have carried me off to their house. I abused Totleben—bad ! Read Balzac. Alexandrine's [1] smile is wonderful ; in the evening a certain Lvov turned up—a sleek, lively officer.

April 13. Took a bath, feel weak. Read till mid-day, then worked all day except for two hours which were taken up by Lvov.

April 14. Continued reading the Gospels and condensing my prayers. Bath. Health pretty good. Horrible weather. Wrote and meditated all day. Shall be obliged to alter everything; there is too little connection between the characters.

April 15. Got up late—the baths. There read the preface to the *Comédie Humaine* : shallow and self-satisfied. Read a little of the *History of the Revolution*, and *Liberté* by Émile Girardin—inconclusive though honest. Wrote nothing but considered afresh. Will write what is most essential in the very briefest way. It is coming out dreadfully immoral.

April 16. Wrote a short note to Turgénev in reply to

[1] Tolstóy's cousin, the maid of honour referred to in the Preface.

a nice one received from him. Went twice to church service. Read *Liberté* by Girardin. Good, but leads to nothing. Wrote a little, reconsidered much. Must do three things. (1) Educate myself, (2) work at poetry, (3) do good, and test these three matters daily.

April 17. Believe I have finally thought out *The Fugitive*. Went to the doctor, ordered some things. Baths. The Holy Shroud. Mar. is well built. Read *Liberté*, went to confession. A good thing in any case. Had a letter from Auntie.

April 18. Woke at nine, took communion. At home read *Liberté*, at the baths Balzac and a newspaper. Walked, dined. Absurd company controlled by table-turning. Read the history and constitution of Switzerland. Went out in a boat. Think I have *The Fugitive* nearly ready, shall set to work on it to-morrow. If I fall asleep I shall not go to church.

April 19. Slept badly and kept feeling afraid of being late somewhere. At nine went to the baths, at home read the History of France. Went to hear Martin preach. Clever but dreadfully cold. Wrote a summary of it. Dined hurriedly and went with Púshchin to the Tolstóys'. Met Mar. twice, she is not bad looking but is haughtily polite. The Púshchins are delightfully kind-hearted. Meshchérski may be of use to me, I will go to see him. I was terribly democratic—stupid. Also stupidly flirted with an Englishwoman.

April 20. Got up early, baths. Read *La Dame aux Perles*. Talented, but the ground on which the author works is horrible—depravity. Balzac is only the flower of which he is the fruit. Church. Felt cheerful. Began writing *The Fugitive*, it went well but I was lazy. Dined at home. Went out in a boat, continued reading and packing, so that all day I have done nothing towards educating myself and doing good, and have missed three opportunities of doing good already. Krudener, *Sommeiller*, and Lévina.

April 21. Got up at five, baths, arranged my affairs

and caught the steamboat. Bad weather. Did not notice how the time passed with dear Tolstáya. Muddle. Dinner at Púshchin's. Karamziná is good. A disputatious conservative. . . . Tired, think I've caught a slight cold. Am going to bed at ten. Have done nothing.

April 22. Got up at eight. Wrote a little of *The Cossack*. There was a general bustle, everybody started for the Rigi. Very pleasant, carelessly gay. I returned at eight and went to the Meshchérskis'. Nice people. Did nothing, but it was very very pleasant; there is a breeze of kindliness. L. Karamziná especially is splendid.

April 23. Got up at ten, went to Vevey to the Bukhárins', they are most piteous. We dined at home, had some music; dear old Púshchina brimmed over. Went to Chillon, drank tea in a cosy salon, had music, even "God save the Tsar". I did not go out, and will get to bed earlier.

April 24. Tolstáya has gone away in spite of the horrid weather. Though I felt ashamed of it, I did not go to see her off. Dined badly at Vevey. L. Karamziná is good, but a drilled and therefore a difficult person. Drank tea with the priest at Púshchin's. The evening at Karamziná's. The Meshchérskis are dull envenomed conservatives, assured of their own goodness.

April 25. Got up at ten. Did nothing. Went to the baths. Did not feel well: a rash over my whole body. Fell asleep. In the evening went to Karamziná's. Wrote a page, am going to bed.

April 26. Not well. Wrote a little of *The Cossack*. Received letters from Nekrásov, Turgénev, and A. Tolstáya. Read the history of the Revolution. Pride. "In the beginning was the Word." In the evening Púshchin sat with me and bragged for all he was worth.

April 27. At seven I drove to the steamer. A pimple, I am not well. Did some shopping, called in at the Tolstóys'. Migraine, vomited. Read Komyakóv's proud, adroit pamphlets. Got back late.

April 28. Drove out early. Made Lenoir's acquaint-

ance. Slept, dined with the Meshchérskis—uncomfortable. Not my sort ! Sat with Púshchin. Did nothing.

April 29. Got up early. Wrote a tiny bit of *The Cossack* in prose. Went for a walk and got to Tubli. Dined with the Púshchins, and went with them in a boat to Villeneuve. Am always cold and my eye aches. In the evening also called on Karamziná. There I met a healthy, sentimental lady, Galákhova, and her plain ill-tempered little sister. At home a lively Englishwoman, a brunette.

April 30. Got up early, walked a little, read of the disgusting behaviour of England to China and disputed about it with an elderly Englishman.[1] Wrote a little of *The Cossack* in verse, which seemed better to me ; I don't know which to choose. Read the history of the Revolution all day.

May 1. Got up at eight. My eye inconveniences me very much ; the doctor came. Read Toqueville's history of the Revolution all day. Púshchin wanted to irritate Astáfev with pin-pricks. Púshchina was with me in the evening. Hope to write much.

May 2. Eye still aches. Read Larrut's[2] *History* and the *Idées Napoléoniennes* all day ; did not touch a pen. Reb. called a couple of times. There is something wrong about him.

May 3. A bright day, feel cheerful in spite of eye. Went for a walk with the Púshchins. I think the Englishwoman is tired of coquetting with me in vain. Dined at home. Again went to walk with the Púshchins. Read nothing and wrote nothing. At eight found L. N. Karamziná with the Meshchérskis' boy. Saw them home pleasantly.

[1] On March 3, 1857, Lord Palmerston's government had been defeated in the House of Commons on a vote declaring that the papers submitted " fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton in the late affair of the *Arrow*".

[2] Tolstóy's writing is very indistinct and probably this name has been wrongly copied. The history books he read were generally standard works, but " Larrut " is unknown to fame.

May 4. Got up at nine, wrote a little note to Ánnenkov, gadded about, and didn't even read. The Englishwoman, Dora . . . " nothing, nothing, silence ! " Neck, arm, laughter ! Went to Montreux and met B—a ; also " nothing ! " Spring. My eye is better. Spent evening at Meshchérski's, very pleasant. L. N. came out to accompany me.

May 5. Got up late. Did literally nothing all day. In the morning to Montreux and the baths. A charming blue-eyed Swiss girl. Wrote a reply to a letter I received from Turgénev. The English are morally naked people and go about like that without shame. After dinner walked with R. and P. and visited the cemetery. A splendid evening. The scenery here leaves me extremely cold. In the evening sang with M. Ya. in the twilight. An idiot girl who gazed at the sky. A cold, moonlight night. A consumptive Corsican.

May 6. Rose late, read Kiesewetter. It is good. Had scarcely time to go to the baths. Had dinner at the Púshchins' and went with them into Savoy. Enchanting. Meillerie. The Custom-house official. Bobillard. Cretin. Wildness, poverty and poetry ; arrived at eleven, tired but well.

May 7. Wrote a little of *The Deranged*[1] from the beginning again. At the baths the Galákhov girls have tired me out. It is so dirty that soap has no effect. The General gave me *maitrank* to drink. We went by boat to Basset, where we sat and walked about till one in the morning.

May 8. Got up at eight, not well. Wrote a little of *The Demented*. Baths. After dinner read *L'Histoire de France*. Received a letter from Bótkin and Druzhínin, a flattering and very pleasant one. Púshchina has become too much attached to me. Walked about in Basset.

May 9. Woke up at eight feeling well. Wrote three letters : to Másha, to Kolbásin, and to Vásenka. Went to

[1] *The Deranged*, *The Lost One*, *Kiesewetter*, and *Albert*, are all the same story. It was eventually called *Albert*.

the baths. Wrote a very little. The German woman and Púshchina interrupted me.

May 10. Went early to the baths. Preparations. Made Baumgarten's acquaintance, a cautiously embittered German. Went to Geneva with Ryábov and Púshchin. I felt rather dull and my head ached. A. Tolstáya was going to a concert and took me with her. Abominable, M. Henri. A bad artist with excessively long hair. My head ached.

May 11. To the doctor. A trivial *raisonneur*. To the Tolstóys', cheerful, with them to Salève, very pleasant. I am so ready to fall in love that it's dreadful. If only Alexandra were ten years younger! A fine nature. Then to Petróv. An ascetic—intelligent, ardent, and knows his business. He spoke well. I pray God to give me such faith.

May 12. Got up at eight, went to a magnetiser, a doctor who firmly believes in it. To Calame,[1] a dull man, but a man of great talent. On my way to the Bocage met Ryábov and Púshchin and returned with them. Saw Ryábov off and went to dine. Púshchin is a happy man, it always seems to him that there is much that is beautiful dwelling within him which he cannot express—and this especially when he drinks. If he were wiser he would see that all that dwells there is nastiness. Went to Thonon; I talked to an American clergyman. We went on foot to Amphion. Poplars darkened by clouds that had emptied themselves and through which the moon was visible. Suddenly a footpath and three white Newfoundland dogs, a splendid house. Drank champagne. I spent much money.

May 13. We started at six and reached Meillerie on foot by nine. On a boat till twelve. Dinner with an Ukrainian, Kabérski. He can't understand mountains or a handkerchief. A dull official rogue. The Galákhov girls passed. I felt ashamed. Went to the Meshchérskis' with Kóstya and P. I might by now have a son of his

[1] A Swiss painter.

age. . . . Have put matters right with the Galákhovs. I have been stupid all day. Wrote a letter to Bótkin and posted it, and one to Tolstáya which I did not send.

May 14. Got up at 5.30 and walked till 8.30. Wrote about three sheets of *The Deranged*. Kóstya is charming. In the evening Karamziná came with her niece. A fine girl, kind and simple.

May 15. Got up at 7.30 and walked till breakfast. Wrote very little. Took Kóstya back. After dinner read a silly novel by About. We went to meet Michael Ivánovich. Lit lamp. Returned tired at 11. Idle.

May 16. Got up at 3 and walked to Bonet. Wrote a little. After dinner read Las Cases. The Tolstóys have arrived, and I went to them and was silly enough to tell them Longínov's story. Returned pleasantly. Meshchérskaya is a good woman and her conservatism is sweet. "I see in them the future murderers of my children."

May 17. Upset a salt-cellar. Got up late. Head aches a little and a terrible gloom has come over me. However I wrote a little. After dinner felt quite unwell; slept till seven. Went to the Meshchérskis'. Went to the Tolstóys', they overtook us. The evening at the Tolstóys'; I told them much about Sevastopol and the Caucasus.

May 18. Bad night. . . . After breakfast went to the Tolstóys' with Michael Ivánovich and had tea with the whole company. They are happy—how can they help being kind? To Prebat with the Prince. Bought many things, little money left. In the evening went to St. Gingolph with M. Ya. and Michael Ivánovich and met the Galákhovs there. The red republican promenades about; many pretty girls. K. M. is dangerous. I am afraid I am already to blame, and that feeling, together with the pleasure and consciousness of the charm of a handsome young woman, kept me awake a long time.

May 19. Got up late, depressed. Had a good walk, wrote in notebook. Dined alone. Fell asleep. Wrote to

Auntie,[1] went to Baumgarten's—deadly dull. Afterwards relieved my mind at the Meshchérskis'.

May 20. Got up early, walked till 10, took an aperient, played duets, then for the rest of the day read Larrut. Polivánova called with her children. I am sorry for her. In Amsterdam the *bourgeois* go about in . . .

May 21. Got up early, went to Hauteville ; feel first rate. At home read ; can't set to work. Went to a fête, stayed there till six. Dress-clothes, dances, polkas. The Galákhovs and Meshchérskis came. With tail up I spent a merry evening. The Meshchérskis invited me to dance. Received a letter from Nekrásov ; wrote a religious letter in reply, and one about money to Pánaev.

May 22. Clarens. Got up at 8, walked for a while. Read Larrut. Wrote nothing except two letters. Was with the Meshchérskis in the evening, read them Chichérin's letter. They are awfully stupid, but thank God that does not vex me. Stayed till 12, and went to bed with a heavy head.

May 23. Woke up at 10. Sat upstairs and wrote. A letter from General K. M. ; cheerful. After dinner played with the *goitreuse*, walked, then the Galákhovs also came for *maitrank*, then to the Meshchérskis'. This begins to get tiresome, *i.e.* it may become a bore : none of these people is specially dear to me, but my idleness continues.

May 24. Got up at 8, read Larrut all day. A quantity of artistically happy thoughts.

Went to a funeral in the evening. The prayers touched me. Love is suffocating me—both physical and ideal love. M. Ya. is charming.

[1] In this letter Tolstóy described his impressions: ". . . I will only say that it is literally impossible to tear oneself away from this lake and from these shores, and that I spend most of my time in gazing and in ecstacy, walking or merely standing at the window of my room. I do not cease to be glad that the idea came to me to leave Paris and come here for the Spring, though this earned me a reproach from you for my changeability. I am really happy. There is delightful Russian company here : the Púshchins, Karamzíns, Meshchérskis, and they all, Heaven knows why, have taken a liking to me and I feel this, and it has been so good and so pleasant all the month I have spent here that it is sad to think of leaving."

I am extremely interested in myself. I even love myself because there is much love of others in me.

May 25. Departure of the General for Torneo and Cairo. L. N.'s ecstasy. A soirée at the Meshchérskis'. Very jolly, tail up.

May 26. Bitter taste in mouth. The Galákhovs. Hurry. Soirée at the Meshchérskis', pleasantly flattering.

May 27. Rose at 8. Packing. Galákhov came with his Mother. The Karamzíns and K. Saw the dear Púshchins off. I love them spiritually. M. Ya. is infinitely ready for all that is good. Went to dine with the Galákhovs, it was constrained and dull ; took little Sásha with me and went as far as Les Avants. Fine places. Wrote a sheet of *The Demented*.

May 28. Got up at 4. Went through the Col de Jaman, a pleasant walk, but the little one bores me. We reached Allières, cosily nice. A wild chalet. Montbeauvent. The " Genevestka " [1] confused me. Roman Catholic poetry ! Arranged my books, did not write. My chest aches. Walked to Château d'Œx, a chaste miller gave me a lift. A waterfall with many stones : one can't tell what is water and what stones. Drove to Jesnay. An angry black gentleman. An excessively rude office-keeper.

May 29. A horrid bed. Rowdy officers. The office-keeper calmed down. Travelled in a *char de côté*. We walked to Wissburg. The waters gloomily beautiful. Sásha says the landscape lacks balance and the château is not pretty. Walked from Veinis to Spiez ; poor fishermen. Sásha was touched by Karl. In a boat to Neuhaus, beautiful waterfalls, grottos, and castles. On foot to Interlaken. Rye, milk, sweets. Health is better. I am drinking no wine.

May 30. Not well. Woke up at seven. Walked to Bönigen. Handsome people, especially the women. They beg. Rain. Wrote a little of *The Cossack*. Read the Sevastopol campaign. The maid troubles me. My

[1] So Sásha called the maid-servant.

shamefacedness saves me. Sásha bothers. Had my hair cut. In the evening wrote a little of *The Demented*; went to the doctor. Yesterday wrote to Auntie.

June 1. Health better, disgusting weather. Sásha brings the wood with *frühstück*, chops sugar with Thurm, and rows in an anchored boat. It is Trinity Sunday new style. Wrote *The Cossack*. After dinner chanced to go for a walk. The landlord said it was three hours to Grindenwald. We went, Sásha lagged behind. Rain. A small animal. "Comrade: *cochon werde, schlechtes wetter!*" Beggars. Discussion about being religious. Came to an inn and stripped completely. Pretty servant girls. The waiter had fought in Naples.[1] The glaciers diminish for seven years and increase for seven years.

June 2. Went to the glacier with Bóren, sent him for my things, wrote a description of the journey, went to a second glacier. A boy Lüprer—and another, the twenty-fifth son of the old man. An English cannon. An awful bill. English people arrived. . . . Could not sleep till midnight, paced up and down my room and the corridor. Walked about the balcony. The glaciers and mountains black by moonlight. Pinched the downstairs housemaid, and the upstairs one too. She ran in several times. I thought she was waiting. . . . All the people came running and looked angrily at me. Downstairs I hear that I roused the whole house. . . . They talked loudly for about half-an-hour.

June 3. Woke at four and went up the Scheidne. Sent Sásha in advance. Walked to Gamsberg—terrible! Saw the sunset but was too tired to enjoy it. Had sunstroke and it hurt my eyes. Returned at four, slept. Awoke sad and savage, to dine abominably. Money considerations spoil everything and I have little money left.

June 4. Left Rosenlaui at five. Robbery everywhere. Descended the mountain, got into diligence at Meiringen. A young Swiss inquisitive about Russia. Waterfalls,

[1] Probably in May 1848, when the liberals and national guard were almost annihilated by the troops of Ferdinand VI. (Bomba).

Russian women. Brienz. A gentleman-footman. We are hard up, went to eat cheese at back of village. Missed the steamboat and went on foot. Shild was upset. Borrowed money from the Tolstóys. Passed by the Thun lake to Leissingen. A venerable publican. Beautiful women everywhere with white bodice-fronts. My feet ache terribly.

June 5. Left at seven. A stone-carter gave us a lift in his cart. A little cabaret—they charge terribly. More beautiful girls. From Spiez to Thun on foot. *Heimathslose.* Am travelling with a dog and children, cosy and merry. A sallow bootmaker with sickly family. *Glieder.* In Thun, dinner with eighteen clergymen. A pretty servant in the Pinten Wirtschaft. Reached Berne. Thought of writing to L. Karamziná, and that I must marry and live in a house of my own.

June 6. Left Berne at eight. Till Fribourg, flat country with fields of rye and woods. A thirty-year-old American who has been in Russia. Mormons in Utah: Joseph Smith their founder was lynched.[1] Prices the same in all the inns. Hunting buffaloes and slaves. I feel inclined to continue my journey. The abolitionists and Beecher Stowe.[2] Arrived in Vevey. Asked him to come, he would not. Finished the journey on foot. Sad, bare! Began to write, but did not finish, a letter to L. Karamziná.

June 7. Got up at eight, have a sore lip. In the morning wrote notes of my voyage capitally. After dinner a little of *The Cossack*, bathed, walked to charming Basset, afterwards a little of *The Demented.* Fine!

[1] This was done by a mob in a gaol at Carthage, Illinois, on June 27, 1844.

[2] Tolstóy, who was much concerned about the Emancipation in Russia and his own responsibilities as serf-owner, was naturally greatly interested in the American anti-slavery movement which was coming to a head at about this time, and he was appreciative of the influence exerted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Forty years later in *What is Art?* he mentioned it among other works as an instance of art that is good "considered according to its subject matter", but he added a foot-note saying that "I attach no special importance to my selection, for . . . I may mistake for absolute merit the impression a work produced on me in my youth".

June 8. Got up at eight, am not well. Wrote one sheet of *The Demented*, and letters to Nekrásov and to Karamziná. I bathe twice a day and go rowing. Had letters from Turgénev, Nekrásov, Bótkin, and Druzhínin. Some clean, unpleasant, Englishwomen have arrived.

June 9. Slept very heavily, am not well. Got up at seven, bathed, took my letters to the post. Wrote little of *The Outlying Field*, but it seems to be going pretty well. My spell of activity is beginning to slacken. The Englishwoman thinks that the essential thing is to speak French, but that what she says is immaterial. In the evening Sásha came and I went with him in a boat as far as Vernet. Then with a big dark boatman and his son we threw stones into a boat; but the clouds were lower than the mountain tops and it was threatening.

June 9. *I have somehow gone a day wrong in my dates.* It looks like a fog because rain has been falling all day. Have written the first chapter of *Youth* capitally and should have written more but wish to revise the whole as soon as possible. After dinner wrote my Travel Notes. Wrote many sheets — about nine — but did not finish. Sásha bothered me in the evening. Chatted about America and politics with the Englishwoman. Had a letter from Púshchin and answered it. Received 2000 rubles from Moscow.

June 10. Woke at six, it is fine. Went to Vevey about bill of exchange. Could do nothing Was at the Zýbins. Madame Steier. It was very nice. Returned with Polivánova; she is not at all stupid, and seems simple and kind. At dinner Englishwomen, mother and daughter, whose sole interest in life is restaurants. Raining, walked a little. Read *The Neighbours*, by Mme. Bremer;[1] a very bright, attractive talent, though, as usual with women, too sugary. Wrote four or more sheets of Travel Notes. Have thought out *The Fugitive Cossack* very well, and looked over what was written.

June 11. Broke mirror. Only that omen was lacking!

[1] Frederika Bremer, a Swedish writer and advocate of women's rights.

Was weak to try my fortune by the use of a dictionary. The words I hit on were *re-sole*, *water*, *catarrh*, *grave*. Read *The Neighbours* the whole morning. Bad as an artistic production but shows much sweet attractive talent and poetry. Did not go out all day. After tea wrote five sheets of *The Fugitive Cossack*.

June 12. In the morning went to Blonet. Lovely. A quite modern oval fountain and majestic ancient terraces, rent chestnut trees and rotting seats. Went to Geneva. Zýbin drove us; he is stupid but practical. Met Petzold and Chernyshóv. On the steamboat wrote a tiny bit. On reaching Geneva went to the Bocage. Noire has died. With Alexandra Tolstáya, to my shame, I feel awkward like a young man.

June 13. In the morning went with the Russian priest to the Tolstóys'. Dined with Gher; good fellows those artists. At six started for Chambery with a Savoyard, a playful, delicate, stalwart Frenchman with a little dog.

June 14. Slept till twelve. In the train and beyond Lanslebourg with a tipsy Piedmontese and a red-haired conductor with large eyes and a mocking smile. Because of indecision did not succeed with K. S.

June 15. Slept till five. Crossed Mont Cenis. The lake is transparent. At nine took the diligence. An amiable Turinian. Arrived at twelve; at one o'clock found Bótkin. He is ill, old, and it is hard for me to be with him, but I will manage it. Druzhínin and Bótkin have come, that is pleasant. Went to two theatres and a café. Street-singers. Apollo turning somersaults.

June 16. Overslept and missed Genoa. Visited two museums—weapons and statues—and to the Chamber of Deputies. We all dined well together. Went for a walk. . . . To a concert to hear the sisters Ferni. The best Sardinian society. Had a pleasant chat with Druzhínin and went to bed late. Bótkin feels a silent hatred for Druzhínin.

June 17. Woke early, bathed, ran to the Athenaeum. Feel envious of this young, strong, free life. Went to a

café. One can live, and live well, everywhere. Went with Valdímir Bótkin to Chivasso. Reports of Brofeurn's interpellation. In the diligence with Angelet, his friend, and a fair-haired Italian—and rogue—a retired officer who respects a b—. A lady in whose presence one talks of . . . . Dined in Loraie. Our friends treated us to coffee. Walked to St. Martin with fatigue. Terraced vineyards and fireflies. *Si Signore!*

June 18. I overslept and missed the friend who had come to wake me. Woke up and went to see a procession. Voltaire in a white mantle carries a canopy. Went on, mounted on mules, to Gressoney where it is said there are beautiful women. I ran over rocks to Perlo, caught the others up dreadfully tired, and we rode to Gressoney with a merry German guide. Pleasant rain. A giantess served us. . . .

June 19. Did not sleep till midnight. Terribly agitated. Rain prevented our starting. . . . Wrote a couple of sheets of *The Cossack*. Read enchanting Goethe. *The Leave-taking and the Meeting*. Went to the Trinité. A valley something like Grindenwald—fine. Bótkin is a dear Russian fellow.

June 20. Left at six. Ascent to the chapel. Meeting with handsome singer. View of Aosta valley and the mountain range. Depression of spirits. Meeting with a godfather and a godmother. The scent of rye, larches, grass. . . . Brusson. The second ascent. Beggar asks for half-a-franc. A pine forest. Alone by a brook. Second view of Aosta valley. Chestnuts and nuts. A valley with vineyards. St. Vincent. A pretty tobacconist. The Cassino waters. Riding like gentlemen. On foot to Chambave. Ruins.

June 21. The diligence was full. Sunday, shops, the church. Christenings. In a cart to Aosta. Bathing. A hot country. Roman antiquities. Coachman in the restaurant, a rogue. Road to St. Remy. Stories of the election of deputies. An idiot in a Napoleonic hat. St. Remy. Ball in a stable: tra la la! St. Bernard dogs.

Guide with frills and also in my hat. Mist, cold—a Russian evening when it thaws in winter. Strangeness. Hugeness of the *Hospice* in the fog. Welcome monastically sugary. Hall with fireplace, women travellers, nuns. A splendid supper. Two English, two French, and two Russians. An eloquent monk.

June 22. Got up at six and went into the hall. The English had already gone; only women remained. A talkative monk was showing the dogs. We breakfasted, saw the church. Copies of poor pictures—looked at the dead as if they were sketches.

Descended for two hours through the mist over the snow. Where the fog had lifted it was dark and cold. An hour in a charrette, then three hours on foot to Osières. An unlucky day—bad weather; missed Bótkin, made no acquaintance. In Osières the maid said that *les Valaisiennes ont toutes du bois devant la maison.* Drove to Martigny—a wonderful place; on foot to Evionnaz. The valley is covered with something lilac. The Pissevache—the rye beaten down. The place resembles Interlaken. A dirty cook-shop with bugs. Dormitory for wayfarers. Tipsy workmen from the railway. A plump and merry waitress.

June 23. Got up at 7. Coffee made of boot-blacking. The waitress began to cry because I complained of the coffee. Went by diligence as far as Villeneuve with a sociable, consumptive *précepteur* and a rotund little man who was recruiting soldiers for Naples. Spoke of the usefulness of the Swiss in Naples. Was a long time in a boat and arrived tired out. We went by water to Chillon. Drank tea in Villeneuve. Pleasant, but incomplete without women. Returned late, went easily to sleep.

June 24. Got up at six. Bathed. Read *The Demented* to Bótkin; it is really poor. He liked *The Cossack.* Chatted, went to Vevey and gadded about there. At home chatted. Absolutely nothing, except the success with *The Cossack.*

June 25. Saw the younger Bótkin off early, bathed

and caught a cold, fell asleep, ran about to recover. My head aches. Went to Gliyon. Druzhínin is difficult. Wrote *The Rendezvous*, it seems good.

June 26. Got up late, head aches badly. Went for a walk to Châtelard ; hot, slept again, went to Vevey and Blonet. Am better. Did nothing, received a practical letter from Ánnenkov.

June 27. Got up at nine, still unwell. Hæmorrhoids. Must not drink wine and must keep to a cooling régime all the time. Made cigarettes, had a pleasant chat with Druzhínin. Wrote a little of *The Lost One*. Slept after dinner, went to Villeneuve and to the hôtel Byron.

A freckled beauty. I want a woman — terribly — a pretty one.

June 28. Head still aching, went to the *culte libre*. The Pastor is a poet. Read *Going to see a Man hanged*. Good ! Why did I not write it ? I had not the courage or capacity to speak of the bare facts : that is obtained by labour. Went to Lausanne with Bótkin. Casino. A ball . . . , soldiers. A great ball. The forest, the view. The signal. Casino again. Three girls, eluded them. A smelly Methodist woman with wonderful eyes.

June 29. Woke late, gadded about the town, returned at one. Wrote a little after dinner. Walked with Druzhínin to Montreux, chatted pleasantly. He is awfully short, but fat and round.

June 30. Left for Geneva. My head aches worse and worse. On the steamer were two Frenchmen, a notary, and his brother-in-law a socialist. Shenshín, a Russian landlord, said in a whisper that it is a pity—Cavignac has lowered himself ; his wife is a most kindly, fat, flat-faced lady. In spite of my headache I went for a walk. A pitiable creature : *Comme si vous faisiez la charité, je vous jure, je vous promets* ; and I, beast that I am. . . .

June 31.[1] Got up at seven, gadded about, and in the morning shopped. Went to the Tolstóys'. Felt awkward, pricks of conscience. Dinner. A Frenchman, St. Thomas,

[1] Once more Tolstóy is in trouble with his dates.

we gadded about with Druzhínin. Ólga is fresh and blameless. What must I do? To *Cercle des Étrangers*—dancing. The hairdresser—an aristocrat. At V, English people whom I itched to lay hands on.

July 1. Spent it in Geneva, not well, in town fashion—distractedly. In that hurried frame of mind, expecting something, when you don't watch yourself at all, let wrong actions pass unobserved and are only vaguely dissatisfied with yourself. That is the dangerous time. Have disappointed the Tolstóys a couple of times, have hardly seen them, have not seen the priest . . . , have spent heaps of money, have done nothing, and was in such a state that I was ready for anything. To-day I saw Druzhínin off and went to Yuerdon in clothes that suited me. Conversation about the Geneva Freemasons. *Le Grand Orient* in France and *l'Alpina* in Switzerland. Fine views from the door of the railway-carriage. Yverdon is one of those Swiss towns which I am tired of. Will write to Keterer and to Púshchina. There are the same nocturnal shadows in Yverdon. Have written stupid letters to Púshchina and Keterer.

July 4. Woke at nine, hurried to the steamboat. Such a crowd as I never saw before. A young curly-headed Swiss lad who speaks French correctly, lies, muddles, but does it all fluently. Rousseau was a Freemason.[1] Different types: (1) square-cornered Germans with broad jaws and brooches on one side of their shirt-fronts; (2) slender Parisian Frenchmen; (3) stout, stalwart Swiss. The railway: shouts, wreaths, greetings to the travelling potentate—the people. Dinner with the Courier. A travelling school of girls and boys with a rosy, perspiring, heavy-jawed master. French folk in another carriage, they want to *faire la noce* everywhere. An enchanting moonlight night; the shouts of the drunken crowd do not destroy the beauty of the moist plain bright in the moonlight; thence one hears the corn-crakes and the

[1] Tolstóy as a young man was very much influenced by Rousseau and he was always interested in everything to do with him.

croaking of frogs, and something seems to draw me thither. But should I go there it will draw me still more strongly on to the farther distance. It is not with pleasure that my soul responds to the beauty of nature but with a kind of sweet suffering. It was pleasant as far as Berne, the people in the carriage were asleep; I looked out of the window and was in that happy mood in which I know that I can be no better. Found a lodging in the Couronne. The entrance of troops with a band seemed to me sad.

July 5. Woke at eight—slept badly, had a nightmare of consumption.[1] Went to a fête; mean, and unredeemed by the grandiloquence of the inscription: "*Diplomatie führt die Volker in die Enge.*[2] A Swiss drives his plough to-day and is sword in hand to-morrow." Much boasting about their courage. They too want some kind of trifling puffed-up nonsense. Everything in good order. Officers flourish sticks at the people. The same types. Absence of poetry. One man had his coat torn, he demanded a franc for the damage and the crowd supported his claim. I feel rather weak. There is a hot smell of trampled grass, acidity, and dust, on the promenade. A fine and crowded dinner. I don't mix easily and don't please at once. After dinner I went back to the promenade after writing some two sheets of *The Demented*. Omnibuses pass one another with flag-waving and with songs. A dandy in blue swallow-tail coat and wearing shoes—proud and irate. The firing—pif-paf!—is incessant. The mountains are beautiful. At a table a soldier and a servant and some citizens have collected and are singing. An old man keeps starting the tunes and though he sings false they don't turn him away. An officer who has won a prize, drinks. The crowd standing on the tables looks at him delighted. An unpoetic people. Merry-go-rounds. A tall Swiss gets up adjusting his braces. A circus. Germans noisily jump. *Erstürmung von Sebastopol* behind the curtain.

[1] Two of Tolstóy's brothers died of consumption and he thought he was in danger of it. [2] Diplomacy lands the peoples in a fix.

A soldier believes it. An anatomical theatre. The young are attentive. I meet a conjurer. Menagerie: a poor Russian bear. Night: coarse shadows. Am overcome by weakness. A pretty woman on the promenade—a little fatty.

July 6. Woke at nine. Again a nightmare of consumption. Packed, left for Lucerne. Fellow-traveller—a young American, later a *Swede* with a *charming* wife. Arrived at Lucerne: the view is delightful. Bathed and am feeling a kind of well-being. A formal English table d'hôte dinner. The charming Swedish woman, together we watched an agile neighbour. An Englishman with a ribbon, brother-in-law to Count S—. Walked, my legs feel heavy. Pulse irregular. Badly want to write; if I don't soon fall asleep I will do so.

July 7. Woke at nine, walked to a pension and to the Lion monument. At home opened notebook but could not write. Have abandoned *The Outlying Field*. Dinner doltishly dull. Went to the *Privathaus*. Returning from there in the cloudy night with the moon breaking through I heard some fine voices, two belfries in a broad street, and a tiny man singing Tyrolese songs to a guitar splendidly. I gave him something and invited him to sing in front of the Schweizerhof—they gave him nothing! He went away shamefacedly muttering something and the crowd laughing at him. Before that, the crowd and the visitors on the hotel balcony had thronged together listening in silence. I overtook him and invited him to the Schweizerhof to have a drink. We were shown into another room. The singer is vulgar but pathetic. We drank. The waiter laughed and the hall-porter sat down. This upset me, I scolded them and grew terribly excited.[1] The night was wonderful. What I desire, what I passionately long for, I don't know, but not the blessings of this world. And how can one help believing in the immortality of the soul—when one feels in one's own soul

[1] This incident gave rise to Tolstóy's story *Lucerne*, published in September of that same year.

such immeasurable grandeur. Looked out of the window Blackness, broken clouds, and light. Ready to die!

My God! My God! What am I? Whither going? And where am I?[1]

July 8. Health bad, rheumatism in my leg. Walked a very little. Wrote to Auntie. Reconsidered *The Outlying Field* and began it differently. It does not get on. Dinner unbearably dull. Moved to Mme. Damar's. Two tiny, dear little rooms; a pretty, merry daughter; a deaf old woman who scrubs the floors and laughs heartily with arms akimbo. I evoke excited curiosity in the *pension*. Mme. D. overworks the words "*Herr Graf*". There is music on the lake. It is cloudy, the ruins stand calmly out from the dark background of poplars, a creeping vine looks in at the window lit up by the light of a candle. Wonderful apartments. If only I could get on with my writing I would stay here a long time. In the hall a fountain gurgles.

July 9. Got up early and am feeling well. Bathed. Am still delighted with my small apartment. Wrote *Lucerne* and a letter to Bótkin before dinner. Got Freytag's [2] *Soll und Haben* and Andersen's [3] *Improvisatore* and read. Went out in a boat and to the monastery. Feel awfully confused in the pension—many pretty women. I sit with a German, a cunning tradesman who has given his children a better education than he had himself. A deaf old man with a touching story of a daughter who was betrayed.

July 10. Am well. Bathed at eight. Wrote *Lucerne* pretty well, till dinner. Finished Freytag: poor. There can be no poetry of accuracy. My Leipzig neighbour is a stupid, cunning, retrograde man. The artist's wife is like the Louvre Madonna, but as to a smile—*il n'y a pas*. The

[1] These were the questions that twenty years later turned Tolstóy's outlook on life upside down and produced his *Confession*.

[2] Gustav Freytag, the German novelist. *Soll und Haben*, published in 1855, was his greatest novel.

[3] Hans Andersen, the great Danish story-teller. Tolstóy held his tales in high esteem, especially *The Emperor's New Clothes*.

pastor's daughters with azure eyes are just the same. The pastor and I get on together. Took a ride. A scent of hay, round fruit-trees, women on the trees, and men picking cherries and singing Tyrolese songs. The sky is still unsettled but there is blueness everywhere. The Zug lake is dark blue. At home admired the landlady's daughter, a light sweet memory of her remained even when I returned to my room. She has a sweet face and smile and is intelligent—even a little reflective. Big and little went out for a walk and stopped near the ruins, I went home but went out again. . . .

July 11. Got up at seven and bathed. Finished writing *Lucerne* before dinner. Good ! One must be bold or else one can't say anything except what is graceful, and I have much to say that is new and to the point. At dinner sat next to the artist, entered into conversation with him and abused the Genevese. It turned out that he is from Geneva. What of it ? I spoke sincerely. He seems to be a nice fellow but our conversation was quietly hostile. Went for a two days' walking tour. Two Englishmen on the steamboat, one a teacher, the other, his brother, an artist I think. I went with them through Stansstadt to Alpnacht. There were eleven English men and women there whom I served as interpreter. Rapacity. An irate Scotchman. In Sarnen a dull inn, but the English and I chatted and played the piano. Slept badly. Here again one begins to see bald women with goitres, cretins, white-haired and self-satisfied. The women wear their plaits in interwoven rings with an enormous pin. The people are blond and plain.

July 12. Woke at nine. Germans from Berne. Talk about shooting in the *Vaterland*. Bathed. Good-natured roughness of the Germans. Went away on foot ; cretins. Kindly people, good-natured in their banteringly cretin way. An old woman with a parasol. Young girls. Two girls from Stanz ogled me and one of them had beautiful eyes. I had bad thoughts and was immediately punished by feeling confused. A fine church with an organ, full of

pretty women. A crowd of sociable and rather pretty ones. A fine eating-house; wonderfully cheap. Called on the painter, Delevanden. A large grandiose genre, of little force and negligent finish. Walked along a nut-tree avenue to Beckenreid. Met a handsome young German by an old house at the cross-roads where there were two pretty girls. The promenaders and their costumes remind one of dogs. Wonderful blue sky and a red crevice. Beckenreid and a Genevan family. Repulsive *bourgeois*. Organ-playing. Stupidly, ran about instead of writing. Went to bed late.

July 13. Missed the steamboat at eight, walked along the lake to Ried and bathed. Romantic solitude. Yesterday a white-haired woman cretin asked me if I had ever seen such women as herself, and began to yodel and to dance. Have returned by steamboat to Brunnen with a nice old Genevan couple. From Brunnen to Schwyz with a French cavalry officer who believes in aristocracy. From there to Seewen. The old couple are drinking wine under a tree. By boat to Goldau. The old man remembers the avalanche. Steinen. *Wo der Schweizer Freiheit entstand.* The day before yesterday a driver speaking about some pretty girls said, *freundlich aber brav!* Schwanau island. Beggars playing the fool. A cripple wished to go as guide. Ascent of the Rigi alone. Curious rocks. The Alps. I grew irate. Meeting with two German women I know and a score of others. Monastery. Fresh milk, dogs. An ascent like the one at Kiev.

A disgustingly stupid panorama. Bethlehem. Everyone in fits of laughter. Two Englishwomen, a Pole.

July 14. Got up at three. Dirty bed with bugs. The same stupid view of nature and of people. Englishmen wrapped in blankets with maps and Murrays. "Ah!" when the sun appeared. However there was one poetic moment yesterday when in the midst of a boundless ocean of mist the fiery ball of the sun stood, for some reason, here and not there. They are just like ants who crawl on to a mound set before them. I went with the English. I think

I have conquered the Pole. Beautiful views from below. Returned by boat. The landlady's daughter swanks. She is too majestic. I am deadly sleepy. Bathed. Dozed till dinner-time. At dinner got angry with the Frenchman. Really nothing can be more stupid than a *comme il faut* Frenchman. Slept, bathed, and went to Lucerne by boat. The Englishwoman has cleaned herself up and is nice—charming! Then I met the little one but ran away from her. Supped with the pastor and his family. A fine man.

July 15. Woke at six. A splendid walk. I feel weak. Wrote in the morning. Writing is hard work. Was not lazy but have only revised five sheets the whole day, and they must again be corrected. Have made it up with the Frenchman. I flatter him. He is an empty fellow and very boastful. The landlady bores me. A silly, attentive, sixteen-year-old English lad keeps fidgeting, now with the water, now with an axe, and so on. Went with the landlady, the Frenchman, and his wife, to a concert in the Jesuit Church. Mendelssohn: the heavens open! Called at the Schweizerhof—Kalatáev and the whole 'chimney.' Had a pleasant walk to the Lion.[1] The children are sweet and make up to me. To my shame, the smell of the 'chimney' pleases me. Pig—I gadded about and am dying of hunger. Bathed, am cruelly weak.

July 16. Got up at seven, a dog woke me, I let it out. Wrote a little and went to Sásha. What are we to do? It is dull. Exhausting heat. After dinner wrote as much as I could in spite of the heat, and read *Wilhelm Meister* and Miss Brontë. The day before yesterday I had a kind and calm letter from Turgénev and a discontented one from Bótkin. Answered them to-day but shall not send the answers. Gadded about in the evening, a cretin woman. Returning at night—Mendelssohn from the window of the pension. Is it possible that the tears of *Sehnsucht*[2]

[1] The Lion monument, designed by Thorwaldsen, commemorates the Swiss Guards slain while defending the Tuileries in Paris in 1792.

[2] Longing or yearning.

which I often shed [1] will cease as the years go by? I am afraid to notice this in myself. I must make efforts towards a stronger character and a decent life.

July 17. Raining. Slept splendidly. Bathed, and wrote all day. Corrected three-fourths of *Lucerne*. Diffuse. The dog has come. At seven went to the Tolstóys' and drank tea with the whole company. Chatted pleasantly with the Grannies. Returning, the night was cloudy. Unusually quiet: the breathing of the frogs was audible.

July 18. I scarcely managed to finish by writing from seven till half-past ten. Ran off to them. Drove with them. Pleasant. Ereli hurrying and perspiring, and Capernaum with his mother. An unpleasant moment when I did not know whether I might dine with them or not. Read Rebinder. He is like a dumb log, very stupid, but with a strong desire for something righteous. Fine illumination and music in the evening on the lake. Read *Lucerne* to them. Vavá asked me to feed him. The children are sweet.[2]

July 19. Got up at 10.30, bathed, ran to the Tolstóys'. Found them just going away. Without reflection I prepared to go myself. Went by boat to Kussnacht, read Brontë. Walked pleasantly to Immensee. By the lake to Zug. The view from the Kamm is the finest in Switzerland. Was in an observant mood, bathed, am going to bed early. Have 2600 francs.

July 20. Got up at 3.30. Went for a walk. A wonderful sun slowly rising between clouds. The Lake of Zurich is dull. Went there tired, and back to Rapperschville, to Zurich, and to the steamboat. Read. Am morose because I am ill. . . . Am all the time angry with the travellers and the waiters, but I control myself.

July 21. Got up at six. Have rested, but seem still to have a pain in the groin. That is why I am sad all day, besides which this Zurich hotel is not *gemütlich*. Wrote

[1] Tolstóy, who felt everything intensely, was always easily moved to tears.
[2] The children of the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

about two sheets of *The Cossack*. I am certainly too desultory and therefore shan't achieve anything. Went to the Institute for the blind and the deaf and dumb. Nothing striking or touching, but much affectation and falsehood. Suddenly started for Schaffhausen. *En route* a couple of French lovers; she began crying. I thought of Óserov and the inevitable French "*pauvre mère*".[1] Visited the literary cabinet. On the way the sky from behind the cliff and the vineyards were fine, as also were the silence and the pears. In the evening in the railway carriage, a pig making a noise. The fall of the Rhine is fine. The town dull. . . .

July 22. Schaffhausen. Got up at six and bathed. The dog has still not turned up and I was cross. Wrote just a little of *The Cossack* and went to the waterfall. Not a normal sight, and it conveys nothing to me. Dined at *Bellevue*. A nice little German woman. Prepared to go and was stupidly irritated, and scolded the owner of the steamboat. A commonplace but kindly conservative Hanoverian officer. Some young Englishmen who don't know their own literature and smile at my barbarism. A Cuirassier officer who has travelled all over Europe. I must marry. The squadron. The memory of the squadron makes me dreadfully gloomy and produces something like remorse. Four beefsteaks[2]—all fools—there is something good about such solidity. A pleasant restaurant. Madame is *une canaille*. Friedrichshaffen.

July 23. Got up at seven, bathed. Went to the Summer Palace. A charming poverty, and disgusting affectation and sycophancy. *Frau von Staël*. Started for Stuttgart. An old man talked to me about Würtemberg. A German Piedmont. Swabia "*frei und furchtlos*". A red-haired Englishman, a nice fellow. Read Brontë. Wrote nothing all day. Reached Stuttgart—the

[1] This was written seven years before *War and Peace* was commenced. Readers will remember the use to which Tolstóy put "the inevitable French *pauvre mère*" in his description of Mlle. Bourienne in Book III., chapter iv. of *War and Peace*.

[2] Presumably the "beefsteaks" were Englishmen.

first persons I saw were the First Class Schaffhausen lovers. Went to the palace, to the church, and to the baths —none of which conveyed anything to me. Am going to bed. Am in pain. I think splendidly while reading. Something quite contrasted: *The Cossack*, wild, fresh like a Bible legend; and *The Outlying Field*, very lively drollery. Must concentrate the types, sharply define them all.

Saw the moon well to my right. Most important, the idea came clearly and strongly into my head of starting a school in my own village for the whole district, and of general activity of that kind.[1] Above all, continuous activity.

July 24. Got up at four and started for the railway. My fellow-passengers were, first an Englishman, probably a waiter and commercial traveller. Next a Frenchman, Ogier—a banker who has been to Paris—travelled with him to Baden. Korsakóva's son, Gorchakóv, Samárin, and that whole crowd of stupid, empty, young fellows. Polónski is kind and nice but I was not thinking of him. I was constantly running to the roulette. Lost a little. A dinner at Smirnóva's.[2] . . . The Frenchman is amiable. He has written about Russia. He is a banker and wants to become a *député*.

July 25. Roulette from morning till night. Lost, but won at night. Went to Smirnóva and the Alsúfyevs (Vasíli Dmítrievich). She chattered a lot; I never saw worse manners. At home the Frenchman with his. . . .

July 26. Ill since morning. Roulette till six. Lost everything. Dined at home, quite ill. In the evening looked on at all this depraved confusion pretty calmly, but am ill and weak. The young fellows in white neckties avoid me. Went home, and the Frenchman would

[1] The schools Tolstóy then thought of organising absorbed his energies during the winter of 1859–60 and again yet more whole-heartedly in 1861 and 1862. He also published an educational magazine, *Yásnaya Polyána*, and wrote a series of articles on various phases of education.

[2] Alexándra Yosípovna Smirnóva (Rossetti), the wife of the Governor of St. Petersburg: the authoress of some well-known Memoirs. She had a literary salon frequented by the leading Russian literary lights of the day.

not let me sleep till three o'clock. Jabbered about his political plans, about poetry, and about love. Awful! I would rather be noseless, stinking, goitred, the most terrible cretin or disgusting monster, than be such a moral abortion.

July 27. Borrowed 200 rubles from the Frenchman and lost them. Wrote letters. Shall not play any more. Am calmer. The Frenchman has gone. Polónski [1] has no money. Awkward situation. Went to the castle; delightful. Polónski makes up to me nicely but is dull.

July 28. Woke up fresh. Kusk. brought me some money. Went to the baths and then played and lost. Pig!

Stricken and ashamed I gadded about. Went to a doctor. Decided to take a week's cure, but it seems useless. Evening at Smirnóva's. Unbearably dull.

July 29. Got up late. Missed drinking my whey. Dined at Smirnóva's. Nothing remained in mind or memory. Went to the Eberstein Schloss. Listened to Polónski—poor. Did not play as I had no money. Bad, horrid! And this kind of life has gone on for a week.

July 30. The treatment seems to be—an idle life. Evening with young ladies, again to the Eberstein Schloss. Felt awkward. Good-for-nothing people, and worst of all I am myself good-for-nothing.

July 31. In the morning the same thing. Turgénev has arrived. It is fine to be with him. Evening at Smirnóva's: ridiculous and nasty. Went to bed late—am ill.

August 1. Same kind of warm day. Borrowed money from Turgénev and lost it. It is long since anything tormented me so. Had letters from Serëzha. Másha [2]

[1] Yákov P. Polónski, a poet.

[2] Tolstóy's sister Márya (Másha) separated from her husband on account of his unfaithfulness to her. She learnt of several cases of this almost simultaneously. To avoid an unpleasant scene at parting, she took advantage of her husband's absence to leave their estate, and left him a short letter saying: "I do not wish to be the chief sultana in your harem, and am therefore going away".

and Valerián have separated. This news chokes me. Vánichka is nice. I feel ashamed with him.

August 2. Woke early; my treatment. Remained with the young people. Scolded Durásov. Vánichka has left. He made me feel too much ashamed. Evening with Kublítski.

August 3. In the morning my treatment and preparations for leaving. Smirnóv is kind. *Várinka.* Left at eleven. Heat. Reached Frankfurt. The Court. Demanded a lodging in the Darmstadt palace. Priceless Sásha. A wonder! A delight! I never knew a better woman! Rebinder is dull.

August 4. Left at five. Heat and dust. The future smiles at me. Only must not force things, not boast, nor talk about oneself. Again the "chimney" at Eisenach. The Prefect. They are driving me away. Dinner at the Galákhovs. Wartburg. Wonderful Massor. Am going to Dresden to-night.

August 5. Arrived at nine, unwell. An agreeable town. Went to the baths, walked back. Púshchin. Away from Switzerland he has lost much of his charm. Went to the picture-gallery. The Madonna at once moved me deeply. Slept till four o'clock. Theatre; a comedy by Gutzkow.[1] German concentration. Drank beer.

August 6. Health still worse. Visited the book and music shops: they make one's mouth water. Chose some music and books, back to the gallery; remained cold to all except the Madonna. Dined at the Púshchins', the Máslovs were there; went out on the balcony with them, *diffus*—Mordvínova and Máslova are pretty but have something unpleasant about them: the old woman is fine and intelligent. To the Lvovs at Marienbad; she tries to be too clever *à la Russe*, but is very nice. Supped with them; all sorts of commonplace Russians. I enjoyed it, but owing to timidity and reflections did not sit much with Lvóva whom I saw home.

[1] K. F. Gutzkow, a German novelist and dramatist (1811–1878). Among his best known plays are *Richard Savage* and *Uriel Acosta.*

August 7. Overslept and missed the train—to some extent intentionally—to go to the Lvovs', which I am sorry I failed to do; so went round the shops, packed, and dined. Started for Berlin. A bearded man with children. A lame old man. A proud German. In Berlin. A fine hotel. Street debauchery. Went to a concert. Was late. A crowd at a fire.

August 8. Early to the Railway Station. In Stettin [1] confusion—running about. Had not enough money. A thaler. Thought of remaining, met Púshchin. Russians: Levítski, Kozlóv, the Mordvínovs. Still dull! Only Mordvínov is pleasant. In the evening a rough sea.

August 9. Slept splendidly. Am ill. All are liberals Did nothing for education. All day nothing. A Frenchwoman; the fat Boulanger; misbehaviour.

August 10. Feel well, easy. Don't remember anything. Played cards. Mordvínova is a disgusting, hypocritical liberal. Sat up late chatting with the Ánnenkovs, Mordvínovs, and Púshchin. The old man's chatter became tiresome.

August 11. Cards again. Arrived at two o'clock. I borrowed money awkwardly from Púshchin. Found no one but the Kolbásins in Petersburg. Have no money. Went to Nekrásov. Disgusting stupidity—I said nothing about money.

July 31 (Russian style).[2] Got up early. Health bad. A grey, dewy Russian morning, with birch trees—delightful! With Nekrásov it was awkward. We drove to Ratáev's. He made us drink. On the way Nekrásov spoke about himself. He is very good. God grant him peace. Shapulínski frightened me. I shall stay here. Druzhínin has arrived. I made hardly any use of him. Leeches. Avdéev. . . . Am Sorry for Panáev and Nekrásov.

August 1. Health bad. Read *Lucerne* to them, it produced an effect. Went to Petersburg with Korzhanóvski,

[1] Tolstóy was returning by boat from Stettin to Petersburg.
[2] Here Tolstóy reverts to the Russian calendar—going twelve days back.

chatted on the steamer. He says that the worst thing is a German fool; that is true and the people will understand it. In the evening feverish. . . . I am calm.

August 2. At home. Read. Saltykóv:[1] a serious talent. My health is bad.

August 3. The same. A. P. called.

August 4. Nekrásov came; stayed with them. My weakness vexes me.

August 5. Returned here. Nekrásov called. . . .

August 6. Decided to leave. Finished the affair well or ill with V. Left at nine. Russia is horrid, I positively dislike it. My health is better.

August 7. Still travelling. Sokólnikova. It's beginning to smell of Túla.[2] Von Vizin, having heard of my authorship, fawns on me. He is no good. Read much. Arranged affairs in Moscow and am starting to-morrow.

August 8. Got up at 4. The horses did not come till five. Started. Met Vasíli half-way. Reached Yásnaya at eleven. "*I greet thee my* . . ."[3] delightful Yásnaya! Pleasant and sad, but Russia disgusts me and I feel how this coarse, lying life begins to encircle me on every side. At the station Zórin was being beaten, and I wanted to intercede for him but Vasíli explained to me that one must first bribe the doctor. He told me many things of that kind; they beat and flog. This is how on the journey I defined my purpose in life: first of all literary work, then family duties, then estate management—but I must leave the farming in the hands of the Elder, trying as far as possible to make it more lenient, introduce improvements, and to take only 2000 rubles for my own requirements, using the rest for the peasants. My chief stumbling-block is my liberal vanity. And as an obligation for myself one good action a day is sufficient.

August 9. Got up at nine, health bad. The Elder

[1] A Russian writer (1826–1889), whose pseudonym was N. Shchédrin. He showed great talent in exposing defects in the social system around him. His stories display acute observation and much literary skill.

[2] The nearest town to his estate at Yásnaya Polyána.

[3] This is a quotation from Púshkin.

holds me in great contempt and it is hard for me to do anything with him. Sásha stole some butter. I called him up. " I don't myself know what happens to me when I've had a drink," he says, and adds that his feet are rotting, and the Elder says, " It serves you right ! " I admonished him and even gave him something. It is stupid, but what else could I do ? Went to Pirogóvo. The poverty of the people and the sufferings of the animals are awful. My cough gets worse, so that I am not cheerful. Arrived at my relative's. Másha is better. Nikólenka is delightful. Serëzha is pitiable and lovable but harmful to our circle. Chatted with Nikólenka till four in the morning.

August 10. Chatter all day, and had a feeling of disappointment in the happiness I expected. At dinner an acrimonious dispute between Serëzha and Másha.

August 11. Health better. The monk, the governess, and even Auntie, upset our little circle. Másha told us about Turgénev. I am afraid of them both. Serëzha is touching in his perplexity. Returned home. Tenshínov, whose home was burnt down four days ago, drove me. He is seventy, romances, is kindly, and is a rogue. He sat beside me. An angry official gave him a beating because our conveyances got interlocked. I wished to give him 25 rubles, but a mean doubt deprived me of that pleasure. A letter from Pegot-Ogier.

August 12. Got up at nine ; throat better. Did some business not badly, looked over the books, read a little of Brontë. Wrote to Ogier, Kolbásin, and Nekrásov. The piano takes up time. Wrote a sheet of *The Cossack* easily in the evening. Went to the bath-house. Cold, rainy. Have to exert efforts to avoid idleness and to avoid excessive zeal.

August 13. Morning with the contractor ; sent the Elder off. Am awfully lazy and am falling into the old rut. Rode out with the dogs ; my health is better. Read a little of Brontë. Wrote a letter to Turgénev. Began allowing the domestic serfs to buy their freedom.

August 14. Got up at nine. Health is better Raining all day. Sent money to Túla for Nekrásov, and sent to Pirogóvo to get money. Wrote a very little, played, and read Brontë; in the evening I—I—hindered me. Terrible laziness.

August 15. Nothing all day. Read the *Iliad*. That's the thing! A marvel! Wrote to Ryabínin. Must alter the whole of the Cossack tale. Few of the serfs wish to be released on quit-rent. Had a letter from Zelde.

August 16. In the morning Vasíli Davýdkin. Gave him 3 rubles. The *Iliad*. Good, but not more. Went for a walk round the mills, thought about work on the estate. Prince Engalýchev—cunning, stupid, uneducated, but good-natured. Rode out and killed a hare. At home attended to estate business. Wrote a little note to Auntie. Increased the Elder's wages. Sensuality again torments me. Laziness, boredom, and sadness. Everything seems useless. The ideal is unattainable; I have already ruined myself. Work, a small reputation, money. What for? Means of enjoyment—again, what for? Soon an eternal night. It always seems to me that I shall soon die.[1] Too lazy to write in detail; should like always to write in letters of fire. Love. Am thinking of a novel of that kind.

August 17. Only read the *Iliad* and intermittently attended to estate business. Went hunting and to the Engalýchevs'. It is sad and gloomy in that house—no memories of any kind. Returned at one. The *Iliad* makes me completely reconsider *The Fugitive*.

August 18. Rose late, health quite good; but in the morning I lost my temper and called someone a fool. Awful! Before one notices it one is again lost. Read the *Iliad*. Serëzha came; we had a pleasant chat. *The Outlying Field* is completely thought out, but I am quite

[1] A consciousness of the nearness of death accompanied Tolstóy through the eighty-two years of his life. It was not, as some writers have pretended, that he was afraid of death, but that imagination presented death and dying to him more vividly than to other people and he could not be satisfied with life unless he could discern a reason and purpose for it. That reason and purpose he had found at the time he wrote his *Confession*.

dissatisfied with the Caucasian tale. I cannot write without an idea. But the idea that good is good in every sphere, that the same passions exist everywhere, and that a savage condition is good, is not sufficient. It would be well enough were I penetrated by the latter conception. Only one way out.

August 19. The Elder came at nine. He also asked for his freedom. I promised it. Have brought fifty desyatínas into one field. Wrote a tender letter to Tolstáya yesterday. At eleven rode out with the dogs, killed one hare, reached Pirogóvo ; they had visitors there. Ólga—red lips, clear blue eyes looking from under her brows, and the obtuse youthful gaiety of a maid-servant. On the harvest-field. Serëzha is wrong that he is good. Másha is depressing. Auntie is a delight : active self-denying love. The invalid went to bed. Did nothing but eat and drink.

August 20. Chattered with Serëzha. Gadding about all day ; the Prosélkovs here for some reason. Másha is difficult. My plans have flown to pieces. Again alas !

August 21. Again quite ill. In the morning I saw Másha off, read a little of the *Iliad*, and began to write my *Notes from the Bottom*. Went for a walk with the children. On the whole the day better than the other days.

August 22. Received the proofs, revised them somehow. Very giddily. Sent them off. Dined. Went for a walk. Having worked in the morning felt fresh and contented.

August 23. Am going to bed early, feeling fresh. Am doing nothing. The medicine has been brought. I shan't buy the dogs. Luke [1] came, and said that we are all being passed through a machine. Health again good.

August 24. Tried to write a little but it did not succeed. Read Homer—delightful ! Went hunting, killed one. Wrote a cold letter to Máshenka. Health good.

August 25. Rose late, had overeaten yesterday.

[1] Luke was an original creature. He lived with a ward of Tolstóy's, was devoted to pilgrimages, and made a habit of using perplexing expressions.

Health bad. Read the enchanting *Iliad*. Hephaistos [1] and his works. Serëzha was ill-tempered and offended Auntie. I am glad that I am gradually becoming a peacemaker. God grant me power of self-denial and activity, and I shall be happy. Rode to Yásnaya with the dogs. Killed a hare. Rager [2] caught it alone. A short letter to Turgénev.

August 26. Health so-so. From early morning estate-business. Bad in every way, but chiefly in that I am again being drawn into the rut of serfdom. I dislike the torture of introducing something new. Have decided to buy land in Babúrino. After dinner, thrashing begins. Zyábrev has refused. Read Kóltsov.[3] Delightful, and immense power. Gave five men their letters of freedom.[4] God only knows what will result, but to make things better for people even without getting the least gratitude is something done and leaves a trace in one's soul. I shall be off to-morrow at daybreak.

August 27. Rode out at daybreak. Killed two hares. My health torments me. There is something in the sky. Arrived with Dyákov and Nikoláev; dull and awkward. With Serëzha it's all right. Másha is away. Read nothing and wrote nothing. God help me to begin a more active and self-denying life. Self-denial does not mean "take from me what you like", but labour, think, and contrive, to give oneself to others.

August 28. Am 29. Got up at seven. Máshenka has gone to Spáskoe.[5] This riled me, as she has gone alone. She and I met rather coldly Auntie is right that Másha is not to blame for liking that clique, but she has a taste for that abominable set. Serëzha has left. He and I are drawing closer and closer to one another. The chief thing is to find the chord which makes a man vibrate, and to respond to his chord. The Spásskis have come. They are dull! The children are nice! Auntie is delightful. All advice of hers, however strange and trivial in

[1] Hephaistos is Vulcan.
[2] Rager was a dog.
[3] A well-known Russian poet.
[4] Presumably on quit-rent.
[5] Turgénev's estate.

form, is golden truth. One only needs to know how to understand it. Morélka is bad. Read the second part of *Dead Souls*;[1] rather clumsy. Must write nothing but *The Outlying Field* and put Auntie into it. Am going to-morrow to the Gorchakóvs'.

August 29. Started at six. Hunted one down capitally, close to a herd of cattle. Was cross at not finding the *tarantás*.[2] Finished reading the incredibly delightful conclusion of the *Iliad*. All my thoughts of writing are confused: *The Cossack*, *The Outlying Field*, *Youth*, and *Love*. Should like the latter; nonsense! For these things I have serious material. Am going to bed at nine. To-morrow to Verkhoúpye and to Gorchakóv. After the *Iliad* read the Gospels, which I have not done for a long time. How could Homer not know that goodness is love! It was a revelation! There is no better explanation. Could not sleep for a long time because the woman is not the mistress of the house but a servant. Nicholas bothers me.

August 30. Started at six. Rode all day and found nothing. At Ozerkí the owner treats the peasants to drink. Reached Gorchakóv's at six. Poverty. Vasíli Gorchakóv is a dull fool but a good fellow, and will become a good master. His youngest sister—a twenty-year-old and enlightened young lady—is pathetic enough in the country to move one to tears. Fell asleep at eleven, neither read nor wrote anything.

August 31. Decided to go to Pirogóvo with V. Gorchakóv, but for a lark went hunting, and hunted down two foxes and two hares, but by falling off my horse let one big fox escape. Dined. Reached Pirogóvo at eleven. They were at supper. Turgénev is still there.

September 1. Got up at 9 feeling broken and with throat aching. Read Kozlóv;[3] *Thoughts* are good. The audacity is forced—that is his great defect. Gadded about

[1] Gógol's great novel.

[2] A country conveyance.

[3] Presumably A. A. Kozlóv, a philosopher, who was editor of a quarterly magazine and the author of several works.

with the children all day and did nothing. Másha went to a ball among her peasants and I went with the children. Shameful and painful!

September 2. Got up early, tried to write. Can't get on with *The Cossack*. Read a stupid French novel. Rode out after dinner. Am quite well. Máshenka's nature is egotistic, spoilt, and narrow. Wrote to my brothers.

September 3. Wrote to Valerián and to Geneva. . . . Rode to Yásnaya but found nothing. The sale of the forests is beginning. Have no money. My youth is past! I mention this as something good. I am calm and want nothing. I even write calmly. It is only now that I have understood that it is not the life around one that must be arranged symmetrically as one wants it, but that one must break oneself up, make oneself pliable so as to adapt oneself to any life.

September 4. Got up early, digestion not quite right, but feel extremely fresh. Horrors in the law-court, at the police-master's, and at the sale of the forests. Rode to the forest and hunted. Gave Sásha his freedom, and came to terms with him and with Fëdor. The Arsénevs have invited me. Went to the Gímbuts'. The sister is appetising. At the Arsénevs' everything is as of old—one might begin over again. She is kindly, but the emptiest of girls.

September 5. From early morning attended to business on the estate. It was even pleasant at the barn. That shows how I am hardening. Looked at A. Rode to the police-station. Feel a throbbing at the back of my head . . . and sleep restlessly. Went to Babúrino. A ball, Marsóshnikov who used to be *comme il faut*, is weak, probably kind, but boundlessly mean. His brother-in-law corrects him, and his little eyes glitter with cupidity His smelly wife has beautiful eyes. After a pompous dinner I suggested blind-man's buff, and everybody cheered up and perspired. Returned home late.

September 6. Again estate business which preoccupies me much. Rode out with the dogs but found nothing—

and it was dull. Dined alone. Tried to read Hackländer,[1] horrid, *mal fait* and talentless. About my own writings have concluded that my chief fault is timidity. One must be bold. In the evening wrote two sheets of *The Demented*. Slept badly. . . .

September 7. Rose at six. Went to the thrashing floor. Wrote a little of *The Demented*. After dinner rode out with the dogs and let a hare escape shamefully. Gave orders about Gertsóvka. In the evening Brand came and bored me to death.

September 8. (Sunday.) Called the peasants together. Ufán is 55.[2] They all looked at me with fear, yet they are good-natured. Makárychev told about his brother's stealing and perjury. I dined alone. Rode out. Gímbut is swindling. Wrote a little and felt inclined to write. Sent Kolbásin my reply. Read Gógol's letters which I had received. He was simply a good-for-nothing. Terribly good-for-nothing.[3]

September 9. Had scarcely time to give a few orders before going to Túla. Called in on Gímbut. . . . Things are not as monstrous in the law-court as I imagined. I. I. considers me a pitiable fool. Went to the Tróitski baths and am now anxious.[4] Went round to Sudakóvo.[5] They invite me to come every day as if nothing had happened; she is all right. But that is only relative: I shan't go there.

[1] F. W. von Hackländer, a voluminous writer of no special distinction. Among his works is a novel *Krieg und Frieden* which appeared in 1859 and probably suggested to Tolstóy the title of his great work *War and Peace*, which began to appear in 1865.

[2] Ufán was a peasant whose manner of ploughing Tolstóy much admired, and imitated. In the present editor's *Life of Tolstóy*, vol. i. p. 179, a letter from Nicholas Tolstóy is given in which, speaking of his brother Leo in 1858, Nicholas says: "Lyóvochka is delighted with the way the serf Ufán sticks out his arms when ploughing; and so Ufán has become for him an emblem of village strength, like the legendary Michael; and he himself, sticking his elbows wide out, takes to the plough and 'ufanises'".

[3] This comment on some letters of Gógol's must not be taken as at all representing Tolstóy's ultimate opinion of Gógol's literary work.

[4] Things often went on at the public baths that might well involve risk of contracting an infectious disease.

[5] The Arsénevs' estate—which till that month he had apparently not visited since his semi-engagement to Valérya had been broken off.

Returned home late and with a headache. In the night sick headache, had eaten too much, and now——

September 10. It has not passed. Estate business. Wrote *The Demented* easily. The purchase does not come off. Gímbut came. Unbearable.

September 11. Wrote a little more. Estate work. Received long delayed letters from Nekrásov, Bótkin, and Serëzha. Sorry I am not with them. Rode to Pirogóvo, got angry with Nicholas. It's the second time that has happened to me. I must be on my guard. Spent the evening pleasantly.

September 12. At nine dragged the children out for a walk. Wrote my Diary and a letter to Serëzha. Máshenka came out and I was cross with her, but she is kinder and better than Mítenka [1] was with his softness. If only I could have an influence on her. Went in a *tarantás* to Shchelkúnovka, and from there on horseback. Snowing. In spite of it I was twice overcome by such a joyful feeling that I thanked God. The change in estate management consists in the fact that the peasants are working on quit-rent; my chief items of income are—the woods, and the meadows for feeding the horses.

September 13. Found no foxes at Lopukhóvka but hunted down three hares. Came to Efrémov in the evening. Ten rubles for a room. Did nothing.

September 14. Hastened to buy a lot of hacks, and with the help of a middleman bought them. Polikéy and Z. turned up. Bought draught horses.

September 15. Bought at higher prices. Am well; much that is interesting. Jews in the evening! Hastened to write and wrote four sheets, hot ones. Left, and drove the horses myself. Small freeholders. The horses are a torment to me. . . .

September 16. Rode out with the dogs; my horse broke down. Drove the remaining half-way in the

[1] Mítenka was his brother Dmítri who died in 1856, and whose death supplied material for the scene of Lévin's brother's death in *Anna Karénina*, Part V., chapters xvii-xx.

tarantás. Reached Pirogóvo at nine. Máshenka is nice.

September 17. Romped with the children. Thrashing was begun. Wrote nothing. Received a most charming letter from A. Tolstáya. The land has not been bought. I could not free myself from regret at having bought the horses. Felt inclined to write.

September 18. Wrote a good deal but the whole thing is bad. Want to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

September 19. Returned to Yásnaya. Affairs are going well. Wrote nothing. . . .

September 20. Worked well. Did nothing else. Stopped at a difficult place. Arranged about the store-room.

September 21. Expectations. Did nothing. Got up early. Maksím fussed about.

September 22. Wrote enough, but decidedly badly.

September 23. Went hunting in Sudakóvo. They all consider me arrogant.

September 24. Got up late. Irritable. Scolded Yákov. Abominable! Wonderfully fine weather. Wrote a little. Have let myself go dreadfully in all respects. So many unsettled questions. To increase or not to increase the charge for use of land, and so on. Rode to Gímbut's. Flirted with M. N.; Khmelnítski is a talented and clever chatterbox. Talked about the country and agriculture in the Vólga district.[1] It suggested Kóltsov's poetry. . . .

September 25–28. Did not conduct farm-affairs very carefully; wrote a little a day, also badly. Went to Pirogóvo. My relations with Máshenka are still cool. The children are wonderful, except Nicholas. Horrid mug! The Gímbuts came while I was there. M. N. is appetising.

September 29. Idle at Pirogóvo. Mlle. Vergani has come. I am beginning to disgust her and she seems to have given me up as a bad job.

[1] Subsequently, in 1871, Tolstóy bought 2000 acres of land in the Samára district, and greatly increased that amount later on.

September 30. Went early to Mayer's. On horseback as far as Sergíevski. Found nothing : dull. To Chern.[1]

October 1. Went to Mokhovóe. Met people from the fair. Mayer is dreadfully, proudly, calm, but at the same time not quite straight with himself.

October 2. Mayer is cruel, but not by his own fault, he is embittered. He is a poet, and read David's Psalms with tears. A clear, roomy head. I left ; spent the night at the Vóinski Dvorý.

October 3. At four left Sergíevski across the fields. Found the young Princesses Gorchakóv at Pirogóvo. Helen is a fine girl. Am dreadfully tired.

October 4. Slept till ten. Vergani is venomous. Máshenka is obstinate : one can't pull together with her. Went to Yásnaya. A horse has been stolen. Fëdor and Sásha were drunk. I turned them away.

October 5. Estate-management. No labourers. Endless expenses. I am becoming despondent. Rode, wrote a little in the evening. . . .

October 6. From morning planted trees all day.[2] In the evening corrected a little here and there. Have thought out a final arrangement for *The Lost One*. . . .

October 7. From morning till night was busy planting. Wrote nothing. Walked a little. . . . Going to bed early.

October 8–11. Have been to Yásnaya[3] and did estate-business pretty successfully ; wrote occasionally. . . . Was in Túla, borrowed 1500 rubles from Kapýlov. Thoughtlessly agreed to too high a rate of interest. Went to Kazárin's. Abused Elágin—horrid ! Wrote occasionally. P. V.[4] scolded me.

October 12. Began felling the forest. Went to Pirogóvo ; hunted down two. Arrived in a bad temper but have

[1] To an estate belonging to his brother Nicholas in the Chern district.

[2] Some of the land at Yásnaya Polyána was very poor and Tolstóy planted it with trees which grew up splendidly during his lifetime and became valuable. At another period he also planted a large apple orchard, which later on sometimes yielded a revenue of Rs. 3000 a year.

[3] The village of that name near the estate of Yásnaya Polyána, which was itself sometimes spoken of as " Yásnaya ".

[4] This is in the feminine, but whether Miss or Mrs. is not apparent.

learnt to get on with Máshenka. She is more yielding. Am not feeling well.

October 13. Did not leave the house all day, chatted. Kl. came. Pretty good.

September[1] 14. Returned to Yásnaya and M. The labourers won't remain. At first I was upset.

October 15. Reached Arsénev's while hunting. They had invited me for some reason, but it had not come off. With them returned to Yásnaya. Dull!

October 16. Woke late. Worked on estate—it will get on in time. Left at four.

October 17. We drove and chatted; I was touched. We arrived at 8.

October 18. Went to the Osípovskis'. While returning I grew emotional. Looked for lodgings; a German woman; dined at Yákovlev's. Auntie said about herself, "*J'ai voulu me sacrifier . . .*" and tears.[2] In the evening Ogarév called and we went to look at lodgings with Auntie. At the Club I am still rather a loggerhead around which the storm blusters.

October 19. In the morning busied myself. Dined at the Club—dull, and I am not well. Evening at the Aksákovs'. A disgusting literary atmosphere.

October 20. Fet came—good-natured. He assumes pretension as a literary man. Sukhotín, Ryabínin, Aksákov, Makárov. Dined with Makárov alone. In the morning was at the Perfílevs'. I did not like Várenka. Yesterday I was at the Súshkovs' and the Sukhotíns'. Real towers! Did not like either of them; also saw Valérya. Was only dull.

October 21. In the morning decided about the lodging, went out, dined with Fet. He, too, is ambitious and

[1] "September" must be a slip of the pen on Tolstóy's part.

[2] Tolstóy had evidently gone to Moscow with his "Auntie" Tatiána Alexándrovna (who was really a distant relative). Her relations to his father had been those of Sónya in *War and Peace* to Nicholas Rostóv. She had released him from his engagement to marry her, in order to save the family from poverty, and she devoted her life to looking after his family after his wife's death.

poor. With him to the Aksákovs'. To the theatre and to the Arsénevs'. Yesterday was at the Behrs'.[1] Lyúbochka is awful—bald and feeble. Misfortunes from all sides. And, O Lord, how old I am! Everything bores me, nothing disgusts me, I can even put up with myself but feel cold towards everything. I don't desire anything but am prepared to drag along the joyless tow-rope of existence. But I don't know what it is for. What is astonishing is not that God decrees that a bit of bread should be his son's flesh: it is a hundred thousand times stranger that we live on—not knowing what for; that we love the good—yet on nothing is it written: "This is good, that is evil".

October 22. Took the train for Petersburg—almost missed it. The Arsénevs and Talýzin are there. I don't much like him. In the morning went to the Minister, saw Zelenóy, and for some reason became confused. To Nekrásov—difficult. To Ánnenkov, nice. Dined at the Club with Kovalévski. In the evening at the Tolstóys'. Alexandrine is delightful! A joy and a consolation. I have never seen any woman who reached to her knee. A. P. in the evening; it is too late, she has wrinkles.

October 23. Zelenóy again. Things move with difficulty. In the morning at Alexandrine's. Dined at Nekrásov's — gloomy. The evening, I think, at the Arsénevs' and Druzhínin's.

October 24. Was too late to go to Mináev's. The morning at Shévich's and Nekrásov's. Dined at the Arsénevs' and with them to the theatre — enjoyed the *Miserere* in *Il Trovatore*. Morning at A. P.'s.

October 25. At Blúdova's in the morning. Dined at the Tolstóys' and spent the evening at Saltykóv's.

October 26. Did not find Mináev in. Dined at the Nekrásovs'. Well enough. Evening at Shévich's with Kozlóva. They are dull-witted. A. P. at night.

October 27. Have forgotten this day.

[1] His wife's people. Lyúbochka was the eldest daughter; some of her traits are portrayed in Véra Rostóva in *War and Peace*.

October 28. Forget.

October 29. Found the Minister. Did not manage to talk the business well over. Dined with Shosták. Peróvski's story. Alexandrine is delightful! Evening with them.

October 30. Had a talk with Kolbásin, then started. *The Death of Pazúkhin*—an incredible abomination. Yúshkov is a despot and a fool. Dolgorúkov an ageing society man; and poor Meshchérski—from Paris to the Caucasus! The news of Orlóv's marriage with Trubetskáya awakened in me sadness and envy. I arrived tired, and with a cruel cold and catarrh. Máshenka kept talking about herself and did not ask a word about me, but she was affectionate. All right. Slept in the daytime. Read N. S. Tolstóy's book. Fine! and Ershóv's *Sevastopol*[1] is also good. Mean to sit at home and write. Petersburg at first saddened me but afterwards quite restored me. My reputation has fallen, or hardly squeaks, and I felt greatly grieved; but now I am calmer. I know that I have something to say and the strength to say it strongly; then let the public say what it will. But it is necessary to work conscientiously and apply all one's strength . . . then "Let them spit on the altar".[2]

November 1. A nightmare of battles all night long. Began writing. It does not get on. Went to walk, read *Le Nord*. Dined well at home. Again tried to write *The Cossack* and wrote a very little. Went to the Club, fool that I am, and there read an essay by Mérimée on Art in England. Should have done better to go to the Súshkovs'.

November 2. Morning—all right. Dined at home. Evening at the Súshkovs' pleasantly. Prince Vyázemski—*schwach*! To the Club. My people have arrived.

November 3. In the morning shopping. M. has left me. Dinner with Rósova. Evening at the Pánins'. When shall I stop disputing with wise people?

[1] Tolstóy wrote an Introduction to Ershóv's book some thirty years later, which has been translated and used as an Introduction to Constable's edition of Tolstóy's *Sevastopol*. It is well worth reading.

[2] A quotation from Púshkin.

November 4. Shopping. The children. To the Club.

November 5. Went into the town with Máshenka. Serëzha has come. Nicholas has sprained his foot. Evening at the Club. Bored.

November 6. Got up at 11. Chatted with Serëzha. At half-past twelve went for a walk: to S. Gorchakóv's (did not find him in), to Dyákova with whom I was awkward, and to Sukhotín's. Alexandrine is charming. Decidedly she is the woman who charms me more than any other. Talked to her about marriage. Why did I not tell her all? At home pleasant. In the evening went with Máshenka to the Perfílevs'. Kind and very honourable people in their own way. At home Serëzha rushed off to the Gipsies and played cards. He deserves his name of Sergéyus.[1] Went to bed earlier, am feeling as it were old and sad. Saw Nóvikov yesterday and Orlóv to-day. Everywhere shameful recollections. Time to write *Youth*.

November 7. Could write nothing because of Serëzha. Went to the Council. Read *Le Nord*. To the Arsénevs'—did not find them in. Dined at home with Auntie Paulina. In the evening read *Don Quixote* and went to the baths.

November 8. Got up earlier, wrote a letter to Valérya. Told myself with pleasure that this was right. Went to gymnastics with Serëzha; he will stay here. We dined alone and read a little. Auntie went to the theatre to see *A Suitor from the Bazaar*—a clever play. Sadóvksi would be splendid were he not so self-confidently careless. Went to the Sukhotíns'. Very awkward except with A. A. (Alexandrine). She is splendid. Got home after 1 A.M.

November 9. Wrote a very little. Went to walk: theatre. The Shipóvs. Cheese. Dined without Serëzha. To the theatre. Alexandrine was splendid, but I have become colder. To the Shipóvs'. A. E. is nice. At home everyone is merry. My arms and legs ache.

November 10. Went to Fet; Safónova dined there.

[1] "Auntie" Tatiána Alexándrovna used to express her dissatisfaction when he stayed away from home too long, by calling him Sergéyus instead of Sergéy.

Because of her a sad conversation about Máshenka's consumption.[1] Regrets about honesty!

November 11. Went to the Council. To Ostróvski[2]; he is cold. Gymnastics. Fet came to dinner. He read *Antony and Cleopatra* and by his conversation warmed me up towards art Must begin with drama in *The Cossack*. Cannot sleep.

November 12. Got up late; went for a walk, and to see about a fur-coat; dull. Arrived late at the Shipóvs'; Mme. Ment was there. It was pleasant. At home a muddle. To the theatre with the children. They went to sleep. To a ball at the Bóbrinskis', danced with Bóbrinskaya, Tyúcheva, Alsúfyeva, Ermólova, and Alsúfyeva. All right! Have lost my watch.

November 13. Wrote a little in the morning. Gymnastics. Dined at home. A very pleasant evening at Fet's.

November 14. Eureka! for the Cossacks—killed them both.[3] Went for my fur-coat and to Bóbrinski's. Dined at home. Lay in bed at Nikólenka's. He gave me dainties. In the evening Sukhotín and Dyákov: we talked nonsense together.

November 15. In the morning gymnastics—bad. At home, and in the evening at Súshkov's. Not gay. Abused Rósen. Awful with T. Rastópchina and Ment.

November 16. Wrote a little. The theatre. A. D. no longer produced an impression on me. Máshenka reproached me.

November 17. Drove out with Serëzha; dined at home. Evening at Aksákov's: terrible pride. I argued unwisely about Gógol.

November 18. Wrote. Gymnastics. Serëzha has left: a pity! Went to the Club and lost ten rubles.

November 19. Wrote. Evening at Dyákov's. L. is very pretty. Eyes. Gymnastics.

[1] Máshenka, Tolstóy's sister Márya Nikoláevna, lived to be a healthy old woman and survived her four brothers.

[2] Russia's most popular dramatist.

[3] Tolstóy intended to finish *The Cossacks* by both the heroes, Olénin and Lukáshka, being killed.

November 20. Am writing, correcting. Gymnastics. At home all day. Missed the Lvovs.

November 21. At eight to the railway station. Alexandrine Tolstáya did not move me much. With her at the Krotkóvs'. Headache. Alexandrine Tolstáya is at our house. Máshenka was not nice to her. My head aches awfully.

November 22. Wrote. Gymnastics. I am not well, have not dined. Wrote in the evening.

November 23. Wrote in the morning. Pleasant talk with Auntie at my lodgings. In the evening wrote and went to the Aksákovs'. I think the old man liked it.

November 24. Wrote *The Lost One*. Was at Tyúchev's. Felt dreadfully awkward I don't know why. Capital dinner at home. Finished writing *The Dream*, not badly. At the Pánins' Úkhtomski directed a ball; few there. All pleasant people. Feel dull. V. N. is not pretty. Líven is not bad-looking. Kiréeva joyfully disbelieves in Christ. She is seventeen!

November 25. Got up early. Looked over *The Lost One*. Gymnastics improving a bit. After dinner again revised and finished. The whole second half is weak.

November 26. Sent it off in the morning. Went to Aunt Paulina's and to the Aksákovs', and dined with them. They were very nice. Evening at the Dyákovs'. A. Obolénskaya was merry and charming. I noticed the delightful glance she gave her sister when I sat down to supper with Sónya. For some reason I brought Alexander Sukhotín home with me.

November 27. Read M. O., trash! Fet called. Gymnastics — cheerful. Dined with Fet and had a heated dispute with Máshenka about a matter we should not have discussed. To Fet's and to Sukhotín's. I was in a calm serene frame of mind. A. Obolénskaya danced the lancers, she bent her little head on one side and passed by. . . . What beauty! Again brought Sukhotín back with me, he is already bored. I am now much dissatisfied

with *The Lost One*; however I will not go to Petersburg but will await the proofs.

November 28. Don't remember the morning. At Kiréeva's. Dined at home. Evening in the study at Súshkov's—pleasant. Raévski is interesting. Tyúchev's verses are poor.[1] News of the circular yesterday. Disputed foolishly in the Club in the " clever room " !

November 29. Gymnastics. Másha is better. Evening at the Sukhotíns'. Awfully pleasant. I have grown bigger and she is delightfully shy. Sukhotiná is truthful, sweet, and simple. A. is a wonder ! Dined at home with Sukhotín.

November 30. Sent off *The Telegraph*. N. S. Tolstóy is a dull chatterbox. Walked with Aksákov. Evening at home. Wrote letters to Ogier, Kolbásin, the village Elder, V. Perfílev, and Grigóryev. *The Lost One* will be published in January.

December 1. At one went with Másha to a concert. The impression was weak. Kiréeva, C. Obolénskaya; Shcherbátova is pretty. N. S. Tolstóy came to dine and all was well at first; afterwards he killed me with boredom. Evening at Dyákov's. Wonderful sisters. A. holds me by a thread and I am grateful to her for it. Yet of an evening I am passionately in love with her and return home filled with happiness or sadness—I don't know which.

December 2. Wrote a little. Gymnastics. Dined at home. A. Sukhotín. Evening at the Shakhovskóys'. Stupid and dull, ugly. I danced happily—Líven.

December 3. Wrote a little. Dined at Fet's. There's still something not right. *Antony and Cleopatra* — the translation is bad. In the theatre all the time with A. To tea with them, told her about my fogginess. She likes my fogginess. Discussion with Michael Mikhláylovich Sukhotín about Socialism.

December 4. To the menagerie with the children.

[1] This must refer to some particular verses of Tyúchev's Tolstóy had just seen. In general he rated Tyúchev's poetry highly.

Gymnastics—the first time satisfactorily. Dinner at the Sukhotíns'. She was anxiously sounding me. All the same I love and am foolish with her. Evening at the Perfílevs'; it seemed as if I had perplexed them. Tyúcheva is nice with the Súshkovs' and wishes to be so with me. I speak less evil than formerly. Club, Shcherbátov. Bóbrinski. The Gipsies. Yúri Obolénski—dull and not even disgusting. My brothers have arrived. Fell asleep towards 6 A.M.

December 5. Woke up at one. Walked. Visited the Behrs. Dined at home, am out of sorts, my head aches. To the Aksákovs' with Másha; they graciously admonish me. . . . At home disputed with my brothers.

December 6. Gymnastics — badly. Wrote a little. Theatre—the play was an abomination. To the Súshkovs'; Tyúchev gave me a reprimand for my dialectics. To the Ryúmins'—not the thing. Shcherbátova is far from being ugly.

December 7. Vasíli arrived. Visits to the Ryúmins and to Shipóv. To the Potúlovs'; Nádya is sweet yet repulsively trivial. Found Michael Sukhotín at home. Pávlova is very clever. Started for Yásnaya.

December 8. Travelling. At 7 to Kazárinov, and then to Arsénev. Khomyakóv is dry. To Semyákin. Arsénev is no fool and takes pains.

December 9. In the morning Arsénev. To Yásnaya. Affairs are going badly. The peasants' assembly was good.

December 10. Returned to Moscow.

December 11–26. Several uninteresting balls. Several pleasant evenings at Nádya's, but equivocal, and latterly dull. Corrected *The Musician*. Will publish it. Twice to the Gipsies.

December 26. Got up at twelve, wanted to work, when Ostróvski came and afterwards Sergéy with the gipsies: "expansive-natured",[1] nonsense! Then to the Aksákovs'. Talked about the dinner. I dined at home;

[1] The expansive or "broad" Russian nature is a proverbial expression used in relation to the wild sprees which were not infrequent among Russians, and in which Gipsy choirs often played a prominent part.

Auntie was trying to prove the usefulness of torture—because the children had been frightened. K. Aksákov. Nikólenka was not nice to him. At the Súshkovs'; it was very pleasant.

December 27. In the morning visit to Gudóvich, Vólkov, etc. Dined at home. Serëzha suddenly attacked me viciously. Unpleasant, but I am calm. Evening at the Peikers'. Terribly provincial. A Christmas holiday change of expression on faces. Masquerade—unlimited boredom. Had a pleasant chat with Nikólenka.

December 28. Kryúkov and Bakhmétyev. Paying visits. Sukhotiná is very sweet. The Alsúfyevs had spoken much about me. Vexatious. At the end of the dinner trivial speeches, all but Pávlovski's. Constantine Aksákov very nice and kind. At the Súshkovs' V. was very sweet, but placid. Raévski was disgusting.

December 29, 30, 31. Ball at the Bóbrinskis'. Tyúcheva is beginning quietly to attract me. Wrote Nikólenka's *Dream*. No one agrees but I know it is good.

THE END

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